# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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# The *pause that refreshes* brightens the hours on the OREGON TRAIL

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9 MILLION A DAY

Drink Coca-Cola Delicious and Refreshing

*It had to be good to get where it is*

# Her fiancé wrote me

# "Please tell me what to tell Mary about her complexion"

It was such a worried, anxious letter—from a man. I shan't tell you where he lives. And I shan't quote his letter. And his fiancée's name is *not* Mary. These are all matters just between him and me.

But I felt I *had* to tell all of you how much concerned this man was when he realized his Mary was spoiling her lovely complexion by following seemingly innocent complexion fads.

It seems she had lovely red-gold hair and a delicate pink-and-white skin. Her complexion had always been lovely, too, until just lately.

Her fiancé noticed this fact (don't ever think men fail to notice such things). He asked Mary what the matter was and discovered that an ill-advised friend had told her not to use soap. So he wrote me asking what he should say to her.

I answered this letter with all speed, I can assure you. I said that when I consulted 73 eminent dermatologists (physicians, they are, remember that—specialists in skin care), I found that every normal, healthy complexion should be cleansed every day with warm water and a gentle, mild soap.

### What 73 dermatologists told me

I also said in my letter that these same 73 dermatologists, after examining a chemical analysis of Camay and giving it thorough tests, said that Camay was gentle and unusually mild and that it was the kind of soap they would prescribe for even the most delicate complexions.

"So," I concluded, "you can advise your Mary to follow this advice, and to use Camay on the best authority obtainable in America."

And *now* I have a grateful letter saying that, thanks to Camay's gentle, fragrant care, Mary's complexion is once again its lovely pink-and-white, clear self.

What I said about Mary and her complexion applies to all of you. And if you'll write for my booklet "Face Your World with Loveliness" (it's free, by the way), you'll find more complexion help than I've had room for here, including advice from those 73 dermatologists I consulted. Simply write to me at Dept. YS-110, 509 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Helen Chase

### What is a dermatologist?

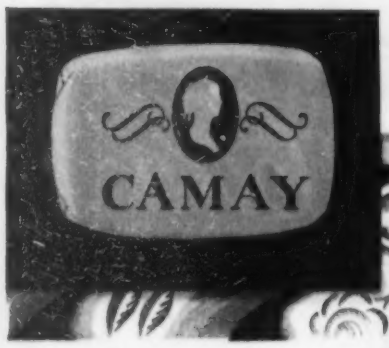
The title of dermatologist properly belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists who have approved the composition and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to their approval as stated in this advertisement.

M.D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of American dermatology.)



**Camay has been tested and approved by 73 of America's most eminent dermatologists—no other complexion soap ever had such medical approval. Camay is a Procter & Gamble soap [called Calay in Canada] 10¢ a cake**

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Thomas B. Costain, A. W. Neall,
Wesley Stout, B. Y. Riddell,
Merritt Hulburd, W. Thornton Martin,
Associate Editors

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# BETTER TIMES COMING

## By Isaac F. Marcosson

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

INTERVIEWS WITH

ROME C. STEPHENSON, *President of the American Bankers' Association and President of the St. Joseph County Savings Bank of South Bend, Indiana.* ALFRED P. SLOAN, JR., *President of General Motors.* WALTER C. TEAGLE, *President of Standard Oil Co. of N. J.* SAMUEL INSULL, *Chairman of the Commonwealth Edison Company of Chicago.* PAUL SHOUP, *President of the Southern Pacific.* HENRY M. ROBINSON, who helped frame the Dawes Plan and is *Chairman of the Security-First National Bank of Los Angeles.* JOHN E. EDGERTON, *President of National Association of Manufacturers.* ADOLPH ZUKOR, *President of the Paramount Publix Corp.* J. G. HARBORD, *President of the Radio Corp. of America.* JAMES SIMPSON, *Chairman of Marshall Field & Co.* JULIUS H. BARNES, *Chairman of the National Business Survey Conference.*

OPTIMISM is an admirable asset, but it must have justification to achieve its purpose. The professional optimist is as dangerous in his way as the confirmed pessimist. No constructive end is gained by handing out platitudes that camouflage existing conditions. You cannot beget prosperity by proclamation or lift depression by decree. Abraham Lincoln's remark, "Let the people know the truth, and the country is safe," is as applicable to the infirmities due to commercial recession as to casualties of actual warfare.

Whether, as someone put it, the orgy of speculation disclosed "three kinds of animals—namely, bulls, bears and hogs"; whether readjustment was inevitable, regardless of the mania for paper profits; whether we paid the inevitable price for overexpansion, on the one hand, and overcapitalization, on the other; or whether we became infected with the tainted air of a whole universe economically ill, the fact remains that we have been up against it to an extent which has tapped the pocketbook of practically every citizen, regardless of his walk in life.

The questions naturally arise: How long will the depression last? What are the factors that will make for return to normal conditions? Whither business? These are the queries uppermost today in the American mind. To get the answers, I interviewed a group of outstanding business men representing the major activities which contribute to our prosperity.

AN INTRUDER NOT TO BE TOLERATED

Everybody knows that we have had a serious economic setback, but not everyone comprehends the fundamental causes. Before we get the reaction to reaction, let us first see just what happened. It is set forth, together with a lesson for the whole country, by Rome C. Stephenson, president of the American Bankers Association, with its $65,000,000,000 of resources, who is also president of the St. Joseph County Savings Bank, of South Bend, Indiana:

"The severity and duration of the 1930 slump have impressed many as being something mysterious, especially those who believed that such an extensive business reaction was no longer possible in the United States under a so-called new economic dispensation. The causes were more fundamental than the collapse of the great stock-market boom in the fall of 1929, although it played a part in creating and aggravating them. They were a rapid contraction of the public's purchasing power in the midst of overproduction. Certain conditions rendered their development obscure—hence the atmosphere of mystery—and contributed to the extent of our trouble.

"During the era leading up to the depression, gold reserves were more than ample to support the bank-credit structure. The tremendous expansion in the nation's purchasing power that took place was not through inflation of bank credits, but was mainly caused by what occurred outside the commercial bank credit-and-deposit structure, without direct connection with the state of the gold supply."

### *The Velocity of Money*

"FIRST there was the expansion of stockbrokers' loans made possible by 'others than banks'—that is, individuals and corporations who put surpluses into the money market, creating what came to be known as 'the great invisible banking system.' In September, 1929, these loans amounted to $8,500,000,000. In July, 1930, they were less than $3,700,000,000. Here you had a tremendous inflation and deflation of one kind of purchasing power. While this was a special type of credit, limited to the financing of paper profits in securities, and supposedly limited to that field, it served to inject purchasing power into every channel of trade. This grew out of the fact that many speculators and investors realized some of their profits on the way up and made expenditures or commitments in other directions beyond their normal income.

"In certain sections of the country money velocity was accelerated by faster spending induced by speculative excitement. If one dollar passes a given point in trade two times, it exerts the same amount of economic energy as two dollars going past one point. If the velocity of money is doubled, it is, in effect, as if the volume were doubled. It has been shown that, at the high tide of speculation, money velocity in areas containing the greatest number of stock tickers did actually double. Combined data for cities in twelve states with 5000 stock tickers disclosed that the number of times the average dollar of demand deposits in banks was checked out per month rose from 3½ to almost 7. In localities where tickers were less numerous the turnover of demand deposits increased very little.

"Many a man whose normal income was derived from a salary or a more or less fixed return from investments or profits in business said, consciously or unconsciously, as he gazed at his stock-market profits, 'There are my savings,' or 'There is the equivalent of a big increase in salary. Why shouldn't I spend more of my regular income on things I want?' It often meant the purchase of a more expensive house than would otherwise have been selected, a new and more costly automobile before it was time to scrap the old one, more frequent trips to the theater, new furniture, luxuries, and indulgences that might not have been considered possible under different circumstances.

"All this expenditure stimulated factory production and made for swifter trade and larger pay rolls. It also meant inflation of purchasing power to a larger extent, perhaps, than we have ever known. The sudden cessation of this activity, following the stock-market crash, contributed one of the greatest contractions of effective purchasing power in the nation's history. Thus, the first great factor of the business depression—suddenly reduced purchasing power—conspired with the second great factor—overproduction—to bring on an old-time slump.

"Overproduction and swollen inventories are, of course, relative terms. They may be created not only by the actual physical output or accumulation of more goods than can be absorbed, but also by the sudden withdrawals of effective or willing purchasing power from the markets. When spending ardor chilled after the stock-market collapse last fall, a state of commodity overproduction developed almost overnight. Even before this, America's productive equipment in many lines had been geared to such a pitch as to be able to turn out more goods than the market could absorb without considerable price concession, which, of course, aggravated the case."

### *Reduced Prices Versus Falling Prices*

"THESE events put a fresh face upon the factor of declining price levels which during preceding years had been an outstanding feature of American prosperity. It was a new phenomenon, since falling prices had always been associated with depression. The new manufacturing economies, however, created by highly mechanized mass production, had made it possible in numerous cases to reduce prices yet maintain wages and earn better profits. The prosperity cycle was, therefore, one of reduced prices of manufactured goods voluntarily granted so as to pass savings in productive costs along to the public to stimulate sales.

"Such voluntarily reduced prices were different from the falling prices brought on by oversupply or underdemand due to impaired purchasing power such as marked the 1920–21 and other recessions, which were always an unfailing cause of hard times. In a word, reduced prices based on sound economies help prosperity, but falling prices bring reaction. It now transpires that what were reduced prices at the beginning of our prosperity era have been transformed into old-fashioned falling prices because of the now-curtailed public buying power.

"These developments have precipitated a special inventory situation, which explains why the depression has lasted so long. Inventories in many directions, though not generally heavy in the form of visible overstocks of goods and materials in warehouses, in transit, in process of manufacture, or on the shelves of the final

THERE IS ABUNDANT EVIDENCE THAT THE

distributors, have been large, nevertheless, in products in the hands of consumers through installment sales. They appeared in the statistics of business as 'accounts receivable,' instead of 'inventory on hand,' but that did not alter the basic economics of the case. They were, in economic fact, inventory assets, either vulnerable to price depreciation if repossessed through default of payments, or else standing in the way of fresh sales, since many people, with income obligated ahead for the goods purchased by this plan, curtailed current purchases through prudence or necessity.

"The sequence of events that I have outlined brought about the inevitable readjustment. We can now say that the readjustment, which has been drastic and painful, has largely performed its necessary corrective function. It means that improvement lies ahead.

"The banker, who is the custodian of the purchasing power that stimulates the sound, normal activities of industry, commerce and finance, as distinguished from the inflated purchasing power created by forces beyond his control and associated with the late period of speculation, is now in a particularly strong position to play his part. The banking resources and powers under his control are fully prepared to place in the hands of prudent business men ample credit resources to aid in inaugurating a new era of prosperity and progress."

### *An Automobile Man Looks at Facts*

WE CAN now see how one phase of big industry views the situation and prepares for the future, in the words of Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., president of General Motors:

"I believe that the most constructive way to deal with the present economic situation is to look at it from the standpoint of what the facts actually show. Though it is undoubtedly true that President Hoover's conferences with business leaders last winter tended to minimize the fear that had developed as to the future, and instilled a certain amount of confidence in the people throughout the country, it is equally a fact that statistics did not support the optimism created. In fact, they indicated the opposite. It was natural, therefore, that we should have a reaction as industry kept slipping more and more. Whether the sum total has been helpful or not, I do not know. I am inclined to think it has, because it gave the country an opportunity to readjust its mind and to recognize that we still had to deal with our old enemy or friend—I am not sure just which it is—the business cycle.

"Be that as it may, there is no doubt that, as I see the picture, industry has fallen off more and more as we have passed through the year. All the connections that I have, and the figures that I see, indicate this fact. Unless the trend changes before the close of 1930, we must realize that our comparisons are not with the good times of 1929, but with the declining trend of the latter part of that year.

"No one can deny that the economic machinery of the United States and of the whole world is badly out of joint. Personally I do not know why, and I doubt if anyone else knows. The contributory causes are so numerous that no single factor can be emphasized. I do not believe that the stock-market readjustment was the primary cause. It helped to unsettle confidence and injected an unfavorable psychology. My feeling is that we would have had the readjustment in industry anyway, because we exceeded the speed limit by developing an obsession for high records. I am inclined to think that we can go forward only at a normal rate of expansion.

"A large number of factors contribute to this rate. It is not necessarily measured by population growth, for this is a relatively small element. It is governed more by scientific development through research and otherwise, the creation of new forms of employment, and through a wage scale which provides a broadening margin between the necessities and the luxuries of life. The summation of these influences brings about a sound production scheme for the world at large. If we exceed it, it means that we have outgrown our strength and must recognize it sooner or later.

"The injection of installment selling, or what we term consumer credit, into the economic situation during the past six or seven years helped to make our big production possible. It provided a reservoir which we have been rapidly filling up. It might now be argued that we have reached the point where that reservoir has been capitalized. If this is true we are now restricted to the obsolescence that comes from that reservoir. Happily for the future of our prosperity, installment selling is organized on a sound economic basis. Were it otherwise, the return to normal conditions would be delayed. Naturally, the more schemes we develop to increase purchasing power, the better off we will be."

### *Time for Housecleaning*

"THOUGH I believe we should face the facts frankly, we should be careful not to overdo the matter. We should be governed by the facts, but by talking too much about them we merely emphasize existing conditions and accentuate the bad psychology.

"My view, therefore, is that leaders of business should look this situation squarely in the face and recognize it as an opportunity for putting their houses in order. In times of great prosperity such as we have passed through, we gauge our policies and problems with a measuring stick applicable to the times. We must now readjust our yardstick to a different order. However justified certain things were—and many were perfectly justified in 1928–29—they are not justified today. I speak, of course, now as to the activities with which I am directly concerned. We must measure expense and likewise personnel by a more efficient standard. I do not mean to convey the idea that we were particularly inefficient at the high tide of our prosperity, but great prosperity brings a standard of measurement peculiar to itself. It is, of course, not applicable when things are different.

(Continued on Page 75)

WORST OF THE DEPRESSION IS BEHIND US

# A SNOBBISH STORY

## By F. Scott Fitzgerald

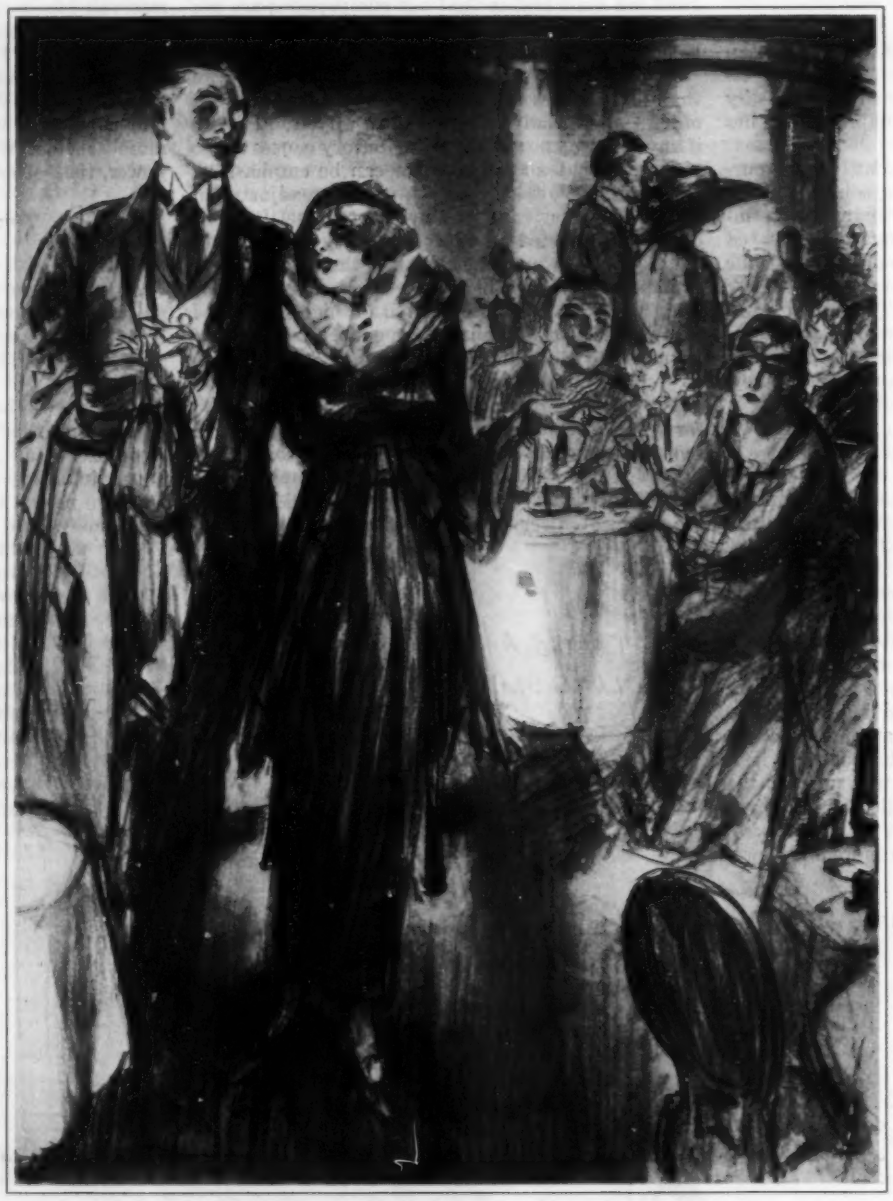
ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

IT IS difficult for young people to live things down. We will tolerate vice, grand larceny and the quieter forms of murder in our contemporaries, because we are so strong and incorruptible ourselves, but our children's friends must show a blank service record. When young Josephine Perry was "removed" by her father from the Brereton School, where she had accidentally embraced a young man in the chapel, some of the best people in Chicago would have liked to have seen her drawn and quartered. But the Perrys were rich and powerful, so that friends rallied to their daughter's reputation—and Josephine's lovely face with its expression of just having led the children from a burning orphan asylum did the rest.

Certainly there was no consciousness of disgrace in it when she entered the grand stand at Lake Forest on the first day of the tennis tournament. Same old crowd, she seemed to say, turning, without any curiosity, half left, half right—not that I object, but you can't expect me to get excited.

It was a bright day, with the sun glittering on the crowd; the white figures on the courts threw no shadow. Over in Europe the bloody terror of the Somme was just beginning, but the war had become second-page news and the question agitating the crowd was who would win the tournament. Dresses were long and hats were small and tight, and America, shut in on itself, was bored beyond belief.

Josephine, representing in her own person the future, was not bored; she was merely impatient for a change. She gazed about until she found friends; they waved and she joined them. Only as she sat down did she realize that she was also next to a lady whose lips, in continual process of masking buck teeth, gave her a deceptively pleasant expression.



*The Woman Was What Was Called a Peroxide Blonde, With Dolls' Eyes Boldly Drawn on a Baby-Pink Face*

Mrs. McRae belonged to the drawing-and-quartering party. She hated young people, and by some perverse instinct was drawn into contact with them, as organizer of the midsummer vaudeville at Lake Forest and of dancing classes in Chicago during the winter. She chose rich, plain girls and brought them along, bullying boys into dancing with them and comparing them to their advantage with the more popular black sheep—the most prominent representative of this flock being Josephine.

But Josephine was stiffened this afternoon by what her father had said the night before: "If Jenny McRae raises a finger against you, heaven help Jim." This was because of a rumor that Mrs. McRae, as an example for the public weal, was going to omit Josephine's usual dance with Travis de Coppet from the vaudeville that summer.

As a matter of fact, Mrs. McRae had, upon her husband's urgent appeal, reconsidered; she was one large, unconvincing smile. After a short but obvious conference behind her own eyes, she said:

"Do you see that young man on the second court, with the headband?" And as Josephine gazed apathetically, "That's my nephew from Minneapolis. They say he has a fine chance to win here. I wonder if you'd be a sweet girl and be nice to him and introduce him to the young people."

Again she hesitated. "And I want to see you about the vaudeville soon. We expect you and Travis to do that marvelous, marvelous maxixe for us."

Josephine's inner response was the monosyllable "Huh!"

She realized that she didn't want to be in the vaudeville, but only to be invited. And another look at Mrs. McRae's nephew decided her that the price was too high.

"The maxixe is stale now," she answered, but her attention had already wandered. Someone was staring at her from near by, someone whose eyes burned disturbingly, like an uncharted light.

Turning to speak to Travis de Coppet, she could see the pale lower half of a face two rows behind, and during the burst of clapping at the end of a game she turned and made a cerebral photograph of the entire individual as her eyes wandered casually down the row.

He was a tall, even a high young man, with a rather small head set on enormous round shoulders. His face was pale; his eyes were nearly black, with an intense, passionate light in them; his mouth was sensitive and strongly set. He was poorly dressed—green shine on his suit, a shabby string of a necktie and a bum cap. When she turned he looked at her with rigid hunger, and kept looking at her after she had turned away, as if his eyes could burn loopholes through the thin straw of her hat.

Suddenly Josephine realized what a pleasant scene it was, and, relaxing, she listened to the almost regular pat-smack, smack-pat-pat of the balls, the thud of a jump and the overtone of the umpire's "Fault"; "Out"; "Game and set, 6–2, Mr. Oberwalter." The sun moved slowly westward off the games and gossip. The day's matches ended.

Rising, Mrs. McRae said to Josephine: "Then shall I bring Donald to you when he's dressed? He doesn't know a soul. I count on you. Where will you be?"

Josephine accepted the burden patiently: "I'll wait right here."

Already there was music on the outdoor platform beside the club, and there was a sound of clinking waiters as the crowd swayed out of the grand stand. Josephine refused to go and dance, and presently the three young men, each of whom had loved and lost her, moved on to other prospects, and Josephine picked them out presently below a fringe by their well-known feet—Travis de Coppet's deft, dramatic feet; Ed Bement's stern and uncompromising feet; Elsie Kerr's warped ankles; Lillian's new shoes; the high, button shoes of some impossible girl. There were more feet; the stands were almost empty now, and canvas was being spread over the lonely courts. She heard someone coming clumsily down the plank behind her and landing with a plunk upon the board on which she sat, lifting her an abrupt inch into the air.

"D' I jar you?"

It was the man she had noticed and forgotten. He was still very tall.

"Don't you go in for dancing?" he asked, lingering. "I picked you out for the belle of the ball."

"You're rather fresh, aren't you?"

"My error," he said. "I should have known you were too swell to be spoken to."

"I never saw you before."

"I never saw you either, but you looked so nice in your hat, and I saw you smiling to your friends, so I thought I'd take a chance."

"Like you do downstate, hey, Si?" retorted Josephine insolently.

"What's the matter with downstate? I come from Abe Lincoln's town, where the boys are big and brilliant."

"What are you—a dance-hall masher?"

He was extraordinarily handsome, and she liked his imperviousness to insult.

"Thanks. I'm a reporter—not sports, or society either. I came to do the atmosphere—you know, a fine day with the sun sizzling on high and all the sporting world as well as the fashionable world of Lake Forest out in force."

"Hadn't you better go along and write it then?"

"Finished; another fellow took it. Can I sit down for a minute, or do you soil easily? A mere breath of wind and poof! Listen, Miss Potterfield-Swiftcormick, or whatever your name is. I come from good people and I'm going to be a great writer some day." He sat down. "If anybody comes you can say I was interviewing you for the paper. What's your name?"

"Perry."

"Herbert T. Perry?"

She nodded and he looked at her hard for a moment.

"Well, well," he sighed, "most attractive girl I've met for months turns out to be Herbert T. Perry's daughter. As a rule, you society nuts aren't much to look at. I mean, you pass more pretty girls in the Loop in one hour than I've seen here this afternoon, and the ones here have the advantage of dressing and all that. What's your first name?"

She started to say "Miss," but suddenly it seemed pointless, and she answered "Josephine."

"My name's John Boynton Bailey." He handed her his card with CHICAGO TRIBUNE printed in the corner. "Let me inform you I'm the best reporter in this city. I've written a play that ought to be produced this fall. I'm telling you that to prove I'm not just some bum, as you may judge from my old clothes. I've got some better clothes home, but I didn't think I was going to meet you."

"I just thought you were sort of fresh to speak to me without being introduced."

"I take what I can get," he admitted moodily.

At the sudden droop of his mouth, thoughtful and unhappy, Josephine knew that she liked him. For a moment she did not want Mrs. McRae and her nephew to see her with him; then, abruptly, she did not care.

"It must be wonderful to write."

"I'm just getting started, but you'll be proud to know me sometime." He changed the subject. "You've got wonderful features—you know it? You know what features are—the eyes and the mouth together, not separately—the triangle they make. That's how people decide in a flash whether they like other people. A person's nose and shape of the face are just things he's born with and can't change. They don't matter, Miss Gotrocks."

"Please cut out the Stone Age slang."

"All right; but you've got nice features. Is your father good-looking?"

"Very," she answered, appreciating the compliment.

The music started again. Under the trees the wooden floor was red in the sun. Josephine sang softly:

*"'Lisibeth Ann-n,*
*I'm wild a-bow-ow-out you, a-bow-ow-out you ——"*

"Nice here," he murmured. "Just this time of day and that music under the trees. . . . It's hot in Chicago!"

She was singing to him; the remarked triangle of her eyes and mouth was turned on him, faintly and sadly smiling, her low voice wooed him casually from some impersonal necessity of its own. Realizing it, she broke off, saying: "I've got to go to the city tomorrow. I've been putting it off."

"I bet you have a lot of men worried about you."

"Me? I just sit home and twirl my thumbs all day."

"Yes, you do."

"Everybody hates me and I return the compliment, so I'm going into a convent or else to be a trained nurse in the war. Will you enlist in the French Army and let me nurse you?"

Her words died away; his eyes, following hers, saw Mrs. McRae and her nephew coming in at the gate.

"I'll go now," he said quickly. "You wouldn't have lunch with me if you come to Chicago tomorrow? I'll take you to a German place with fine food."

She hesitated; Mrs. McRae's insincerely tickled expression grew larger on the near distance.

"All right."

He wrote swiftly on a piece of paper and handed it to her. Then, lifting his big body awkwardly, he gallumped down the tier of seats, receiving a quick but inquisitive glance from Mrs. McRae as he lumbered past her.

II

IT WAS easy to arrange. Josephine phoned the aunt with whom she was to lunch, dropped the chauffeur and, not without a certain breathlessness, approached Hoftzer's Rathskeller Garten on North State Street. She wore a blue crêpe-de-chine dress sprinkled with soft brown leaves that were the color of her eyes.

John Boynton Bailey was waiting in front of the restaurant, looking distracted, yet protective, and Josephine's uneasiness departed.

He said, "We don't want to eat in this place. It seemed all right when I thought about it, but I just looked inside, and you might get sawdust in your shoes. We better go to some hotel."

Agreeably she turned in the direction of a hotel sacred to tea dancing, but he shook his head.

"You'd meet a lot of your friends. Let's go to the old La Grange."

The old La Grange Hotel, once the pride of the Middle West, was now a rendezvous of small-town transients and a forum for traveling salesmen. The

(Continued on Page 36)

*"Far be it From Me," the Girl Began, Her Voice Trembling a Little, "Far be it From Me——"*

# INTERNATIONAL

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY LU KIMMEL

*There Had Been Sixteen at Luncheon, Thirty at Dinner, and More Would Come Tomorrow, to Spend Sunday. And More Would Stare at His Scarlet Westlund Hair. He Would Hear Around Corners: "Westmill—Cousin of Lady Sack's. Oh, So Quite Too Dreadfully Solemn, Dearest! Utterly Yankee. . . ."*

BUT all Americans are afraid of death, dearest Michael!"

The Duke of Stole and Stolehaven stopped swinging his feet and sat still on the white-and-gold table, looking placidly at this woman or at the brilliant chain always drifting through her fingers. Perhaps he didn't like to be called "dearest Michael." His wife called him Micky and his cousins called him Mike. This was the third time his neat shoes had stopped their tranquil movement.

"That's most distressin'. Of course, I've only been in the States twice. And in 1914 I came through the country in a most terrible hurry. We'd started home from India, you see, by way of Japan. Landed in Japan the same day the Germans entered Belgium. So I didn't see much of the States in 1914. And last year we were only out there six weeks."

"How did you endure it that long?"

"Managed rather comfortably, thanks. But I've never noticed that any nation was so frightfully keen on dyin', Mrs. Pallent."

It was a relief to know her name at last. Ailanthus bent from a fat chair by the hearth and patted the cherub at this side of the monstrous fireplace. The huge room was Regency, Cousin Philadelphia said, but these fireplaces with the molded figures had been there since 1700. Sixty feet away, where people were laughing, there was another fireplace. Mrs. Pallent seemed to stare toward this other group.

"They're afraid of dying," she said slowly, "because they know—however stupid they are about most things—that life's cheated them. They've had to live in a hideous climate, eating dreadful food, without decent servants—without anything much except a chance at making quantities of money, with nothing to spend it on. They know they've had nothing worth having. None of the real things."

"I'm so very dense, you know," the slim duke drawled. "Don't just understand what you mean by the real things, Mrs. Pallent."

"Lovely surroundings, unemphasized comforts, contacts with amenity—everything that makes for civilization. Everything you've had all your life."

"Very interestin'," said the ruddy man. "Doesn't quite apply to me. Dad had to make his own way, you see, Mrs. Pallent. He was a quite successful barrister after a bit, but he'd four boys and two girls. We lived at Hampstead, in a rented house. Dad's uncle happened to be a duke and our name was Beausire. Impressed our neighbors more than it did our tradesmen. The ninth duke wasn't impressed, you know, with the necessity of bein' helpful. Too busy," said the eleventh duke, "nursing himself when he wasn't throwing away money on the worst racin' stable ever known. He was horribly afraid of dyin' early, Mrs. Pallent. Lived to be eighty-one. Bored both his sons to death, I believe. I never saw the old fellow but once. In this room, it was. I'd run down to say good-by to Gilbert, here, when my regiment was startin' for South Africa in '99. And then I wasn't in England at all, you see, from '99 to 1914. All of our children were born in India. My good wife, bein' a distinguished general's third daughter and Irish, hasn't a penny of her own. My father did what he could for us. But India's not awfully cozy, Mrs. Pallent, even with lots of money."

The lovely woman said, "But you were serving England!"

"Well—quite so. Yes, just so. Then we came home in 1914. Moira and the children lived with dad while I was in France. The ninth duke finally died in 1917. Took cold at his second son's funeral and shoved along. Funny, how everyone knows it's so vulgar when a Yank millionaire throws away his income on rubbish, but a peer can pitch money about like—ah. . . . Well, I was gettin' quite used to seeing Lord Edward Beausire—my name's Edward Michael—on my letters when dad died. Really, he died of workin' too hard over the family finances, clearin' up his uncle's—er—idiocies. My older brother was killed the same day. I'm just pointing out, you see, that my contact with lovely surroundings and unemphasized comforts is of rather recent date. I'm fifty-one, but I was a poor man until forty, quite as worried about what might happen to my wife and boys as any bank clerk you see on a bus, Mrs. Pallent."

The bright chain had halted in her fingers. Her head was tilted back now, and she smiled more intently. Sir Gilbert Sack turned on the marble hearth as the clock struck twelve and kicked a chunk of blazing cedar back into the fireplace. He tried not to grin.

"So you're sailin' from Southampton tomorrow, Mrs. Pallent?"

"Yes. My publishers make a point of my coming over. But I'll be home again before Ascot."

Ascot was one of the great races, he knew, but Ailanthus wondered why she had insisted on the word "home," her voice deepening. Sir Gilbert smiled at the dolphins and curly water gods of the high mantel. His bald head glowed with firelight and the steadier light of ten amber lamps. He was so tall that he might almost put up a hand and reach the shelf, there, supported by thick little vines of plaster work. Ailanthus dared not look up at the shelf.

"You think of England as home, Mrs. Pallent?"

"Why, of course. I'm—it is home," she said.

"I'd noticed there's never anything about the States in your books."

"One begins to forget, you know."

"Really?"

She was furious now, and Ailanthus moved his feet. She kept it in pretty well. He had just guessed twice in the misery at dinner that she might be American. But it was funny how her slow voice deceived. Now she was wanting to slap the duke's face. And Ailanthus wriggled. A man oughtn't to be rough on women. Only, she was paying up for that "dearest Michael" or for something else.

"But you've lived in England just since—since 1915? Geoff Pallent died in 1915."

"Since 1913," she said.

"Poor Geoff," the duke murmured. "Charmin' kid. . . . Hair was redder than yours, Westlund."

"Must have been awfully red, then," Ailanthus said, and wished he hadn't, because that made her look at him, and she might start in on him again. He thought:

"Oh, get out of it! You may get so mad you'll say something." He stood, undoubling his legs, and fingered his white tie.

"Sailing soon, Mr. Westlund?" she asked.

"Next week, maybe. Thought of goin' this week, but Kay's got a fierce cold."

"Who might Kay be?"

"My wife. She's in bed upstairs."

"At your age? A whole wife?"

"Charmin' child," said the duke swiftly.

"I'm twenty-one," Ailanthus growled.

"And where's home?"

"Blandyburg, Pennsylvania."

The bright chain slowly moved, dribbling through her fingers against the bronze gown. "Going home to greasy stewed corn and servants who won't serve and children with ratty voices, and the job, of course, at the First National Bank?"

"I'd die workin' in an office. No. I run dad's farm for him. He owns the newspaper an' edits it."

"The farm? Ten acres between two factories?"

"Aren't any factories in the county. It's all farms."

"How that must limit conversation among the natives," she said, "since Americans can only talk of kitchens and bathrooms, and things that are made in factories."

"Say," said Ailanthus, "that's awful stale stuff, y' know. That's been in every magazine in America two or three times a year, ever since I started readin' grown-up books! Dad says there ought to be a fine for usin' that kitchen-and-bathroom thing, it's so stale. This is 1930. That was original 'bout 1922."

Shouldn't have started it. But he heard his heavy voice rising. His ears must be getting red. She had to be forty, anyhow, and she was a lady—a female, at least. But his voice would go on:

"They keep tellin' a man what wonderful conversation he's goin' to hear in Europe. Been over here since January. Heard lots of snotty remarks about Americans in trains and hotels. But when you sprung that one at dinner about Americans' just buying things—cars and pictures an' jewels—and believin' they'll be happy because they own objects, I pretty nearly laughed, and I haven't any sense of humor. That's—let's see—that's more'n a hundred years old now. It started with a Frenchman named Stendhal. Dad says it went into the class of pure platitudes ten years back. You were sayin' Yankees only exchange facts and platitudes—well ——" Her face colored up its triangle to the luscious yellow hair. Oh, shut it off! Get out. "Say, Sir Gilbert, if there's a boat from Southampton tomorrow noon, I can get off a letter to dad?"

"Of course," said the giant to the fireplace.

In the corridor he lit a cigarette and his ears cooled, although they still were pink when Ailanthus passed the mirror where this alley joined the beamed hallway which passed, west to east, through Sack End. He walked carefully, not looking at naked shoulders and white waistcoats. There had been sixteen at luncheon, thirty at dinner, and more would come tomorrow, to spend Sunday. And more would stare at his scarlet Westlund hair. He would hear around corners: "Westmill—cousin of Lady Sack's. Oh, so quite too dreadfully solemn, dearest! Utterly Yankee. . . ." "No, Westlund. Danish, he says the name is. His wife's pretty." That was bad, last week-end. But he had a trouble now, and the people on velvet lounges were just clouds. He made for the stairs. And there was Cornwallis Sack sitting alone on the first landing of the triple ascent, watching older people placidly, the only male in a dinner jacket. Well, this kid might help. He was just a kid, and pale after peritonitis last month, but he might know what to do.

"I say, you were suffering at dinner! I could hear bits. The international racket, wasn't it?"

"I'm used to it."

"Mother signaled me to go and help you after dinner," Cornwallis said, "but Mrs. Pallent rather sickens me, and Cousin Mike had gone over. He does like you, you know, tremendously. Says you're refreshing, because you drop more *g*'s than even he does."

"Thanks. He's all right. The duchess is nicer, though."

"I say, what's wrong?"

"Oh, nothin'."

But the kid was a clever kid. He was eighteen and ought to be back at Harrow soon, when the doctors would let him go. He looked at Ailanthus and didn't pretend to believe him. His Westlund nose indicated this by a bubbling of the nostrils.

"You're just bored, aren't you? Y' see, this gang's mostly political. Dad's all tangled up in the Land and Home League. They're trying to revive English agriculture. Dad's so very keen on lost causes."

"Is that Mrs. Pallent in politics?"

"No. She's American, you know, even if she does give rather a fine impersonation of a duchess. Mother loathes her. I suppose she was awfully rude to you."

"The duke just sat on her pretty hard."

"Doesn't do any good. Mother's done it. She bobs right up. . . . Have you another cigarette?"

Ailanthus sat down. The kid looked pretty lonesome up here, and he was all right. Lady Sack and Sir Gilbert took him to America every year to see his half brothers and an uncle in Detroit. You could talk to him without having to explain so much.

"Who's a fellow with very curly hair—curlier'n yours or mine? He's thirty, maybe. He's good-lookin', but his clothes are too good. Fit him too well. He's not tall. Shoulders too big for his height. Seems to be a friend of Mrs. Pallent's."

"Can't say. Know who you mean. He was sitting between Lady Kate and the Chell girl at dinner. Drank heaps of champagne. North-country voice?"

"It's not like most of their voices."

"Rather think his name's Galloway. . . . Funny," said Cornwallis, "about clothes. If they do fit too well they—they're offensive. Makes a man look as if he was rather nervous about —— Here comes mother. She'll know. . . . Mum, who was that man ——"

"'Lanthus," said Lady Sack, whirling a black dress

*Something Happened. She Was Not What She Had Been. She Had Turned Into Something*

(Continued on Page 81)

# DEATH VALLEY SCOTTY

## By BOURKE LEE

ALL Death Valley is divided into three parts: Death Valley itself, the Death Valley mountain ranges, and Death Valley Scotty. And the greatest of these is Death Valley Scotty.

Throughout the states, any attempted verbal descriptions of the hot and historical sink of the valley, any words spoken in praise of the mighty fluted ranges which border the valley are certain of interruption. Mention of Death Valley almost anywhere is sure to prompt the questions: "What about Death Valley Scotty? What's he like? What's he building in Death Valley? What's he building it for? Where does Scotty get all his money?"

Only a legendary figure of heroic proportions could inspire the folk tales which have been woven around Walter Scott for a quarter of a century. Yet the Death Valley Scotty of legend is only a man, robust and swashbuckling, perhaps, but still subject to quite human limitations. How, then, did the mysterious Scott work his miracles?

In June, 1905, a man and a mule left a cabin in the northern reaches of Death Valley and headed south into the swirling, blistering haze shrouding the fathomless sink of an accursed and fearful desert basin. Fire demons and the dervishes of thirst danced around the man and the mule as they moved along secret trails to plunge into impenetrable deserts of burning sand and bitter salt. Above them blinding heat bounced from the glowing, hot ranges of Death Valley as the sturdy, sunburned man and his hardened beast bridged bottomless alkaline marshes, conquered quicksands and poison gas, climbed surely up the naked rock faces of unscalable mountains. Howling sandstorms buffeted them. Sidewinders and larger rattlesnakes rushed them, disputing their right to tour Death Valley in the summertime. There were quite a few snakes. High overhead, a convoy of buzzards formed patient and hungry escort to the man and the mule. The buzzards were wasting their time. The mule was sure-footed, faithful and blue; the man was Walter Scott.

### *Taking His First Bow*

SCOTTY and his mule went steadily southward through the fevered days of June. Their passage through the horrors of Death Valley was quite without event. Apache Indians, who had been making a lifework of lying in ambush for Scotty, had gone home to Arizona for more ammunition. No white enemies sniped at Scotty or his mule and they both reached Barstow safely and a little bored. Scotty parked the mule outside the railroad station and went in and asked for a special train. He wanted to go to Chicago. But first, please, he would like a special train to Los Angeles. Requests for special trains were rare in Barstow in 1905. Barstow stood in a ring around Scotty and admired him.

There was public inquiry into the financial status of Mr. Scott and much telegraphing back and forth between Los Angeles and Barstow before the Santa Fe Railroad began to rummage in its roundhouses for a locomotive and a coach for this perfect stranger from Death Valley. The railroad men were very reluctant to rent one of their special trains to a desert man to whom they had never been properly introduced, and their hesitancy cost Scotty considerable loss of time. He impatiently flourished the first of the great rolls of currency which were to become a Scotty tradition, and waited for his special train. To gaping Barstow, Scotty spoke of vast wealth locked in the rocks of a secret mine. When his train came into the station Scotty climbed aboard and sped westward toward the town of Los Angeles. In some uncanny fashion, news of Scotty's approach and intentions had leaked from the offices of the railroad into the city rooms of the newspapers. Los Angeles was expecting Scotty. As he rode most of the way from Barstow in the engine cab, it was a sooty and begrimed Scott who climbed down from the special into the City of Angels. Dirty but happy, Scotty waved his big hat to the cheering crowd. Death Valley's gift to city editors took his first bow.

Talking to railroad officials in Los Angeles, Scotty said he wanted to go to Chicago faster than anyone had ever gone there before. He was in a terrific hurry. He was in such a hurry that he could wait a couple of days for a special train, provided the special made record time to Chicago. The leak in the railroad offices was still leaking and all the highly confidential discussions between Scotty and the railroad men were broadcast in the streets. People even found out how much Scotty was paying for the special train. Several days passed while preparations for the record run went forward, and the railroad men had an opportunity to explain at great length that they had never seen Mr. Scott of Death Valley before. No one had asked them, but it was nice to know that Scotty really wanted to go to Chicago, and that the railroad was accommodating enough to rent a special train to a perfect stranger. Folks thought it was sporting of the railroad to give a special to an unknown miner who said he wanted to go to Chicago.

*Walter Scott and Walter Scott, Jr.*

Scotty spent one day in San Bernardino, in mysterious conference, and then Scotty went away on his special train. The special made speeds as high as one hundred and six miles an hour. Scotty reached Chicago and the front pages of all the newspapers in the land in a few minutes under forty-five hours. The record still stands.

Having nothing especial to do in Chicago, Scotty of Death Valley went on to New York. He bore the pitiless glare of publicity without blinking. The newspapermen were fine fellows. Scotty was colorful copy. The fascination was reciprocal. Scotty expanded in the bright white light. Scotty had his pictures in the paper. Scotty liked it. He liked the huzzah and the boom, boom, of the front page. He liked it so well that he has been trying to stay there ever since. Through twenty-five years he has done rather well.

"Where does all your money come from, Mr. Scott?"

### *A Mine, and She's Mine*

"WELL, now! If I was to tell you that, you'd know as much as I do. I got a mine. She's some mine way down in the bottom of Death Valley. That's a wicked valley, but I know how to get around there. Me and my mule know the valley and my mine, and nobody else is likely to know that mine as long as I can keep it a secret."

Death Valley Scotty was a colossus in 1905, a vivid figure of heroic mold stomping in out of the desert with capacious pockets crammed with gold. One hundred dollars was important money then, and a man who bought special trains and amused himself by driving a buckboard through the streets scattering golden largess from kegs of coins was assured of a desirable spot in the news columns. Scotty's appearance and antics centered the interest of the country upon him. Along the streets of Los Angeles, San Francisco, Chicago and New York walked the physically solid Scott, schooled in the ways and sanded speech of the desert, talking brusquely of a million-dollar mine in the depths of Death Valley, and spending, spending, spending. He scattered money about him; his hearty, generous entertaining knew no end. His red necktie was the focal point of swarms of admirers banked deeply along a hundred bars.

Death Valley Scotty's in town!

Walter Scott has been variously described in the newspapers, the magazines and the thrilling biographies written about him. Essentially he was a romantic enigma—a desert wizard and millionaire prospector, a solitary, seclusive man thoroughly at home in a desert region set with horrorsome traps and sure death to anyone but himself. In greater detail, yet still vaguely, Scotty was a stout-hearted Indian fighter, a hard-riding buckaroo, a deadly shot, a desert

PHOTOS, COPYRIGHT BY CLIFF WESSELMANN, LOS ANGELES RECORD

*The Scotty Bank Roll Sped This Old Prospector On to the Assay Office*

Midas, the richest and most successful single-handed miner the world has ever known.

He has been called other and plainer things. Desert men who have known Scotty for twenty or more years are not backward in advancing their opinions of Scotty. Variously, with profane emphasis or in hush-hush tones, they announced that Scotty is a bluff. He was anything but a miner. Here are words adding sinister tones to the Scott mystery and a great American legend. No one has yet called him a master showman.

*Scotty's Partner Said: "The Place Just Grew—Like Topsy"*

Scotty stands above medium height, but his bulk dwarfs him. His body is thick and solid, the shoulders wide and the chest deep, the limbs big-boned and strong. Scotty must be definitely examined to determine these details of his structure, because it is Scotty's face that impels attention. His eyes are shrewd and set deeply under a cleft ledge of forehead and heavy eyebrows. The eyes have faded in the desert sun, but the disillusionment and apathy sometimes seen in desert eyes are not tenant within them. Scotty's shrewd eyes are alive. The nose is pure Roman. His mouth is the puzzling mouth of a Kentucky hillman, wide and a little loose, without being weak, because a touch of cruelty makes it strong. Scotty's chin belongs with his eyes and nose rather than with the mouth. You do not have to look for Scotty's chin.

### *Death Valley Comes to Life*

THERE'S a frontiersman strain in Scotty. The forehead is usually concealed by a sombrero, and when Scotty sweeps off his hat a mat of neutral hair tumbles out. If the hair should be in order Scotty corrects that by running his hands through it to mess it up. Scotty's forehead is wide and high—his imaginative and conversational powers are well developed.

Scotty is mentally alert and very shrewd. His vitality is tremendcus. Close to him, you can sense its force. Stored energy makes him restless. An excellent host, a generous friend, Scotty is uninhibited, profane, and altogether attractive. Scotty is an individual.

In 1905 when Scotty rocketed out of the depths of Death Valley to burst in a golden shower before his surprised countrymen, many thousands of people were actively interested in the mines. Mines were mines in 1905, not merely ruins buried in the débris of ghost cities.

*Death Valley Scotty in a Napoleonic Pose*

*The Death Valley Ranch House in the Light of the Desert Moon*

PHOTOS, COPYRIGHT BY CLIFF WESSELMANN, LOS ANGELES RECORD

*Death Valley Scotty Surveys His Domain*

Los Angeles was just a town and California was only one of many sister states. The ballyhoo had not begun and the real-estate man had not arrived. Los Angeles was talking mines, San Francisco was trading in mines, mining stocks were booming in a bull market. In Nevada, not far from the Death Valley which Walter Scott said held his riches, the ore bodies of Tonopah and Goldfield were feeding gold and silver bullion to the mint. Men were swiftly taking personal fortunes from the ground.

When Death Valley Scotty spoke of his mine people listened to him. There was no reason why they should disbelieve him, and there is nothing comic about the credulity of the men who attempted to track Scotty across the desert to his fabulous claims. Working mines were all around him—and there were the lost mines. The Lost Breyfogle and the Lost Gunsight were both close to, if not within, Death Valley. Scotty had probably stumbled upon one of the lost mines.

The Death Valley of 1905 was physically the same valley it is today: a narrow and deep trough stretching for more than one hundred miles between the serrated crests of the Amargosa and Panamint ranges. But the Death Valley region of 1905 was even more populous than it is today. To the northeast of Death Valley, Tonopah and Goldfield are mining towns crowded with thousands of people delirious with gold fever. On the east of Death Valley, Beatty, Bullfrog and Rhyolite are a drive of only sixteen miles in a spring wagon from the valley floor. Just south of Furnace Creek Canyon the town of Greenwater is booming in the Black Mountains, and a rival town—Furnace—is springing up near Dante's View.

### *Gold*

SKIDOO has risen as a lively camp in Tucki Mountain, overlooking Death Valley from the west. The Keane Wonder Mine is plundering the Funeral Mountains from the Death Valley flank of the range at Daylight Pass. Far south in the valley the Carbonate Mine is building roads along the bottom of the valley and through the Black Mountains at Jubilee Pass and Salsberry Pass. Roads enter Death Valley from Lida and Goldfield, from Beatty, Death Valley Junction, Shoshone and Silver Lake, from Barstow, Johannesburg, Ballarat and Darwin. Freighters and their teams follow the wagon roads north and south and east and west all through Death Valley. From the northern tip of Death Valley at Tule Canyon to its southern extremity between the Avawatz and Ibex mountains, the Death Valley ranges are a succession of mining claims, prospect holes and mines. The hills are full of clambering prospectors. You meet them at every spring and water hole. Thirty thousand people are living within a fifty-mile radius of Death Valley Scotty. Hundreds of them are using the Death Valley trails. A lot of men know Scotty and see him regularly.

Somewhere in this solitude Scotty had a secret mine. Scotty's secret mine has never been described. It was the sort of mine all prospectors dream of but only rarely find. Not that Scotty's mine was an impossibility. Shorty Harris, in fact, in his younger days, once owned a mine very much like Scotty's. Shorty Harris discovered Bullfrog and was the father of Rhyolite, Harrisburg and Skidoo on the edges of Death Valley. Shorty is more than seventy now and would like to make one more strike.

"Like Skidoo, Shorty?" I asked.

"Naw," said Shorty. "They only took about six million out of Skidoo. Like a mine I had down in Mexico. Man, there was a gold mine! Gold? The gold was in sheets, and it was just the right thickness. We used to peel the gold off the rock and send it to the mint to be stamped into twenties."

*(Continued on Page 106)*

XUM

# OLD MAN RIVER'S STEPCHILD

## By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

*Scott: I Have to Look at the River All Day. I'm Going to Keep On Looking at You*
*Eloise: Suit Yourself, Mister*

GOOD DETECTIVES, INC.
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI,
June 17, 1930.

ALVIN J. SEABURY, ESQ.,
SEABURY & CO.,
BOSTON, MASS.

*DEAR SIR:* We are happy to advise you that we have located your son, Scott Brookings Seabury, at River Bluff, Missouri, a small town on the Mississippi River about ninety miles north of St. Louis. Under separate cover we are forwarding snapshots, photostatic copies of the register of the Planters' Hotel at River Bluff, and other documentary evidence establishing your son's identity.

Pursuant to your instructions, our operatives have not made themselves known to your son or to the townspeople of River Bluff. He has been under constant surveillance since the fourteenth inst. by Operatives Clancy and O'Fallon, two of our ablest men. Posing as barge laborers, they have made direct contact with the young man. They report as follows:

1. He is in good health and spirits.

2. He is employed as deck hand on the government dredge boat, Mud Hen, at present engaged in widening the channel at River Bluff. His rate of pay is $4.15 per day.

3. There is nothing to indicate that he was accompanied to River Bluff by a female or that he is improperly associating with a female.

4. His social contacts apparently are confined to workmen on the dredge boat and certain residents of a river-front settlement known as Shanty Town.

5. He was twice observed in conversation with one Eloise Rollins, a resident of Shanty Town. She is about his own age, granddaughter of Jared Rollins, a retired steamboat pilot, with whom she resides.

*(a)* Description of Eloise Rollins: Height: Five feet, six inches. Weight: 130 lbs. Eyes: Blue. Hair: Reddish. Complexion: Fair. Graduated River Bluff High School May 27, 1929. Average: 94.6. Reputation: Excellent.

6. The operatives failed to obtain any statement from Scott as to his reasons for leaving home, or even an admission that he is absent without his father's permission. Townspeople with whom the operatives talked have accepted him as a typical river drifter.

7. It is the operatives' opinion that the young man is in no immediate danger, physically or morally, but his choice of Shanty Town as a hangout is most unwise. The district has a bad name among the villagers. The operatives are investigating further.

This is, we believe, an accurate and complete summary of the situation. However, we are inclosing the full reports of Operatives Clancy and O'Fallon, together with their statements of expenses.

Pending further instructions from you, we are keeping your son under careful surveillance. We stand ready to take whatever action you direct.

Respectfully,
GOOD DETECTIVES, INC.
By David Broone,
*Chief Field Agent, St. Louis District.*

GOOD DETECTIVES, INC.
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI,
June 26, 1930.

ALVIN J. SEABURY, ESQ.,
SEABURY & CO.,
BOSTON, MASS.

*DEAR SIR:* Your telegram of the nineteenth inst. and your letter just to hand, directing us to supply more specific information as to your son's motive for leaving home and the exact social environment he has chosen, have been very helpful. As you know, we were working under very limited instructions and without a clear idea of your position in the case.

As we understand it now, you wish your son to be free of any interference by our operatives; in short, you desire that he be allowed to work out his own destiny, unless he becomes involved in physical or moral danger. In these eventualities we are to step in, arrest him and escort him home to Boston. Since our first report, the operatives at River Bluff have found employment on the dredge boat, Mud Hen, and have in some measure gained your son's confidence. I might add that their reactions were most favorable, indeed. They report him as being democratic, likable and popular with his fellow workers.

Taking up your requests for information in order, we report as follows:

1. He continues in excellent health, although suffering from blisters on his hands and sunburn.

2. He explains to Operative O'Fallon: "Dad thinks I'm just a kid and ought to be kept in cotton batting. I got tired of being treated like an infant. We had words, and he told me I'd starve to death if I ever went on my own. I decided I'd show him. I send him letters through school buddies of mine from different cities, so he'll know I'm okay. But I'm going to see life and have adventures where he can't interfere. I picked the Mississippi because it's my favorite river. I've read everything Mark Twain ever wrote, including the rowdy stuff. This is a great country. You don't rub elbows with characters like those old river rats in Shanty Town any place else in the world. I'm for 'em."

3. Though we do not wish to alarm you unduly, your son's growing interest in the residents of Shanty Town and his close association with them is likely to

involve him in serious trouble. A list of his present associates, herewith appended, will indicate why we feel apprehensive:

*(a)* Eloise Rollins—mentioned in our first report. A reputable but rather harum-scarum young woman. Helps her grandfather tend trot lines at mouth of Grassy Creek. Operates outboard motorboat. Dresses carelessly and indulges in conversations with other Shanty Towners not always in the best of taste. Seems to have personal feud with townspeople of River Bluff. Is bitter because she was snubbed during school days and because River Bluff has made periodical efforts to dispossess Shanty Town residents as squatters. Is fond of listening to river rats reminisce about old days on river, and boasts that Shanty Town holds all the real aristocrats.

*(b)* Jared Rollins. Grandfather of Eloise, who is an orphan. Civil War veteran; saw service at Vicksburg. Has pension. Later was crack pilot for old Anchor Line. Said to be best-informed river man on Upper River. Drinks and is at times profane.

*(c)* Milk-Eye Judd. Albino with game leg. Old-time river gambler. Runs tough game in houseboat. Carries two .44 derringers. Said to have killed three men. Great admirer of Eloise Rollins. She calls him Uncle Everett. Milk-Eye lives with woman known as Jo. She is said to have served time for running badger game in New Orleans.

*(d)* Professor De Taille. Old-time photographer. Used to work on Doremus' Gallery. Lives by bootlegging. Spends spare time taking pictures of flowers. Cracked but harmless.

*(e)* Sticker Johansen. Claims to have been first mate of steamboat Current Lassie at one time. Is now a fisherman. Likes to brag about bowie-knife fights when he was boss handler for Dan Rice's Circus. A bad egg.

*(f)* Buttin'-Head Trilby. Negro. Old-time roustabout. Works for Jared Rollins. Credited with having thickest skull of any darky between St. Louis and New Orleans. Used to butt heads. Brags that he's cracked seventeen skulls in his time. Very friendly with Eloise Rollins; looks after her like a watchdog.

*(g)* Katie Derieux. Reputed to have run high-class houses in Memphis and Natchez. Has "got religion." Tells fortunes week days and runs revival meetings Sundays. Reputed very wealthy. Close confidante of Eloise Rollins.

4. Aside from the questionable influence such people must exert on your son, he is in apparent danger of becoming romantically interested in the Rollins girl. Operative O'Fallon reports that they are much together. They have made three trips in her boat of 20, 86 and 114 minutes duration, and have attended a meeting of Shanty Towners at the Derieux woman's houseboat.

5. Again without wishing to unduly alarm you, we feel it our duty to report that tension between Shanty Town and the village of River Bluff is running high. Our operatives report that a number of young men from the town, led by one John Aswell, have attempted to rotten-egg the shanties. They were driven off by shots fired in the air—Milk-Eye Judd is suspected—but are threatening to renew the attack. The reason for this new outburst of ill feeling is said to be the town boys' secret anger at Eloise Rollins. They had pestered her for dates and she had snubbed them with sarcastic comments. John Aswell is a particularly ardent admirer of the Rollins girl.

You will see from the above summary that your son is likely to be embroiled in disorders or involved in associations which might threaten his moral and physical well-being. Though our operatives have assured us they have the young man under continual surveillance, we have taken the liberty of sending a third man to River Bluff. We feel confident you will approve this measure, as it assures your son of more complete protection.

We are not ready at this time to recommend his immediate removal from River Bluff, but we suggest that you consider the matter. Knowing your anxious interest, we are forwarding this report by air mail.

Respectfully,

GOOD DETECTIVES, INC.
By David Broone,
*Chief Field Agent, St. Louis District.*

P. S.: Am inclosing detailed reports and expense accounts.

ALVIN J SEABURY 1930 JUN 28 PM 3 29
BOSTON MASS

CLASH BETWEEN SCOTT AND ASWELL IMMINENT STOP SHALL WE INTERFERE STOP AM FORWARDING FULL REPORT ON ROLLINS GIRL AIR MAIL STOP OPERATIVES FEAR SCOTT MAY SUFFER INJURY AT HANDS OF ASWELL IF FIGHT IS ALLOWED

BROONE

GOOD DETECTIVES, INC.

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI,
June 30, 1930.

ALVIN J. SEABURY, ESQ.,
SEABURY & CO.,
BOSTON, MASS.

*DEAR SIR:* Your wire instructing us not to interfere in personal clash between your son and John Aswell was at once transmitted to our operatives.

*(Continued on Page 102)*

*Operative O'Fallon Reported to Operative McGinnis That He and Schemm Trailed Scott and Eloise to Ice-Cream Parlor on the Square*

*"Benny Laughed That Short, Barking Laugh of His Again. 'Just Chicken Feed for Me, This Little Roll,' He Says"*

# Home-Town Laughter

## By John Reid Byers

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

WE SAT in huge wooden rockers on the broad porch of the hotel and watched the lights of Marmot flicker into being through the blue dusk of a summer evening. There were not many lights. All Marmot lies, uncrowded, along the hundred yards of straight, dusty road separating the rambling frame hotel from the little brick bank.

"No, you don't see many young folks round here these days," Jim Holliday was saying. His low-pitched drawl was faintly defensive, his lined brown face a little mournful.

"Things ain't as lively out this way as they were twenty or thirty years back, when silver and cattle and copper was all worth something. So the young fellows—yes, and the girls, too, some of 'em—they sort of drift away. They head out for the cities on the Coast, or maybe back East, and we don't see 'em no more."

"Don't they ever come back?" I asked. "If one of your local boys makes good somewhere outside—makes a lot of money, say—doesn't he come back on an occasional visit to let the home folks admire him?"

Jim Holliday turned his gray head quickly. Enough light filtered through the screened doorway from the hanging lamp in the hotel lobby to show me that his old blue eyes were suddenly wide and bright.

"Say! Maybe that was Benny Brunson's idea in coming back to town!" he ejaculated. "Maybe he thought we'd all cluster round and admire him, like you were saying." He chuckled derisively in the darkness. "Suppose you city folks'd say Benny'd made good," he went on, a little scornfully. "He had lots of money, anyway, and some fancy tailor-made suits and a big yellow car—not to mention the diamond rings."

"Benny Brunson?" I repeated interrogatively, though as much to myself as to Jim Holliday. The sound of that alliterative name was strangely familiar, but for the moment its associations evaded me.

"Yeah, Benny Brunson," Jim Holliday said slowly. His face was thoughtful and he tugged reflectively at an errant strand of his grizzled mustache. "Maybe that was it, after all. Reckon it must've been," he announced after a moment's silence. "Funny thing, but none of us ever thought about it that way before. We all wondered quite a bit about Benny's coming back—'specially after he came back that second time. But maybe it was like you were saying—he just wanted to strut a little in his home town. Likely he was simple enough to think we'd pay him some attention, just because he had that big car and the fancy clothes and all that money." Jim Holliday chuckled again. "Just as if having things like that makes any difference in a man when you know he's plumb worthless and no-account!"

"This Benny Brunson, then," I said, lingering a little over that tantalizingly familiar name, "wasn't well thought of locally?"

"Not him!" Jim Holliday snorted. "He was just plain no good, and always had been. How he came by all that money we never did find out. Stole it some place where the stealing was mighty easy, I reckon; but we never did find out where. But money or no money, we knew Benny Brunson. Benny was born here, you see. His old daddy rented a little place a couple of miles down the road and managed to scratch out a kind of ragged living raising hogs. There was more doing round here then, with the mines running and all, and there was plenty of swill for him to haul down there to feed 'em. He had an old patched-together wagon and a sway-backed mule, and he used to drive round collecting slop at the camps and here in town. Sometimes he managed to make Benny help him. Not very often, I'll admit.

"Benny's mother died when he was four or five years old, and 'cept for a couple of years his daddy managed to get him to go to school, he just grew up wild—wild and worthless. Old Brunson was as lazy and shiftless as anybody you're ever likely to meet, but he was a harmless old cuss, and kind of likable. Benny was just as lazy as his daddy, and he had a sort of cowardly, mean streak besides. Not many of the other kids his own age would have anything to do with him. He was a queer, sulky kid, with funny eyes, and he was an awful liar. He seemed to lie just for the fun of it. I've known him to tell a lie when the truth would've got him out of trouble. And on top of that, by the time he got to be fifteen or sixteen everybody'd found out that it wasn't safe to leave things lying around loose if Benny Brunson was anywheres near.

"Not that he ever stole anything that amounted to much. He didn't have the nerve for any real meanness, any more than he had the nerve to stand up to anybody that knew him. He never showed signs of any spunk at all but once, just a couple of months before he went away—and that was with a stranger in town. They got into some sort of an argument over a pool game, and everybody thought there'd be a fight. The other young fellow was bigger and stronger'n Benny, and nobody thought there'd be much to it when they started squaring off at each other. But the other boy backs down finally, just as if he was scared of Benny. He tries to tell us afterwards that there was something about Benny's eyes that he couldn't stand, but I reckon he was just yellow.

"Benny's daddy died when he was about seventeen, and he didn't hang around here long after that.

He was too all-fired lazy to keep on taking care of the hogs, and nobody would've given him a job if he'd asked for it—which he didn't. We all figured it was a good riddance when he cleared out. And of all the kids that ever left Marmot, he was the last that anybody ever expected to see wandering back. But come back he did, after being gone for

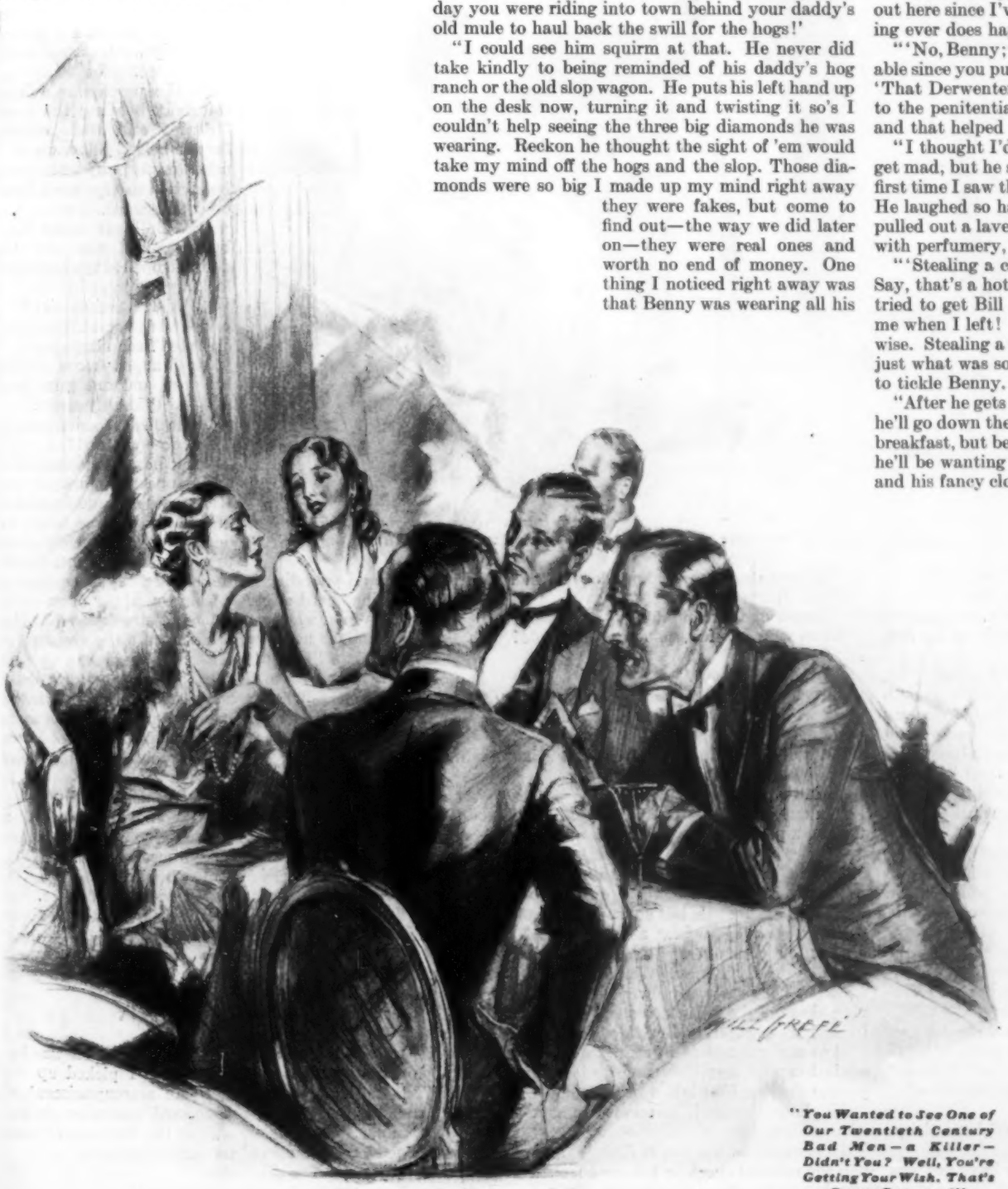
'most ten years. We never did find out just where he'd been all that time. He signed the hotel register from New York, but with a liar like Benny that didn't mean a thing.

"The first I knew about it was one morning last July—just a bit more'n a year ago—when I came downstairs to relieve my night man on the desk. Pete, the boomer clerk I had working for me then, was asleep with his head on the register, and I walked out on the porch to take a squint at the weather before I woke him up.

"That big yellow car was standing right by the porch steps. It stood there all the time Benny was here. He didn't walk a foot if he could help it; he was just as bad as a cow-puncher that way.

"It was only one of these open roadsters, but it was about the longest automobile I ever remember seeing, and the most expensive-looking. It was pretty dusty right then, of course, but it was all new and shining under the dust. You could see that it had cost plenty.

"When I goes in and wakes Pete, I asks him about the big car, and he tells me that it belongs to a swell-dressed little fellow that drove in 'bout two in the morning and asked for the best room in the house. He showed me the name on the register—'Benj. Brunson, New York'—scrawled big and proud, and plenty heavy on the down strokes.



*"You Wanted to See One of Our Twentieth Century Bad Men—a Killer—Didn't You? Well, You're Getting Your Wish. That's Benny Brunson!"*

"I couldn't scarcely believe it would turn out to be the same worthless little Brunson kid that used to live here, but when he came downstairs round ten o'clock, why, sure enough, that's who it was. And he wasn't an awful lot changed in the years he'd been gone, except for his clothes. No two ways about it, those clothes had cost money, and they fit like they'd been painted on him.

"He came strutting over to the desk, proud as if he'd just been nominated for sheriff, and grabs my hand and shakes it like I was his long-lost brother.

"His face was a little older and—well, kind of tight, I guess you could call it. There wasn't much expression to it; it was like it'd been frozen when he was asleep. It was like a mask, sort of, and it hardly ever changed. Sometimes he'd grin, kind of on one side, and once in a while he'd give a short laugh, but that was about all. I only saw his face break out of that queer, frozen look twice in all the time he was here.

"'Well, I thought I'd come back and take a look at the old town,' he says, talking as if he'd done us all a big favor. 'Guess a sleepy little burg like this ain't changed much in the years I've been away.'

"I makes out like I'm surprised. 'That's right, Benny, you have been away, haven't you?' I says. 'But shucks! It don't seem longer ago than yesterday you were riding into town behind your daddy's old mule to haul back the swill for the hogs!'

"I could see him squirm at that. He never did take kindly to being reminded of his daddy's hog ranch or the old slop wagon. He puts his left hand up on the desk now, turning it and twisting it so's I couldn't help seeing the three big diamonds he was wearing. Reckon he thought the sight of 'em would take my mind off the hogs and the slop. Those diamonds were so big I made up my mind right away they were fakes, but come to find out—the way we did later on—they were real ones and worth no end of money. One thing I noticed right away was that Benny was wearing all his rings on his left hand. His right hand was bare, and just as soft and smooth as a girl's. I always did think that was kind of funny, 'cause generally when a man goes in for rings and stuff like that, he wears 'em everywhere he can.

"'Oh, I've been away, all right,' Benny says, talking kind of cool and patronizing. 'Folks out here'd likely drop dead if they was to see some of the places I've been. I been putting in all my time in the big cities since I left here. Chicago, St. Looey, Detroit and the Big Town. I know 'em all, and they all know me. I'm a big shot back there, I am.'

"'What kind of work you been doing back in them cities, Benny?' I asks him. I was kind of curious. I still am.

"'Oh, I've got a little business of my own,' he says, grinning on one side. 'A good-paying one too. There ain't much competition in my line, if you stand in with the right people.' Then he laughs at something. I never did figure out what the joke was.

"'Guess folks around town'll be some surprised to see me back, won't they?' he says next.

"'I reckon we'll all make out to stand the shock,' I tells him. It was all I could do to keep from laughing at the idea that we'd pay any real attention to him.

"'I don't suppose anything much has happened out here since I've been away,' he says. 'Guess nothing ever does happen in a little hick burg like this.'

"'No, Benny; things've been right quiet and peaceable since you pulled out,' I tells him, sort of pointed. 'That Derwenter kid you used to run with got sent to the penitentiary a while back for stealing a calf, and that helped too.'

"I thought I'd make him squirm again, or maybe get mad, but he starts to laughing. And that was the first time I saw that frozen-up face of his change any. He laughed so hard he had to wipe his eyes, and he pulled out a lavender silk handkerchief, all stunk up with perfumery, to do it with.

"'Stealing a calf, eh? Ten dollars' worth of veal! Say, that's a hot one!' he says. 'And to think that I tried to get Bill Derwenter to pull out of here with me when I left! I might have known he'd never get wise. Stealing a calf! That's funny!' I couldn't see just what was so funny about it, but it sure seemed to tickle Benny.

"After he gets through laughing he says he guesses he'll go down the street to the rest'rant and get some breakfast, but before he goes out I asks him how long he'll be wanting his room. After seeing that big car and his fancy clothes, I was pretty sure he was good for it, even if the diamonds was fakes, but I kind of wanted to know.

"'Oh, I don't know for sure,' he says, carelesslike. 'My time's my own, and I'm not in any hurry. I might stay a week or a month.' Then he gives me one of those twisted grins of his. 'Not worrying about the room rent, are you, old-timer? Say, if you could see some of the swell joints I've lived in back East ——' And he laughs, short and kind of scornful.

"'Tell you what I'll do,' he goes on. 'I'll slip you a C note now, and you can let me know when I've slept it out.' And he reaches into his pants and pulls out a roll of bills while I'm wondering what a C note is. All my life I been hearing about rolls that would choke a horse, but this is the only one I ever saw. It was just about all Benny could get those soft, shiny-nailed fingers of his around, and there didn't seem to be nothing but big yellowbacks in it. I reckon I showed I was some surprised, 'cause Benny laughed that short, barking laugh of his again.

"'Just chicken feed for me, this little roll,' he says. He pull a bill out of the inside of the r

*(Continued on Page 95)*

# FILLING A GAP

## By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

I BURIED my dog that morning. I and he, or what was left of him, traveled to Pirbright by an early train. It was strange not to have to buy him a ticket. He traveled in my old war haversack—the one I was wearing on the day I found him at Wailly in the second battle of Arras. He was a pup then, cowering under a six-inch howitzer with a bit of shrapnel in his thigh. He licked my hand after I dug it out for him and didn't flinch at the sting of an ampoule of iodine dabbed into the wound. Later that day he went over the top with me, his small pointed nose sticking out of the haversack.

He was born amidst shell-fire and musketry and it seemed only right that he should lie within hearing of similar music. I buried him on the ranges between the firing platforms and the butts, and half an hour later bullets were singing a requiem over his grave.

I caught a train back to town about noon. The carriage was crowded, but I felt lonely. I think, too, it was the first time I had ever felt old. A bachelor is dependent upon odd bits of friendship, and Wailly—or rather, Why, as I used to call him—had been a complete family to me. We had been everywhere together, and I could not get the little devil out of my mind. Yet no one could have had a happier life than mine. Plenty of freedom, no responsibility, money enough; too much, perhaps.

"Daphne," Said I, "the Time Has Come for Us to Have a Talk About Sally"

At one of the stops several passengers got out, and an old fellow got in. I knew him at once—General Tarrant. We'd met somewhere, years ago; on the Somme, I believe. A great old sportsman. I saw him staring—I thought at me, but it was at a trout fly in my hat.

"What d'you call it?" he asked.

I told him. It was one of my own dressing.

"Looks a killer," he said, and handled it as delicately as a watchmaker, with huge fingers rough as sharkskin. I could see by his touch that we were of one blood and fellowship. He unearthed a box of flies from his grip, and off we went along river banks.

From fishing to friendship and mutual friends is a short cry. All manner of half-forgotten names cropped up in what was left of the journey.

Did he remember Tight-Lines Forrester?

"Best staff captain I ever had. Saw him take a two-pounder from the Somme on a willow stick. Dressed the fly himself with a hackle and a bit of blanket fuzz. No net—kicked it out with his foot. There was a fisherman. What made you think of him?"

I said I had intended to go down the Kennet next day. Bear Hotel. "Their water runs down to Forrester's place. I was going to look him up."

"No good. Died six years ago. After effect of gas. Left a wife and four youngsters. Give you a letter to her if you like. Might be good for a day's fishing."

"Well, thanks. But a wife and four kids ——"

"What's wrong with that?"

I didn't know. Bachelor. Scared of domesticity. Not in my line.

"Bachelor? That's bad. Seems to have got you down too."

"No, not that. I buried my dog this morning."

"Ah! Hurts, doesn't it?"

"Leaves one sort of empty."

"Too young to feel that way. How old?"

"Forty-eight."

"A boy; get about."

All very well, but getting about wasn't quite the same without Wailly. After all, we'd been together fourteen years.

"What's the first duty of a soldier when his line has been breached?"

"Fill the gap," I replied.

"In one," said he, scribbled the note of introduction on a pad, and tossed it across to me.

The water was in fine condition, and although it was early in the season, there was a good hatch of fly. I did well enough, but not so well as I would have done with Wailly to bear me company. That little dog, unlike your average Frenchman, had an aptitude for dry-fly fishing. We used to talk over the tactics of each cast, and never was he guilty of running ahead of the rod. He could retrieve a fish, too, from shallow water, and had done so a dozen times.

It was easy to talk of filling in gaps. Over and over again I caught myself cutting up his dinner on my plate, or giving that low whistle which ——

Ah, damn the dog! He seemed to have taken the edge off life.

The hotel, too, was full of doctors, and one of 'em had the infernal cheek to tell me I looked under the weather.

Ordinarily speaking, I never touch whisky before sundown, but what with one thing and another and days seeming long ——

It was in desperation, rather than from any social impulse, that I sent up the letter of introduction to Chayne, where the Forresters lived. I was invited to tea the following day, and went—moodily. The thought of those four children was no encouragement. I had never had anything to do with children. Their inconsequence scared me.

The rhododendrons were out in the zigzag drive up to the house. Young rabbits were scuttling among the daffodil spears, and in the valley below was as clean a stretch of dry-fly water as you could wish to see.

In the porch was a huge doormat bearing the word "Peace," and, while waiting for the bell to be answered, I asked myself why one should be invited to wipe one's boots on such a word.

The bell set some dogs barking, and presently the door was opened by a harassed-looking butler.

"Major Lancing, sir?" he said—when a small figure precipitated itself across my field of vision. It wore riding breeches and one gum boot and was evidently a girl.

As it fled it cried aloud, "You do—you do!"

It had barely vanished when a boy appeared in hot pursuit. His face was red and he carried in his closed hand what, no doubt, was the principal agent to persuade the flight. As the yells and pounding footfalls died away, there came a crashing chord of music from the upper floor.

As a man who loves music, it struck me that this chord might have supplied suitably the accompaniment for a "Great Amen," but there was no such luck. It proved to be the opening blow of a hotly contested bout between a ruthless performer and a resentful pianoforte. Once more the dogs began to bark, and the general tumult of that house of Peace was further increased by a youthful male voice chanting like a peal of bells:

"Shut up—shut up—shut up—shut up."

The harassed butler, Dawson, led me across a boot-strewn hall to a room overlooking the terrace. He closed the door to make himself heard.

"Mrs. Forrester is not in yet, sir."

"But the family is," said I with significance.

There was something definitely sympathetic about his nod.

"You a Service man?"

"I was with the captain during the war, sir. I—in fact, we all miss him very much, sir."

"Discipline?" I suggested.

"Yes, indeed, sir."

It occurred to me that the conversation was becoming a trifle too intimate, and I picked up the Times. Dawson retired, to an accompaniment of crashing discords. A half-formed resolution on my own part to retreat by way of the terrace was frustrated by the music of the returning hunt:

"You do. You do."

Then the boy's voice: "Got yer."

XUM

But he hadn't. The French windows burst open and the little girl plunged into the room. For one moment hunted and hunter stared at me with glances of relief and hatred.

"Sanctuary," gasped the little girl.

"I'll have your life for this," said the boy, and retreated with his hand held aloft.

"Is this room sanctuary?" I asked.

"Visitors are," was the prompt reply.

Stooping, she pulled up the rubber boot which, being overlarge, had so nearly come off that she had been running on the calf. As she made no further effort at conversation, I asked what the boy had been chasing her with.

She shook her head and from the bits of bark, lichen and twigs that showered down, I judged that the chase must have gone up and down a tree, among other places.

"I dunno. Some slug, I expect. My name's Mabs. What's yours?"

I told her.

"Then you're the latest," she said, and added: "You must be, or Sally wouldn't be playing like that. She can play, you see."

I didn't get the gist of this; but then, I never have understood children.

"You must be innocent," said Mabs, and started to pull out thorns from her bare knees. "Are you any good at prickles?" she asked.

I had never tried it on anybody else, but I had a knife with a pair of tweezers in it. Mabs climbed up on my lap like a puppy while I performed minor feats of surgery. As each thorn was extracted she dabbed the place with spit.

It was strange how the whole episode reminded me of Wailly and the first day of the battle of Arras. Perhaps that is why I wasn't self-conscious. Wailly had licked his wounds in just that way.

"You're jolly good," said Mabs, and added surprisingly, "What is a capital levy?"

I explained to the best of my ability.

"Do you think we are going to have one?"

"I don't know. No. I shouldn't think so. Why?"

"Because mums does. That's why she's in such a stew about Sally, and says every girl ought to be able to earn her own living."

"Not on the piano?" I gasped.

"Oh, no, silly. By marrying. Mums wants to marry her to somebody—anybody'ud do; you, perhaps, if you've got any money. Have you?"

I had never been so horrified in all my life.

"You leave me alone," I said. "What harm have I done to you?"

"None; only you have rather walked into it, haven't you?"

"In that case, I'll walk out of it—now."

"But that 'ud be too cowardly and you are a soldier. If you like I'll slip upstairs and tell Sally you're a good sort."

She did not wait for consent, but, after a furtive glance up and down the terrace, vanished. I would have vanished, too, had not Mrs. Forrester chosen that moment to arrive; and then, somehow, I lost the inclination.

Daphne Forrester was a little woman with the face of a cherub, a mop of brown curls and a pair of brave but innocent eyes. Although she possessed the power of being as still as a piece of china, there was about her an air of bewilderment and confusion. I never met anyone who appeared to be in a greater muddle, or who showed more determination to sort it out, to wriggle out of it and clear it up. It struck me that she was beat by going uphill. Her first remark to me epitomized her whole outlook.

"Yes, isn't it awful ——"

I didn't ask what. I supposed everything.

I said, "Not a bit of it," which seemed to relieve her anxiety, for she asked:

"Have they given you some tea? They wouldn't; or do you prefer a whisky-and-soda? Dear Sally. She needn't play like that. So worrying. I'll ring for Dawson; or did I?"

There was no need. The crash of a gong, mighty as a bursting mine, assailed our ears.

"That means tea," she explained gently. "D'you mind having it all together? It's difficult with such a lot of children. I expect Donald won't have washed, and Mabs is always dirty. But that makes Sally look all the nicer. Don't you wonder what she'll wear?"

My uneasiness returned.

We moved along the terrace toward the dining room. Even in going from one room to another Daphne Forrester always went by way of the garden.

She said, "I suppose there will be a capital levy."

I expressed doubt.

"Anyway," she said, "one must make provision, mustn't one? Everybody ought to have a profession; although boys don't matter so much."

From a window above, Mabs descended by the wistaria.

"Still on the run?" I asked.

She shook her head. "Tea's armistice."

Donald appeared from a potting shed. His nod was friendly, but he did not offer to shake hands. For obvious reasons he was concealing them. His mother's reproachful "Donald!" needed no explanation.

"I have," he said, and added, "in the sprinkler."

Laydon, the elder boy, was already at the table. He must have been there some time, for everything worth eating was arrayed in an arc before him. I felt sure that Dawson had never laid the table that way.

Laydon was a nice-looking boy who had just begun to take an interest in hair brushing, neckties and the accompanying vanities. He rose politely to be introduced, wiped his fingers on the seat of his pants, offered me a hand, and giggled at some joke—presumably private.

His mother's eyes were on the table. She said: "How could everything have got like that? It couldn't. Oh, it is bad manners. Now, Donald, why don't you offer Major Lancing a chair? Not that he ever will."

I emitted some banality about healthy appetites, sat down and reached for a sandwich.

"Oh, don't touch the food with those awful hands," said she, and startled me very much. "Not you, of course," she added and Mabs and Donald split with laughter. There was a fountain of cake crumbs.

"It's disgusting," said Daphne Forrester, and called Beano, the terrier, to whom nothing came amiss. My Wailly would have scorned to act as a carpet sweeper.

And then Sally came in. Heaven knows where she had unearthed the garment she was wearing. It was less like a frock than a loose cover. The wretched thing fitted nowhere, but failed to conceal the slight boyish figure beneath. Above it her small grave head shone like a star. Splendid eyes she had—severe, determined, and with laughter a long way back in them. Her mouth, too, was firm and positive. Her air of purposefulness was in surprising contrast to her mother's bewilderment.

"Sally—oh, Sally!" said Daphne Forrester.

"Sally—oh, Sally!" the girl repeated, as one who wrestles with a difficult problem. "I'm afraid I don't understand."

(Continued on Page 69)

*"It Wouldn't Do a Bit of Good Hitching Me Up to Some Poor Fish I Can't Stand the Sight Of"*

# MISTER NOODLE

## By J. P. McEVOY

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

*"I'd Like to Introduce My Friend, Mr. Kiley—the Famous Chic Kiley. You've Seen Mister Noodle in the Papers, Haven't You? Well, Here's the Man Who Draws Them"*

V

IS THIS Mount Carmel? I can't see very well without my glasses. . . . Will you look out of the window, young man, and see if this is Mount Carmel? It ought to be Mount Carmel. I've been riding all day from Chicago, and it's time we got to Mount Carmel. It says here in the time-table: 5:42—Mount Carmel. What time is it? It ought to be 5:42 if this is Mount Carmel. . . . You got on at Chicago. I saw you get on. You sat over there with another man. Where did he go? . . . Is he your father? He looks old enough to be your father. I suppose you're about the age of my boy Charlie. I was visiting him in Chicago. . . . Well, not exactly in Chicago. In a place near there called Evanston. I guess you might say it's in Chicago. He draws funny pictures for the paper every day, called Mister Noodle. Did you ever see them? In the Chicago Star. Oh, I guess everybody sees them. Certainly everybody in Chicago sees them. Everybody I met said, "Oh, so you're Chic's mother. Aren't you proud of him?" And I'd say, "Oh, I don't know. Why?" And they'd say, "Because he does Mister Noodle. Everybody reads Mister Noodle."

Well, you'd certainly think so, the fuss they make over him there in Chicago. You couldn't walk down the street with him but it's "Hello, Chic. How are you, Chic? How is Mister Noodle? What is Mister Noodle gonna do next?" And it was the same when he'd take me into one of those big restaurants, with an orchestra going and people getting up from their tables right in the middle of their meals to dance. Just sheer nonsense, I call it. Food should be eaten hot or not at all. What's going to happen to the stomachs of this young generation, I don't know, eating a snack of cold meat and then jumping up and hopping all around the floor, and then hurrying back to the table and eating another cold snack. Well, I saw a lot of such goings-on in Chicago, and sometimes I couldn't help but say to Charlie, "I'm not surprised all these people like your Mister Noodle. They're just as silly as he is. I guess that's where you get your ideas."

We're pulling out now, and about time too. Some of these places they stop till you'd think the engineer had died, or gone visiting, or something. . . . Was that Mount Carmel? You'll see the name on the end of the station as we pull out, if you'll just look. You've got young eyes, but they look kind of bloodshot. You don't get enough sleep. Nobody seems to get enough sleep these days. Why, all the time I was visiting my boy in Chicago we didn't get to bed once before eleven o'clock. And sometimes twelve and one o'clock in the morning. Now, what kind of a way to live is that? . . . What did you say? . . . It's what? . . . Grayville? . . . Never heard of Grayville. I've been to Mount Carmel. It was a long time ago. "And to think," I said to Charlie, when I went to visit him and meet his wife for the first time—"to think that you should be married like a common I-don't-know-what by a justice of the peace. I tell you, I'll always have that in my craw.

Not that Dorothy isn't a good little woman. . . . That's my boy's wife. He met her in an art school. Her father was the teacher. I sure had my misgivings about both of them till I saw them with my own eyes. He doesn't care much for Charlie, but she's a good little woman. Busy and neat around the house, and certainly does right by Charlie. "You're lucky to get a girl like Dorothy," I says to him. "You can thank your stars and not your good sense." "Who can find a virtuous woman? For her price is far above rubies." That's from the Bible. . . . Do you ever read the Bible? There are a lot of good things in the Bible. People would be much better off if they paid more attention to it. . . . I guess I'll have an apple. I don't believe in eating between meals, but apples are good for you. . . . Here, you can have one. It's a winesap. I raised it myself. See; not a blemish on it. Well, small wonder, with five sprayings. . . . Aren't you going to take it? . . . Well, that's too bad. How did you do it? . . . Are they both burned? . . . And you can't use them at all? . . . Well, how do you eat? . . . Let me see them; maybe I can tell you what to do. . . . Oh, you needn't show them to me if you're touchy about how they look. You can have some of my apple. I always scrape mine, but I'll cut you a piece. My teeth aren't as good as they used to be. Here, I'll feed you. . . . Good, isn't it?

Charlie likes apples. Used to sit up in a Jonathan and eat 'em by the hour. I always send him apples, even to this day. He pretends I send too many, but I guess I know what's good for him. And now that he's got a big cellar, he can't be always complaining about them taking up too much room. It's a fine big cellar too. I always wanted a cellar. He's got everything in his house, Charlie has—everything that money could buy. He spends it like water. He makes it too easy, I tell him. If he had to work out in the hot sun for it like I do, he'd know the value of a dollar. . . . Here, have another piece. Good, isn't it? . . . But he doesn't know what hard work means.

I saw him work. He had me come up to his office one day—he calls it a studio—and I saw exactly how he works. Work, he calls it. All he did was walk around in short pants like bloomers and put a little white ball on the floor and shake a stick at it and yell, "Fore," and then he'd walk over to a corner where a fellow was drawing and say, "Draw a chair in there." And then he and Dorothy, his wife, would have an argument. Seemed to me she had more to say about it than he had, because she'd say, "That's outdoors. What do you want a chair there for?" And Charlie would say, "Where is it outdoors?" And Dorothy would say, "It's a lawn." And Charlie would say, "Well, put a lawn chair there." Then he'd knock this little white ball around the room a while and Dorothy would tell the fellow in the corner what words to write in, and then they'd read them to Charlie and he'd holler, "Fore," and chase the little ball out in the hall and be gone for an hour.

Well, I don't pretend to know anything about these things. I guess it must be the way to be successful, because they're after Charlie from all over the country to work for them. Mister Noodle is in over a hundred papers already—think of that. And even while I was in the office the man who does his business for him was talking about selling Mister Noodle for dolls and furniture and advertising, and what not. Charlie has a man to do his business for him, and a man to drive his car, and another to tell

him what clothes to put on in the morning, and he has a girl to write his letters, and an artist to do most of his drawing; he himself just puts in a little dab here and there, like a face maybe, or a nose, and Dorothy tells him most of the words, so I can't for the life of me see what he does except get a lot of money for shenanigin' around in short pants and going to dinners and talking over the radio. Getting paid for that, too—did you ever hear of such a thing? Why, when I tell them that in Gum Springs, they won't believe a word of it.

I guess we ought to be getting to Gum Springs pretty soon. My, I'll be glad to get home and lie down on my bed and get the rattle and roar out of my ears. This looks like Harrisburg. This is the county seat, you know. Is this Harrisburg? Yes, this must be it. I can tell by that coal-mine tipple near the watering tank. . . . Here comes your friend. I guess he's looking for you. . . . How do you do? I was just talking to your young friend here. Been feeding him apples. Are you both getting off here at the county seat? . . . Well, good-by, young man. We had a nice talk. . . . What's that on your hands? Lord of mercy! Handcuffs!

Chic, will you put that golf club down and listen to me? Do you have to practice in the office?

Oh, all right, Dorothy—all right.

Let's talk about your Sunday page. It's simply got to be in today. It was due yesterday.

Don't nag. Where were we last?

Well, we started Dottie in her new job in the cafeteria, and she meets her sweetie on a train in the subway. And then we planned out a series showing what town the sweetie came from ——

What town was that?

Ashtabula.

Ashtabula? How do you spell it?

Don't worry. It's all spelled and turned in to the engraving room. The last batch was about Mamie's sweetie, the chiropractor.

Oh, yes, yes. I remember now, Dorothy. Let me see now. Let me see. I've got a good idea for that. I thought of it last night just as I was going to sleep. A fellow comes in for a treatment. That's the first panel. Then in the second panel he's giving him a treatment, bending his legs and arms every which way. And in the third panel the fellow's saying "Ouch! Oh, my back!" Then in the last picture—let me see—what was that last picture? [Paces up and down holding forehead.] Gee, it was terribly funny. What was it?

I just got an idea. Chic, listen!

It was terribly funny. Let me think. You know, I woke up laughing.

I got it, Chic. How's this? Listen. The fellow comes in to the chiropractor for a treatment, and the chiropractor bends him every which way, trying to break his back, but in the last picture it turns out this fellow is the India-rubber man from the circus, and the chiropractor ——

That was it. That was the idea I had. He's the India-rubber man from the circus and when the chiropractor gives him a treatment he doesn't find it out till the last picture. And then his whole day is spoiled because he doesn't break his back. That's a swell idea. You lay it out in four panels the way I just outlined it, Dorothy, and put the wording in. It doesn't need much, only a few Awks and Ooks.

How do you spell chiropractor?

C-H-I-R-O—never mind, that's only a detail, anyway. But it's these details that cut in on a man's time and take his energy away from him for the bigger things. [Takes another golf club out of bag and wags it over ball.] I took four on that dog-leg today. One over the water and then, instead of going around the bend, I lifted it right over the trees. [Telephone rings.] How's a fellow going to get a chance to do any work?

One second, Chic. Do you want to say "Awk" the first time or "Ouch"?

Well, let me see, don't you think we ought to save "Awk" for the big climax?

MR. CHIC KILEY,
CHICAGO STAR,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

*Dear Chic:* As you probably know, we have only the friendliest relations with the Chicago Star, and we would do nothing in the direction of raiding each other, so, if you are all tied up, sitting pretty and satisfied with your present outfit, just tear this letter up and throw it in the ash can. If, however, you are ripe for a change of air and want to come down to the Big Town and join the big fellows, where you really belong, we think we could work out a deal that would make you happy and put Mister Noodle and Chic Kiley over in every town in the United States.

As you know, we handle Rube Goldberg, Will Rogers, O. O. McIntyre, Harry Tuthill and a lot of other big-timers. Think it over. Let us hear from you. As the popular song puts it:

*What are your charms for?*
*What are these arms for?*
*Use your imagination.*

And meanwhile, this is Just You, Just Me. What do you say, Chic?

METEOR SYNDICATE,
By Charlie MacAdam.

MR. CHARLES MACADAM,
METEOR SYNDICATE,
TIMES BUILDING,
NEW YORK CITY.

*Dear Charlie:* This is, of course, strictly confidential,

(Continued on Page 60)

*Let's Talk About Your Sunday Page. It's Simply Got to be In Today. It Was Due Yesterday*

XUM

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 29, 1930


## A Breathing Spell

IF PEOPLE are in less of a spending mood than they were a year or two back, there is at least one silver lining to the cloud. It consists in the breathing spell which communities should experience from the hard driving and riding of money-raising campaigns. Many of these drives have become first a nuisance and then a pest, and if economic conditions can temper their fury, something will have been gained. Naturally, this is no plea for stinginess; misers are no longer popular or endurable, if they ever were. Generosity is a virtue, but even generosity can be abused.

There will be a real need this coming winter for relief on a large scale in the drought-stricken areas, and, to the extent that unemployment is above normal, ample funds for charitable purposes must be available at many points. Indeed, even when conditions are most prosperous in the world's most prosperous country, there is much necessary relief work to be done. Thus there is all the more reason why competitive drives for all manner of purposes should not be overdone.

People with money to give have been so hectored and harried by individuals who tell others how to give without giving themselves that real philanthropy was bound to suffer. The country has been overrun with drive and appeal specialists, and the cause of true giving, of true charity, has been hurt by some of these drive leaders, who have substituted mechanical standards, artificial tests and utterly disillusioning competitive methods for the real spirit of giving. For some people they have killed the appeal that lies in giving and have put in its place only distaste.

But the ambition of so many otherwise worthy institutions to become as great as any other in the field is responsible for much of the present reaction against drives. The point had been reached where those at the head of many of our institutions, useful and valuable men, hung their heads in shame if the endowment drive of their particular association did not reach a million dollars. People were completely carried away by the lust of money raising. It became a form of intoxication. Too many institutions which are supported by gifts have suffered from megalomania. They felt they must expand to the limit just because some other institution was expanding. They gave way to the competitive spirit instead of confining themselves to the actual needs of the situation. A day of reckoning was both necessary and inevitable.

## Investment Opportunities

FORETELLING the future of stock prices is dangerous business, but it takes no seer to recognize extremes of optimism and pessimism. For a number of months discouragement in respect to stock investments has been overdone. This statement implies no prediction as to when another bull market will get under way; it does not even involve an assumption that price levels have reached their lowest point. What we say is that even if prices should decline still further, there has existed an exaggerated aversion to stocks. Investors, and even speculators, should not expect to buy at the bottom and sell at the top; they might be expected, however, to curb their tendency to become most enthusiastic in dear markets and most antagonistic in cheap ones.

During some two years or more the strange spectacle was presented of a public clamoring for stocks which yielded less than bonds and refusing to buy them when yields rose to six per cent or nearly that figure.

It is not probable that these conditions can last. Always eventually good stocks purchased to return a liberal income have proved desirable investments. Nor does it matter what the immediate cause of the decline in recent months has been. The drop may have been due to organized bear raids, to outright selling of actual holdings or to the failure of the usual crops of purchasers to materialize, or to a combination of all three. The fact is that the absence of demand can hardly prove more than temporary.

We set no date for a resumption in the popularity of shares. But we do not believe that certificates of ownership in the great corporations of the country should be thrown overboard or regarded as having lost their value. Many dividends have been reduced or suspended; others will be. But the business corporate structure has remained surprisingly strong. Practically none of the larger companies have failed, as in other periods of depression. Many have been and are in an extremely strong cash position. They can pick up earnings as fast as they have lost them. The wise investor does not become unduly excited in either bull or bear markets. He is free from the infection of the moment; he is guided by a sense of time, and not by the mere temporary emotions of the minute.

## Bulk Buying of Imports

THE peoples of the British Empire are not afraid of exhibiting their disabilities. This is abundantly revealed in the transactions of the Empire Conference recently held in London. Not only were the disabilities revealed in full perspective; the discussions on remedial measures and future policies were conducted with conspicuous candor. For the time being the world is given to understand the economic relations of the component parts of the British Empire.

The two overshadowing aspirations are higher prices for the raw materials of the dominions and revival of export trade of the United Kingdom. The ways and means of securing these, and the relations of the Empire to the outside world, constituted the outstanding topics in the debates.

Apparently no less than five courses of action have had their supporters.

The first is continuation of safeguarding of key industries in the mother country, with protection in the dominions and occasional Empire preference. Such a policy finds few supporters.

The second course is return to free trade in the mother country, with continuation of protection in the dominions. Even in Liberal England return to free trade finds few supporters outside of classical economists.

The third possible course, which has been supported by strong propaganda in the press, is free trade within the Empire and protection against the outside world. It is difficult to estimate the support this proposal enjoys outside of the Tory Party.

The fourth proposal is protection for the Empire, with preferences within the Empire in the form of lower tariff duties. This is the general proposal advanced by Canada and rejected by the Labor Government in office at the time.

The final proposal is bulk buying, suggested in general terms by representatives of the Labor Government and supported more or less throughout the dominions and colonies.

The project termed "bulk buying" includes in its tentative formulation the determination of quotas. Using wheat as illustration, a wheat board would purchase the annual requirements of the United Kingdom on the basis of quotas assigned to Canada and Australia within the Empire, and possibly outside the Empire to Argentina, Russia and the United States. Whether bulk purchases in predetermined quotas would be executed through the established trade, or directly, as was the case during the war, is a question of practical importance, but requires no comment here. Important is the consideration that the quotas applied within the Empire would be larger than those allotted to outside countries. Important also is the inference that the quotas applied to imports into the mother country would be related to quotas of exports from the mother country. For example, if the United Kingdom were to pledge itself to take a specified amount of wheat from Canada, Canada would be expected in return to take specified amounts of exports from Great Britain.

In the tentative proposition for bulk buying advanced by the Labor Government, the counter quota is an inference rather than a predication. But it may be accepted as essential to the plan, since it is impossible to picture the mother country pledged to accept quotas from the dominions without receiving pledges in return.

Bulk buying would have the political advantage of suspending for the time being the struggle between protection and free trade in the British Empire. It would have the disadvantage of reintroducing the governments into business. Neither the United Kingdom nor the dominions have forgotten the war controls of wheat, sugar, meats and oils and fats. In particular, the postwar liquidations of the commercial affairs of the boards in control of these staples inflicted financial suffering which has not been forgotten. The experiences of the dominions during the war in selling their products to control boards were not satisfactory. It will be difficult to convince the dominions that they stand to gain much by bulk buying on the part of the mother country, but it will not be difficult to convince the outside exporting countries of the danger they face in bulk buying on the part of one of the largest consuming units in Europe. Also, the other importing countries of Europe would find their business disturbed by bulk buying in the British Empire.

The debates before the Imperial Conference are one thing, the later public opinion in the Empire is another. To some extent the deliberations of the conference will serve to inform and guide public opinion in the Empire. But in a sense the conference may be regarded as a balloon to bring out latent public opinion. Certainly the undertaking to marshal public opinion in so far-flung a group of countries as the British Empire is highly significant.

XUM

# BLACK AND WHITE

## By Corra Harris

I WAS born on a cotton plantation four years after the Civil War. The ragged veterans of the Confederacy were still quoting Shakspere and fox-hunting. There was no such thing as prosperity. And so far as I know, none of us missed it. We were a gallant people, with the future before us. We lived more particularly in the future, a bright land in which we expected to retrieve our fortunes—and did.

Every plantation was thickly populated with Negroes. My earliest recollections were of many black faces, gay people without a dollar, a care or an ambition in life. One may grow up in an epic and not know it until long afterward. There were no daily papers. The Southern Literary Messenger had gone out of print; only old classics to read. The antics, pieties, fights, funerals and love affairs of the Negroes furnished the news of the plantation. I had never heard of the world, only of the War, of God and of an ancient land called the Holy Land. This was the only foreign country I knew anything about. Before I knew my A B C's I had been obliged to memorize the Ten Commandments, and could recite them all glibly.

If anyone was ill on the plantation, mother attended them, provided what they needed—whether it was medicine, food or a doctor. If someone died, Uncle Tom, the plantation carpenter, made the coffin in father's blacksmith shop, and Aunt Clara, our sewing woman, made the shroud at the house under mother's supervision, because it was a hurry-up job and mother had the only sewing machine on the place. Instead of hemming the long garment of white domestic, she had it hastily pinked at the bottom in little notched scallops with an old-fashioned pinking iron. I longed for a shroud, when I should also die, pinked around the bottom like the one Aunt Clara made for little Mary Pass.

There were no schools for Negroes then. Not a single man, woman or child on the plantation could read or write. The first Negro I ever saw with a higher education than Nature provides every one of them was a black boy who received it as father's pupil, sitting, ragged and attentive, on the front steps of our house late in the afternoons of summer days. His name was Seabron, a tall loose-jointed youth, very black, homely, but amazingly smart. He learned to read, write and cipher, and was most apt in copying father's handwriting, which was a trifle cryptic, inartistic, but manly, with few ornamental tails to the letters.

One afternoon Seabron appeared wearing a new store-bought suit, a white wide-brimmed felt hat similar to father's, cocked too rakishly on the side of his head, and a pair of new shoes. The whole effect was enhanced by the broad grin on his face.

"Seabron," father exclaimed, "where did you get those clothes?"

"Bought 'em, Marse Tinsley."

"On a credit?"

"On your credit, Marse Tinsley," the boy replied innocently.

Planters had no money in those days until they sold their cotton in the fall. The first rich men in the South after the Civil War were the merchants who carried them; frequently at the expense of compound interest to the planter. The custom was to write orders for whatever the black people on the place wanted; the merchant filled the order and charged the amount due to the planter. It turned out that Seabron had made haste to cash in on the benefits to be derived from educational advantages by writing an order for a complete outfit from head to foot in father's unique chirography and signing his profitable name to it.

There was a great to-do. Father gave Seabron an exhortation on the crime and punishment of forgery more terrifying than the fire-and-brimstone sermons with which we were all nourished from the pulpit. In the end he led the boy around behind the house, made him strip and sent him home in his shirt tail, under sentence to hard labor in the cotton fields until he had paid his debt. Wages were low in the 70's. Cotton pickers earned forty cents a hundred pounds. It was late in October before Seabron retrieved his fine raiment. But the lessons went on as usual; father leaning back pompously, holding a dingy blue-backed spelling book in his hand, Seabron standing in front of him, hands clasped behind his back, frequently balanced on one leg and scratching it

(Continued on Page 100)

BUILDING UP THE CALF

DRAWN BY BO BROWN

*"Madam, if You'll Subscribe to 'Lives of Great Men' in Two Volumes, I Can Go Back to College!"*

# POST SCRIPTS

### *The Sheriff Lays Down the Law—1930*

"HOLD up thar, boys!" growled Sheriff Two-Gun Ike, of Rattlesnake Flats, tilting his sombrero over one eye and twirling his mustachios. "Afore this here Sattidy-night-pay-day jamboree starts, I want you-all to know a few things:

"I'm still sheriff o' this here town, an' I don't aim that its law-abidin' spirit is to be disturbed no ways by any o' you cow-nudgin' hombres as thinks yo're bad, bad men! I'm a-talkin' to you, Pieface Pete! An' you, Maverick Mike! An' you, too, Long-nose Pablo! An' the same warnin' goes to any an' all other range-ridin' wild men which I may have overlooked by name.

"Last pay day, when I was away chasin' some respectable crooks, you boys raised hell around this town, the reason bein' my deppity is soft-hearted. Wal, my heart ain't thataway, sabe? I know you an' yore hell-raisin', an' with the aid o' Betsy an' Bertha, I aim to speak up pronto the fust time one o' you galoots steps an inch beyond which the law says is the bounds o' common decency an' the like. Yuh know me an' yuh know that when I get a-workin' I work fast an' purty thoroughlike! Fust of all, there ain't nobody goin' to switch the contents o' the salt and sugar containers at the Pink & Blue Hot Dogge Shoppe, yuh understand? That's a-goin' too far. I heerd about you boys from the Purple Moo Cow outfit a-doin' that last Sattidy, an' I'm a-watchin' you tonight!

"An' I declare, furthermore, as how you punchers that has rid in from the Dew Drop Inn Rancho, the same as used to be the Horse Thief Bar Y outfit, better not let me see you jumpin' the green pedestrian signal lights down at the corner! Likewise, it ain't goin' to be so healthy for ary one I see parkin' his mount any way but diagonal!

"Now I'm a-comin' to you, Maverick Mike! Dang yore hide for a sneakin' coyote, I been told how you punctured the peace an' serene dignity o' the Acme Drug Store Luncheonette the last time you was in! An' I'm servin' notice right now that hell is goin' to pop from my direction if yore arm so much as twitches in the direction o' that ukuleleyo're totin' under yore coat!

"You, Pieface Pete! I've knowed yuh since yuh was knee-high to yore daddy, afore him an' me had the little misunderstandin' which led us to the inquest where he was present, but not speakin'! Yuh may be bad like him, too, but I'm ready for yuh

(Continued on Page 57)

DRAWN BY MARGE

*He: "Those Moon! Them Star! Oh, Baby, Ain't it a Beautiful Night?" She: "Heck, Boy! How Should I Know?"*

### *The Fly in the Ointment*

*I MUST read faster, faster still.*
*I must attend with sterner will.*
*Another murder quickly. Then*
*I'll work on Hemingway again.*

*For I'm determined to be good,*
*I am determined not to brood,*
*But with the help of some staunch book*
*To banish him from every nook*
*And cranny of my fretful mind.*
*I will not let my darling find*
*A single cell unoccupied.*
*I will not let him come inside*
*And take possession of my brain*
*And heart again. I'll make it plain*
*That I can wipe him out with ease*
*Approximately when I please.*

*But here's the spot that's vulnerable—*
*Each novel, history and fable*
*Has moments that remind me of*
*My own incorrigible love.*
*So just when I'm arriving at*
*A crisis so absorbing that*
*I'm doing pretty well without him,*
*The book turns out to be about him.*

*—Margaret Fishback.*

### *Must*

Nowadays a desirable home must be located near a school and a delicatessen.

DRAWN BY ALICE HARVEY

*"Oh, My Nephew's Very Good to Me. Each Month He Brings Me Universal Mechanics Magazine Soon as He's Finished With It"*

# 21 SOUPS FOR YOUR CHOICE

## BY CAMPBELL'S FAMOUS FRENCH CHEFS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

12 cents a can

**Asparagus**
Springtime's tenderest asparagus shoots in fascinating puree. Strictly vegetable. Even richer served as Cream of Asparagus.

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The old home favorite even more delicious and more satisfying.

**Beef**
Solid food in tempting soup. Hearty pieces of meat blended with vegetables.

**Bouillon**
Limpid, amber-clear beef broth delicately flavored with vegetables. For the sick-room, too.

**Celery**
All the tonic goodness of crisp, snow-white celery, captured for your delight. Strictly vegetable. Makes wonderful Cream of Celery.

**Chicken**
Rice, celery, diced chicken in a chicken broth no appetite can resist.

**Chicken-Gumbo**
Chicken soup with okra, in the Louisiana Creole style.

**Clam Chowder**
Right from the depths of the sea. Tang! Zest! A real treat!

**Consommé**
*The* formal soup. Beef broth, beautifully clear and combined with a delicate vegetable broth.

**Julienne**
Banquet Soup par excellence. Whole peas, shredded vegetables in dainty beef broth.

**Mock Turtle**
Seldom made at home. Tomatoes, celery, fresh herbs, delectable sherry and toothsome pieces of meat in a smooth rich blend.

**Mulligatawny**
The Orient's own chicken soup, with curry and East India chutney.

**Mutton**
Mutton broth with vegetables; very lightly seasoned; splendid for children and invalids.

**Ox Tail**
Popular hearty soup. Ox tail and beef broth, with vegetables a-plenty; garnished with ox tail joints.

**Pea**
All the charm, all the extraordinary nutriment of dainty tender peas, blended with rich creamery butter. Strictly vegetable. Enjoy it often as Cream of Pea.

**Pepper Pot**
A man's soup! From an old Colonial recipe. The real, famous Philadelphia Pepper Pot, with macaroni dumplings, potatoes, spicy seasonings and meat. Just taste it!

**Printanier**
Exquisitely blended chicken and beef broth with vegetables in fancy shapes; jells in can over night on ice.

**Tomato**
The glory of the tomato, in the most popular soup in all the world. Strictly vegetable. Pure tomato juices and luscious tomato "meat" in a puree enriched with golden creamery butter. Especially delicious prepared as Cream of Tomato.

**Vegetable**
Best-liked hearty soup all over the United States. It's a luncheon or supper, with its 15 vegetables, invigorating broth, alphabet macaroni, barley, fresh herbs.

**Vegetable-Beef**
Substantial vegetable soup with tempting pieces of meat—a meal.

**Vermicelli-Tomato**
The tangy flavor of cheese and bacon imparts an irresistible sparkle to this tomato puree, garnished with vermicelli.

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

# CUSTOMERS' MAN

## By Boyden Sparkes

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LASSELL

*"How are You Going to Sell Him?" She Asked. "He Likes Music," I Said, "So I'm Going to Sing for Him. He's Giving a Party"*

V

WHAT happened in the closing days of October and the first two weeks of November, 1929, seems rational enough, now that it has been explained by everyone who had previously been saying that it could not happen. When everyone had been eager to buy stocks, prices had gone up; with everyone trying to sell, naturally they went down.

In the midst of the seemingly bottomless decline it was less simple. Then the market was a terrible enigma to be solved on pain of utter ruin. I remember when General Motors was quoted at 55 on the tape of one of the new and speedier tickers. I was in the order room trying to get some information for Doc Henderson, who had called from somewhere up-state. Hank Madison was standing by the black-lacquer cover of the new ticker.

"Motors can't go any lower than that," said Hank, stressing "can't."

"Oh, no?" said Flicker. "I just had Frog on the phone. Motors is 50 on the floor. The ticker has ceased to have any meaning."

"How can you tell anyone to sell when you can't give them a price?" wailed Hank.

"Better get them to sell while they have something to sell," advised Flicker. "Look at that line in front of the margin window."

It stretched into the hallway and was increasing. Men and women were arriving in a steady stream. Some of them, a few, had brought cash. Some were offering checks that were rarely accepted by Marty O'Donnell. Liberty Bonds, cash and securities listed on the Stock Exchange they took in willingly enough; but they shook their heads over mortgages, some Curb stocks and many over-the-counter securities. I saw one overdressed woman strip rings from her fingers and heard Flicker admonish her to keep her jewels and get rid of her stocks.

"But they'll come back, right away," she insisted.

"Who is going to bring them back?" asked Flicker. "This isn't just a bear raid. Every brokerage office is pouring sell orders into the market. The sooner you sell, in my opinion, the less you will lose."

"But you told me I could not lose." The woman was shrill now.

"Who told who what?" Flicker did not raise his voice.

"You did. That is, your Mr. Glaser told me."

"He did not have any right to tell you that," said Flicker, "but you are grown up and neither did you have any right to believe him."

"What do you have him around here for then?" demanded the woman, growing more noisy with each word. "He was the one who urged me to buy Plymouth Supply; and now look at it. Off twenty-eight points. You sell me out and I'll have a story to tell to the district attorney."

As I hurried back to give Doc Henderson the prices he had asked for, Flicker was following the woman down the hallway.

"Your two thousand shares of City Stations is the worst thing on your card," I told Doc over the telephone. "It's down fifteen and on the toboggan."

"Two thousand?" he exclaimed. "It's four thousand."

"You only bought two thousand, Doc."

"No," he corrected me. "I was out with Frog Hamilton last night and he was so strong for it I told him he could buy another two thousand for me at the opening. Ain't I the bright little boy? Sell it quick. I have some good ones that will be needing protection."

That was one time when I could give a customer service. I slipped that order in and had a report on it within fifteen minutes, which was fast work under the circumstances. Doc's four thousand shares must have been grabbed by some short; but even so, City Stations declined a couple of points while it was being unloaded. As it was, Doc lost an average of seventeen points a share; sixty-eight thousand dollars out the window. That was a wallop he might have absorbed without serious consequences if the whole line had not been shrinking in value. I had my hands full, but I had plenty of time to think up some of the things I wanted to say to Frog. Even if he was the boss partner he had no right to interfere with one of my customers. After you have been in Wall Street a while you get to thinking of your customers as personal property. The worst of it was, Doc had been a real friend to me.

When the market closed I felt a sense of relief. At least there would be nineteen hours during which prices could not sag. When Frog came in I quickly realized it was no time for me to jump him. He headed straight for the margin department, but things were in such a muddle he could not tell much about our condition before eight o'clock that night. Then everything was tabulated. The total sum which our customers were undermargined was nearly eight hundred thousand dollars, an amount greater than the firm's capital. Later we discovered the average for the month had been nearly half a million, whereas in previous months the average amount of this risk of the firm had never exceeded a hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

"This is the dope," said Frog, when the tabulation was in his hands. "Most of our customers have been getting a free ride today. Beginning right now we are going to sell 'em out the minute their position is bad. We got to protect ourselves. Moreover, we are not going to accept as margin any collateral that we can't borrow on at the banks. If they can't put up suitable margin, sell 'em out."

Trays piled high with sandwiches wrapped in waxed paper and many tin buckets of coffee had been brought into the office. There was no time for anyone to go out to a restaurant to eat. For the overworked clerks there was no chance whatever that first night for sleep. Some of us did manage to get a few hours on cots that had been set up in the private offices. I suppose it was because of those cots in his office that Frog and the firm's lawyer held their conference in the order room. They sat beside one another on a table, their legs swinging while Frog alternately sucked at a cigar and swigged coffee.

(Continued on Page 26)

*"Best to buy for bake or fry"*

WHAT'S a holiday dinner without a big, generous mince pie? One that's been out of the oven a half hour or so, but is still doing a little contented bubbling within its fragrant depths. One that is dark and rich and spicy, laden with treasure. One that is topped with a crust that is a flaky miracle—crimped around the edges to hold the juices in, pricked over its humpy brown center to keep from actually bursting with its own goodness. When you think of pastry, let your second thought be a resolve to use Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard. Rendered exceptionally sweet and pure, it is always uniform, always reliable for results.

Be sure to ask your market man for "Silverleaf". In the half, one and two pound cartons with the measurements marked for your convenience in cutting just the amount you wish. Or buy "Silverleaf" in the 2, 4 and 8 pound pails.

Swift & Company

# Swift's "Silverleaf" BRAND PURE LARD

XUM

(Continued from Page 24)

Norden, the lawyer, gray and snarly as a badger, was wise in the ways of Wall Street. I was working at a desk behind them.

"You got to watch out for some of your customers' men now," I heard Norden say. "The problem is one of divided allegiance. Some of them are floaters, as you know. I should kick, though. They make more law business than any other human factor down here. They are going to make a lot of it in the months to come."

"How can they?" argued Frog. "You yourself drafted the cards our customers are required to sign. Those cards give us the right to sell any, or everything, on twenty-four hours' notice."

"Yep," said Norden. "I can recite every word of that card: '—— when in your uncontrolled opinion my or our margin is insufficient ——'"

"Isn't that enough?" interrupted Frog.

"Decidedly not enough if one of your customers' men took it into his head to double-cross you. Some of them are going to be fired anyway. You know it and they know it. You are going to retrench, whether you like it or not. Some of these fellows will be looking for jobs. Many of them have customers who can give them jobs. Not alone that; some of them will be thinking up ways to help out relatives who have been trading with them. If they don't think of it themselves, you can be sure there are plenty of lawyers who will. Now my idea is to get affidavits from them before they have a chance to think. Get each one to swear, as to each account, that he has not and will not waive any of the provisions of those cards."

Believe me, I had my ears pinned back, but I kept my pen scratching on the papers in front of me.

"What if they say they have told some customer that he could ignore our call for margin?" asked Frog thoughtfully.

"In that case it's just too bad for Dayton, Hamilton and Maxwell," replied Norden. "The courts held about three years ago that if an agent of a broker told a customer who had received a call for margin not to worry for another forty-eight hours or so, this constituted a waiver of the provisions of any agreement the customer might have signed. The firm that sold out that customer had to make good his loss. As I say, it's just too bad."

"You're a great help," said Frog, tightening his jaws.

"Say," challenged Norden, "what are you paying me for? Advice or sympathy? I've got twenty other brokerage houses to pilot through this mess, and each one is crabbing. You brought it on yourselves."

"Boloney," said Frog.

"Is it boloney?" demanded Norden. "Didn't you introduce chain-store methods into the stock-brokerage business? And didn't you hire a lot of market experts who were a long ways from being experts? You know it's true. In 1920 the total sales on the Exchange were about two hundred and twenty-three million shares. This year it will be way over a billion shares. What's the explanation? I'll tell you—commissions. Probably over four hundred millions in commissions from big-board stocks alone this year. Split it between about four hundred firms and do you still call it boloney?"

"All right," said Frog. "Have it your own way. I suppose we knocked the props from under the market so we could make more commissions."

"Save your sarcasm, Frog. You're going to need it for people who know less about this mechanism than I do. Most of this new business has come from people who only knew how to buy. They never sold short because it is a process too complicated for their simple minds. Consequently prices have had no relation to values."

"Dangerfield's taking care of that all right," said Frog sourly. "He's going to clean up seven or eight millions. He's short about one hundred and eighty thousand shares, I hear. He has been getting set for the last four months. He planted his short selling as a military engineer might plant dynamite charges at the weakest spots in a bridge."

"Well, the bridge is coming down; and you arrange for me to get the affidavits. Do it quick. I've got a week's work to do tomorrow. G'night."

The next few weeks were a kind of nightmare to me in which I learned in the midst of a phantasmagoria of grief how unsuited I was for Wall Street, as represented by Dayton, Hamilton and Maxwell. Around the office the advice I heard was, "Forget it, since you can't help it."

The trouble was that I could not forget it. For about three years my time away from the Street had been spent in a play atmosphere. Each night meant a party, a show, a prize fight. Each week-end had been crowded with motor trips, football games, yachting.

Even when I was not feeling gay it had been my vocation to behave as if I were. I was a professional good fellow. Now I was as helpless as a butterfly in a frost.

*"If We Sell Him Out We'll Kill Him"*

One of my customers was an actress, a woman about forty-five. Somehow she had managed to pick up surprisingly sound information. But you never could induce her to take a profit. When the break began she had a paper profit of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. How she met our margin demands I don't know. She left the office white-faced one afternoon and was back before the opening with ten thousand dollars. When she finally sold out she had eleven thousand dollars of her big stake left.

"It's better," she said, "than being broke," and began to cry. Even more pitiful to me were the old fellows, retired from business. I knew a dozen—and there must have been thousands—men who had felt that because of some success in one business they were equipped to guess the market on any business. Some that I knew had to go back to work on small salaries. The daughters of one had to leave their fashionable school and look for jobs.

There was a lot of woofing from our customers. They blamed everyone but themselves. Chiefly they blamed the customers' men. "You told me," was the inevitable phrase with which their recriminations began; and there cannot be any question about it—the customers' man was the agency of much evil.

The brunt of listening to the squawks fell largely upon the shoulders of Flicker. He had a way with people. He was genuinely sympathetic, but at the same time he managed to look after the interests of the firm. I never heard him admit that the firm was at fault, and technically, I suppose, it was not. Nevertheless Flicker employed all the finesse of which he was capable to prevent those who complained from carrying their grievances before the Business Conduct Committee of the Exchange, or the Committee on Quotations and Commissions, to which were assigned all the bleats about customers' men.

The firm itself did not seem to be doing so badly.

(Continued on Page 88)

# From below freezing to almost boiling in 5 minutes!

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These extremes of temperature require your oil to do its job under vastly different working conditions. Mobiloil Arctic meets these conditions because it is a *double-range* oil. It flows freely down to zero—and below. This gives you easy starting and sure circulation. Yet it keeps its rich body and gives full lubrication at hot running temperatures.

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# Mobiloil ARCTIC "CW"

*for your engine*
*for your gears*

XUM

# How many doors do you shut when guests arrive?

WELL, don't let those poor-relations of rooms embarrass you. Other houses have them, too. Think, instead, of the proud day when another room is "fixed up," and one more door is deliberately left open, on a glorious room that preens itself, and awaits the coming guest.

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Plan to refloor now. Plan to inspect Sealex patterns in a nearby furniture, department or linoleum store, where you will find courteous and able assistance in matching Sealex designs with the color schemes of the rooms to be refloored.

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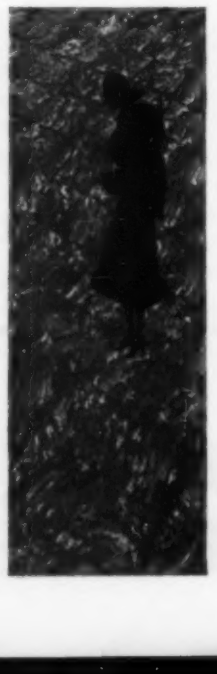

# SEALEX

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## LINOLEUM FLOORS

"ROSEGLOW"—Sealex Linoleum No. 1258—The restful and inviting bedroom (above) depends, for much of its charm, upon its beautiful floor which sets the key for the whole decoration plan. "Roseglow" is one of the lovely two-tone effects in Sealex Jaspé.

"CARIBBEAN"—Sealex Linoleum No. 3224—Ever changing shades of green and foamy cream reminiscent of the restless waters of the tropical Caribbean Sea, in 9-inch blocks distinguished by the variation in veining and color of this light shade of Campan Verte marble.

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# CHAMP

## By CHARLES FRANCIS COE

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. BALLINGER

XIV

WHEN he had finished dressing after the bout with Walton, Eddie Riton, for no reason he paused to explain, went to Scale Murphy's office there at the Manazita Club. He knew that the select few gathered there after a night of boxing, and perhaps it was pride that caused him to go. He wanted to hear Tommy and the other fight-wise men compliment him on the workmanlike manner in which he had used his left hook.

There was something of resentment in his mind. The way Tommy spoke to him he had always disliked, and his sudden success brought realization of the fact that he was a tremendously valuable property. As such he had every right to the respect of those with whom he worked. It came to him that he was a substantial individual, the cynosure of all eyes, a champion in the making. That mere managers and promoters should treat him with condescension was unthinkable.

Six or eight men were in Murphy's office when he opened the door. They glanced up in surprise, and across Murphy's face flashed a look of disappointment. Eddie sensed that he was not welcome.

"What do you want, punk?" Tommy snapped.

Anger suddenly flared in the boxer. "Where do you get that 'punk' stuff?" he demanded. "I don't like it, see? Cut it out."

Tommy whistled in surprise. "Oh, yeah?" he grunted. "Since you knocked over a paralyzed old blind man, your head's gettin' a little bloated, eh?" He laughed sneeringly. Then, "I'll call you 'punk' because you are a punk. Get to throwin' that chest of yours out an' I'll pick up some prize fighter an' get you a lickin'."

Eddie suddenly started for the man, but three or four of the others caught and restrained him. Tommy seemed under peculiar nervous strain. He was like a man deeply preoccupied. He seized a wooden chair as though to defend himself with it; said: "There's plenty of them could hand you a pastin'. I wouldn't be surprised if that Bradford would sock you right out from under your hair!"

"Yeah?" Eddie demanded, trying hard to control himself. "You'll never know until you match us up, will you? That'll be all right with me."

Scale Murphy admonished the two and found opportunity to whisper to the boxer. "Tommy's all upset," he said. "Somethin' big worryin' him. Don't mind him, kid. He always gets nervous like that when you're fightin'. Beat it out of here now and everythin'll be aces in the mornin'."

"Whatever you say, Scale," Eddie returned quietly. "But I'm telling you, Tommy, don't call me punk any more."

Before the manager could answer, the fighter had passed through the door, and now he walked thoughtfully through a long narrow hall toward a rear exit of the club. That his own manager could suggest to matchmakers the possibility that Bradford was a better fighter than himself struck him as amazing. He resented it keenly, but it roused in him strange thoughts about this new phenom whom he himself had been instrumental in establishing.

*Eddie Was Free Until Time to Take Betty to the Theater. They Rode Some Distance and Stopped for Dinner on Their Return to the City*

The two quick knock-outs which had graced the evening's entertainment also had shortened it. A glance at his watch showed Eddie that it was not yet eleven o'clock. He went directly to the Regal Hotel and from the lobby there called the doorman at Betty's theater. He left a message that he would not see her that evening because of a conference with Olson. Then he took elevator and went unannounced to his former manager's apartment.

As he raised his knuckles to knock on the door voices reached him through the transom. "Don't face quite so square," Olson was saying. "When you're set that way it's hard to get follow-through behind a punch with your right, an' you can't pivot with a left hook."

Eddie smiled and for a moment stood without knocking. His mind went back to his own beginnings. Immediately after each fight Olson had taken him in this identical way and pointed out to him flaws in his style; strengthened him with suggestions drawn from actual experience. He wished that Olson still managed him. Olson was honest, and capable, too, and friendly. Tommy was caustic, a purveyor of sneers, and certainly he was not honest.

Bradford was mumbling some reply when Eddie knocked.

"Who is it?" Olson called.

"Open the door," Eddie answered. "Can't a guy come in and meet this new champ of yours?"

The door opened under Olson's hand and the manager smiled at his old protégé.

"I see you stopped Walton in four," he grinned.

Eddie made some noncommittal reply and with his eyes sought Battling Bradford. He was standing at the foot of the bed. But for an athletic shirt, he was stripped to the waist, and it was obvious that he had been shadow boxing under the careful tutelage of Olson.

"This is Eddie Riton," Olson introduced. "Shake hands with Battlin' Bradford, Eddie. He sure gave the wise guys somethin' to think about tonight."

The two fighters smiled at each other and shook hands.

"I'll say he did," Eddie agreed.

"That guy can't fight," Bradford deprecated. "He's as open as the rattlesnake season in a public park."

"He's pretty old," Eddie said tolerantly. "We all have to get old."

"That left hook to the ribs knocked him bow-legged," Bradford chuckled. "An' when I smacked with me right he seen the grease back of his own ears."

Suddenly Eddie did not like this Battling Bradford. The man seemed boastful and overbearing. Eddie turned toward Olson. "Bat's kinda young, Oley," he said slowly. "But if he keeps his noodle he'll go a long ways." Then: "Did you have any chow?"

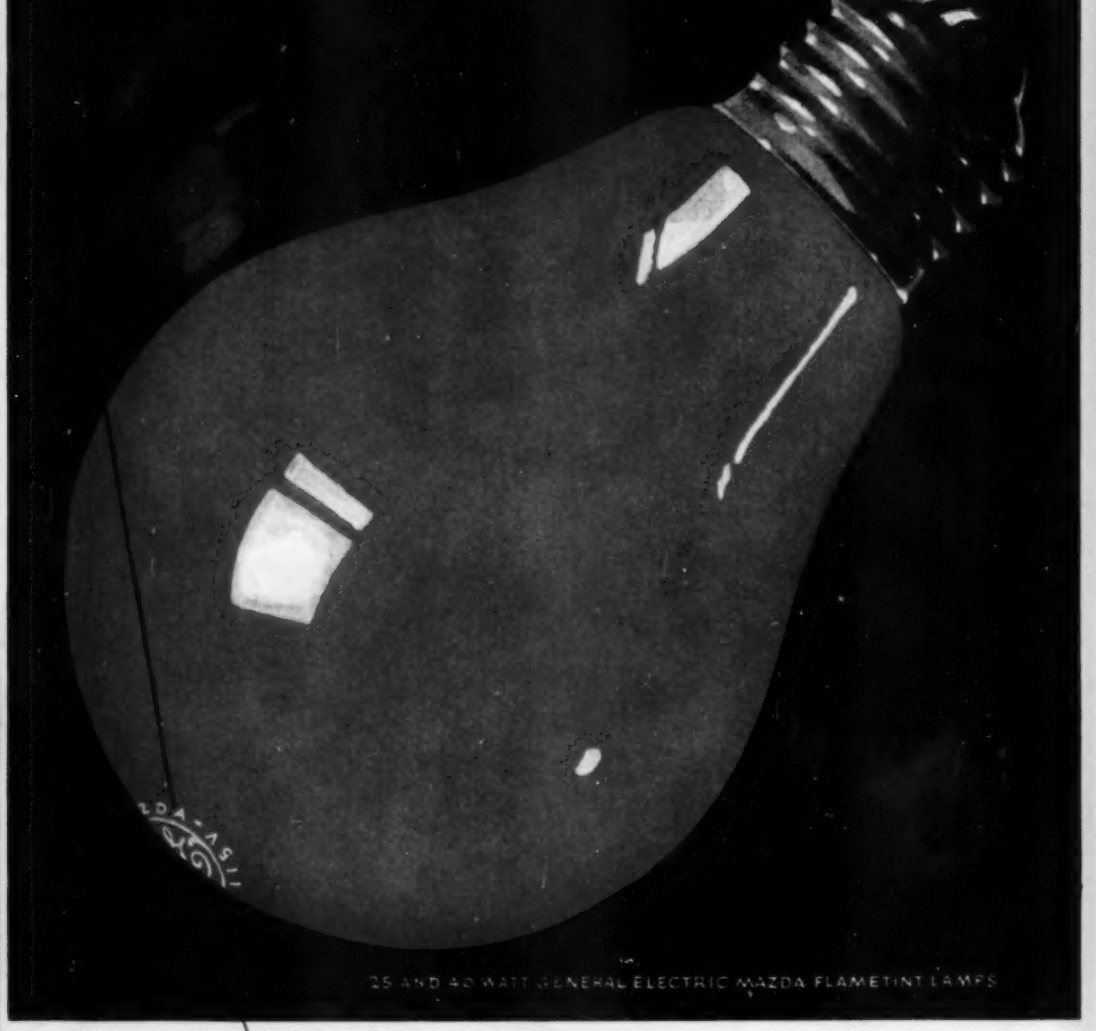
"Not yet," Olson answered. "I was tryin' to show Bat a couple of tricks while everythin' was fresh in his mind."

"They got pretty good ale here," Eddie suggested. "How about a bottle of ale and some sandwiches?"

(Continued on Page 31)

XUM

MAZDA—NOT THE NAME OF A THING BUT THE MARK OF A RESEARCH SERVICE

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

# MAZDA LAMPS

(Continued from Page 29)

"Right down my street," the manager agreed.

Eddie went to the telephone and placed the order. As he did so he was able to observe the arms and torso, the neck and chin of Battling Bradford. In his observation lay food for thought. The fellow had every natural gift for the prize ring. Even his hands were big enough to withstand the ravages of his mighty punches. It came to Eddie that after this young fighter acquired experience he would grow increasingly hard to beat. Having in mind the challenge he had flung at Tommy, he came to the conclusion that the sooner he boxed Bradford the more certain he would be of victory. As he hung up the receiver he said, "You and I may be matched soon, Bat."

"What do I care?" Bradford sneered. "I take 'em as they come, an' that goes for you or anybody else."

Olson laughed placatingly.

"Sure," Eddie said. "That's what I just told my manager. I heard some talk over around the ringside."

"Yeah?" Olson snapped with sudden interest. "What'd you hear, Eddie?"

"Well, when I got out of the ring, Parsons, of the Star, said Bat and I were a natural."

"Who did he tell that?"

"Tommy."

"What did Tommy say?"

"He was all for it," Eddie shrugged. "So was I. We'd draw a lot of money now, Oley."

There was a quizzical light in Olson's eyes. He fished a cigarette out of his pocket and maintained a discreet silence by ceremoniously lighting it.

"Tommy was sore," Eddie went on after a moment, "because we couldn't sign up right away."

Olson glanced up quickly. "Why can't you?"

"We're already signed to go with Scripps."

"Yeah?"

"Uh-huh."

"That's a good shot for you. You'll take Scripps like they take Tommy at the race track."

"I guess I can beat him all right."

"Sure you can."

"I know I could," Bradford cut in. "Even if he blocked my punches, I'd break his arms."

Eddie glanced at the fighter and somehow resented his boastfulness. "Instead of sandwiches," Eddie said, "we should have fed this guy gravel. Maybe that would sharpen up his teeth."

Olson laughed. "If you guys are goin' to fight," he said, "wait'll you're matched an' get paid for it. Only a chump fights for nothin'."

Bradford sat on the bed in sullen silence. Eddie turned a chair around, straddled it and rested his forearms on its back.

"I wonder if that ale is really any good?" Olson asked.

"When I'm training I always drink a bottle a day," Eddie said. "Tommy told me to come here to get it. I guess Tommy knows every booze joint in town, and he says this is good ale."

"I can tell the minute I taste it," Bradford muttered.

"That won't be long now," Eddie said.

"You two guys are like wildcats," Olson complained. "What you got against each other?"

"He talks too much," Eddie said frankly.

"I talk just as much with my hands," Bradford challenged.

"At that, I guess you do," Eddie smiled.

"Come on," Olson ordered. "Shake hands again and start over. You both got the world by the tail if you use your brains."

The fighters glanced at each other and smiled. Eddie rose and stretched out his hand. Bradford met him halfway. When their palms met, Eddie jerked the other fighter toward him and they went into a friendly clinch and wrestled a moment about the room.

"Guys are tryin' to sleep below you," Olson pointed out. "They'll think I got an elephant act up here!"

The two sat down again and shortly the waiter appeared with the food.

"This ale ain't so bad," Olson grunted contentedly as they munched their sandwiches.

"It ain't so good either," Bradford answered. "You don't get ale like you used to. I can remember when I was a kid, my old man used to rush the growler an' the ale was like cream. The way it scratches your throat, you'd think this stuff was full of powdered glass."

"It tastes all right to me," Eddie volunteered. "Gee, they must cut these sandwiches with safety-razor blades."

When he had finished eating, Olson pushed back his chair and lit a cigarette. "Put your shirt on, Brad," he ordered quietly. "You got to beat it down an' climb into those chicken whiskers. I'll see you for breakfast in the mornin'."

Obediently Bradford rose and replaced his shirt and tie. As he slipped into his coat he came again to Eddie and gently hooked a left to the body.

"So long, Eddie," he grinned as they shook hands. "You can't tell, mebbe we'll fight it out some day. If we do I hope it's a million-dollar gate."

"That's the spirit," Olson grinned.

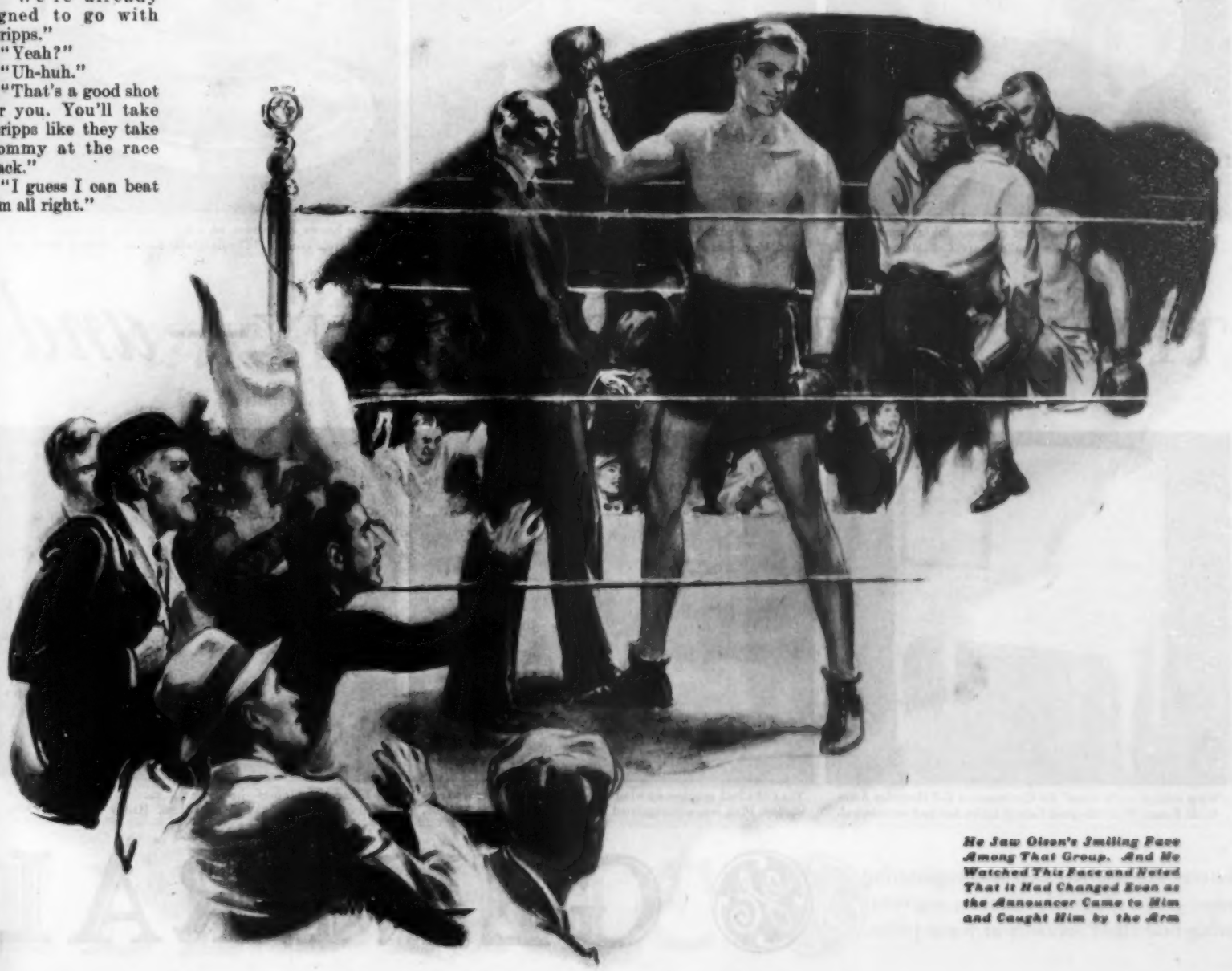
"One shot like that," Eddie muttered, "and we'd both be fixed for life."

"He ain't such a bad guy," Olson said when Bradford was gone. "He's a hellion in the ring, kid. Sometime I want you to watch him work. He's a sure shot to cop."

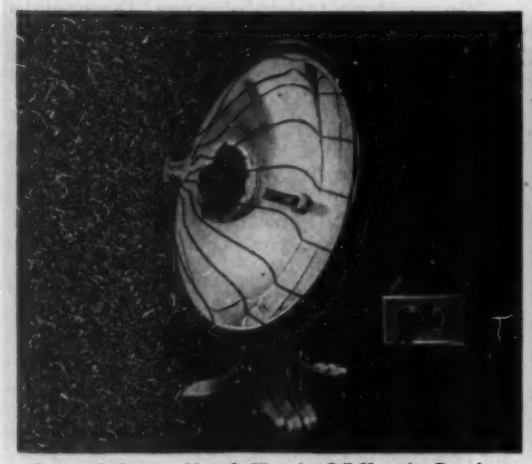
"He made a big hit tonight all right."

"What a break," Olson smiled. "Scale Murphy was after me with a contract before we was out of the club."

(Continued on Page 45)

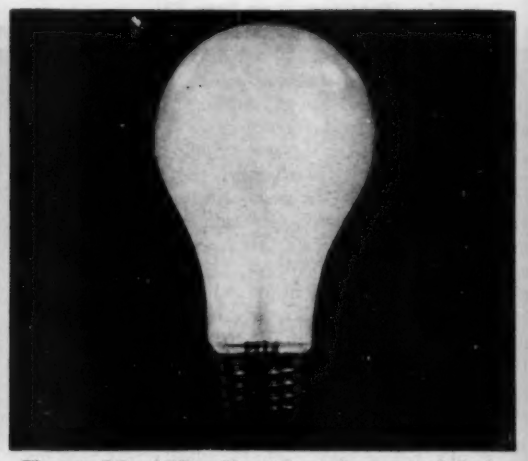


*He Saw Olson's Smiling Face Among That Group. And He Watched This Face and Noted That It Had Changed Even as the Announcer Came to Him and Caught Him by the Arm*



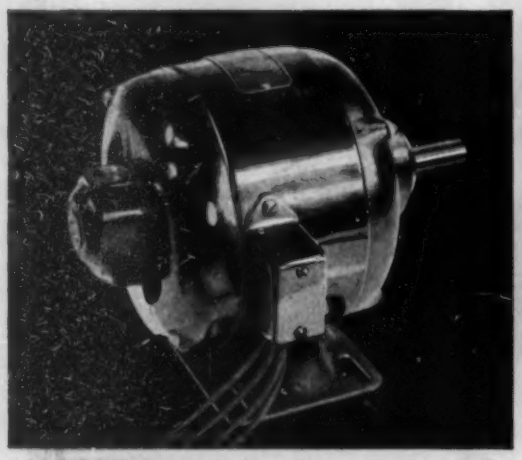
Is your bathroom shivery? Then let G-E Hotpoint Barcelona Hedlite Heater make it cozily warm. $12.50. Others $4.95 up.

"I make good coffee," says G-E Hotpoint Florentine Percolator. Chromeplate, 6-cup, Sugar, Creamer, Tray. $43.00. Others, $15.75 up.

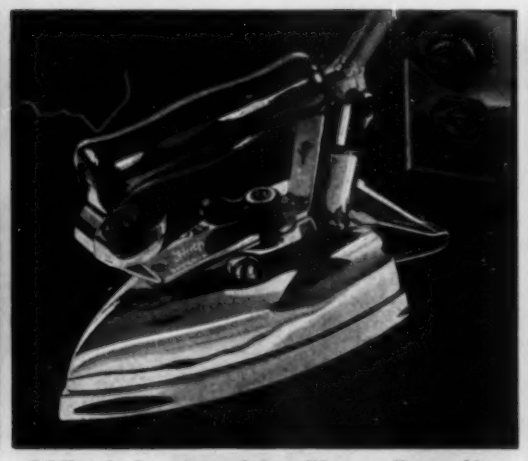


There are G-E and Edison MAZDA Lamps for every need. Look for the G-E monogram and the mark MAZDA on the bulb.

# How many of these 17 *wonder–*



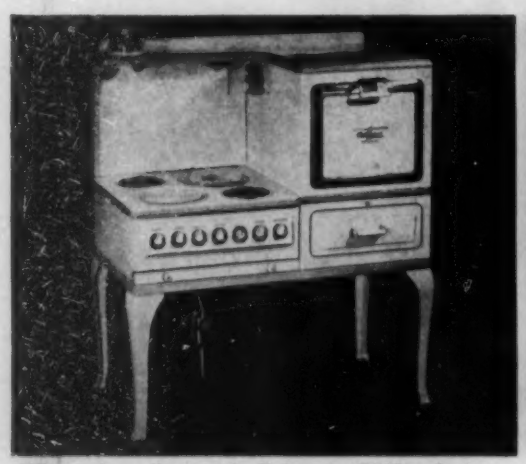
Small G-E Motors are the heart of many other home appliances. Make sure the ones you buy are G-E Motor driven.



G-E Hotpoint Super Automatic Iron slithers merrily around buttons. Maintains any temperature desired. $8.80. Others $3.95 up.

Waffles brown and tender, on a G-E Hotpoint Automatic Waffle Iron. Heat control. Chromeplate, $20.00. Others $8.95 up.

# THEY COST LESS TO BUY—*and*



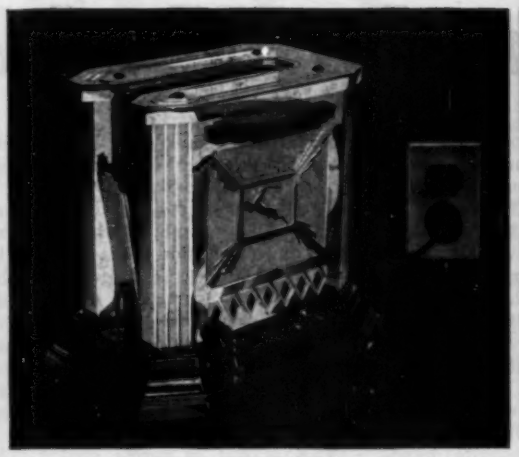
"What mother really wants" for Christmas—a G-E Hotpoint Automatic Range. With Hi-speed Calrod Units, fast and economical.

The G-E Clock requires no winding—keeps perfect time—no regulation. Plug into any regulated A. C. socket. $9.75 to $375.00.

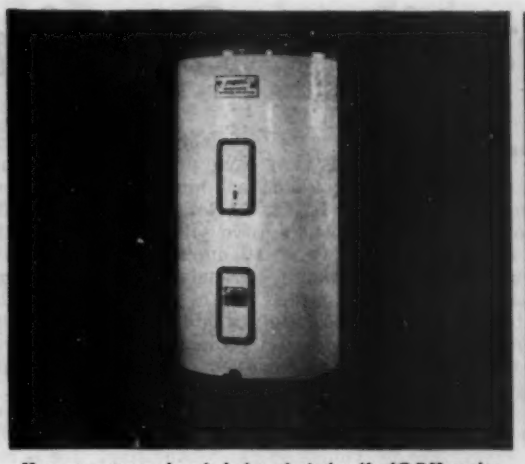
G-E Vacuum Cleaner—its powerful suction gets every speck of dust and dirt. $24.50 to $42.50. Handy Cleaner $13.50.

General Electric research and engineering have given you dependable, current-saving household servants at lower prices.

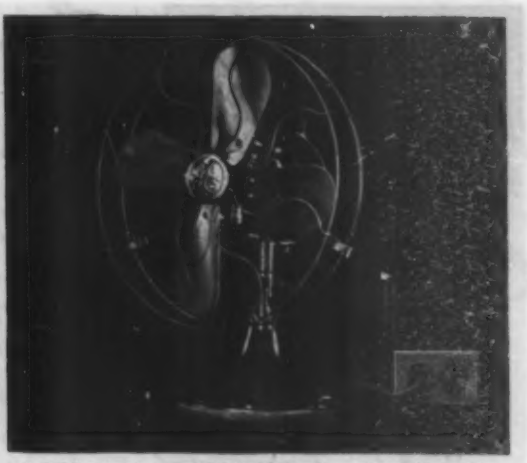
GENERAL



Toast hot, delicious—at a moment's notice, with a G-E Hotpoint Automatic Toaster on the table. $12.50. Others $3.95 up.

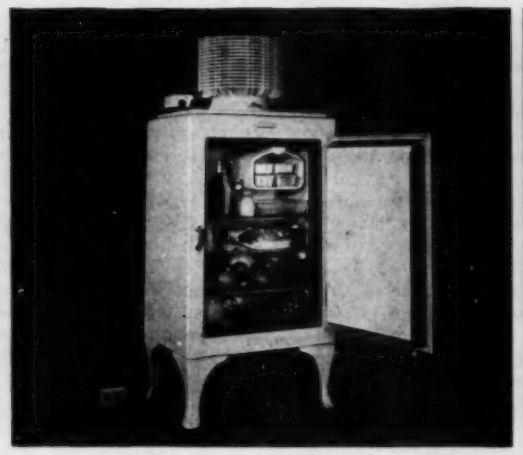


Hot water—to your heart's desire—that's the gift of G-E Hotpoint Water Heater. Capacity 30 gallons. Has famous Calrod Units.

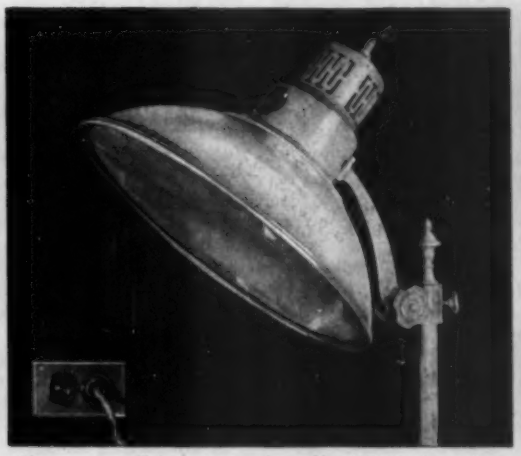


A G-E Fan purring gently in the kitchen keeps the air live and invigorating. Oscillating, non-oscillating, or ventilating. $6.50 up.

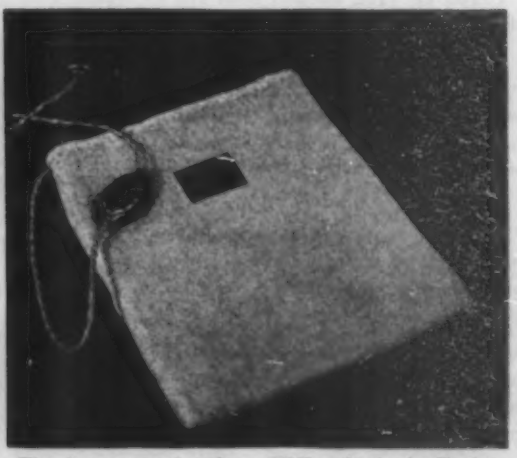
# *workers* do you have in *your home?*



General Electric Refrigerator—once you own one, you'll wonder how you managed without it. The modern way to keep foods.



Exposure to sunlight protects against colds. A G-E Sunlamp gives you sunshine indoors in the gray winter months. $69.50-$75.00.



Warmth, at a moment's notice—a G-E Hotpoint Comfort Heating Pad, in gray, apricot, pink, orchid, or tan covers. $5.00 to $12.50.

# *operate for less than ever before...*

The new G-E Full Range Radio has selectivity, glorious tone—and sensitivity beyond any previously offered. $112.50 to $285.00.

Enough electrical outlets? You can have them for very little money—ask your electrical contractor about the G-E Wiring System.

## "Where-to-buy-it" Service

You can easily locate the reliable dealers who sell these 17 wonder-workers by looking under "General Electric" in the classified pages of your telephone directory, or write to General Electric Company, Dept. 3091, Schenectady, N.Y.

# ELECTRIC

Join us in the General Electric program, broadcast every Saturday evening on a nation-wide N. B. C. network.

XUM

"One o' the slickest hold-ups o' the week took place Sunday.

•

"A masked bandit stuck up Si Harned in his store an' escaped with a box o' rocky fords before Si could git his feet out o' the rotygravure section.

•

"The work of an experienced smoker who liked 'em mild an' knew they'd keep fresh, says Constable Newt Plum.

•

"An' since all brands cost the same to a bandit, he wuz probably a man o' means who didn' have to worry about price.

•

"But it looks like the case will be dropped on account o' the coincidence that Constable Plum allus smokes rocky fords himself."

•

ROCKY FORD is long-filler, Sumatra wrapped. Made in a sunlit factory, the pride and show-factory of Richmond, Virginia . . . a factory as clean as a modern bakery . . . a factory that is automatic machine-equipped throughout . . . If your dealer cannot supply you, send 25¢ for a trial package of 5 cigars to P. Lorillard Company, 119 West 40th St., New York. Cigars cannot be mailed to addresses outside U. S. A.

# Getting On in the World

### *Special Prices*

ONE of the earliest experiences I had on the road was with the buyer who asked for a special price concession. I think it was on the first day out and the customer was an old acquaintance of school days not so long past—a man whose business I coveted because he had just recently come by inheritance into the management of one of the most thriving implement houses in my territory.

"Why, yes, George," was the way he put it. "I'd rather handle your line than any other I know of. But you tire men all have a few extra fives for your good buyers, so just slip me the low-down right now and I'll take on an initial stock and sell a lot of stuff for you this summer."

We had received no instruction at headquarters on how to conduct ourselves in such an emergency, but some deep-seated trait in my Scotch ancestry saved a blunder which might have cost dearly.

"Not on your life, Sam," was my comeback. "I got a wife and a kid to support and I'm not giving away my commissions to anyone—especially to someone like you that's got a lot more than I have now. My wholesale price is just as important to me as your retail price is to you. If either of us starts giving special cuts to all our old school friends and ex-cellmates, we're giving away profits we've worked for and earned. Remember, a cut in selling price always comes, not off the price, but off the profit. It's bad business."

### *A Salesman's First Commandment*

Not every issue confronting me in nearly twenty years of commercial life has been met thus squarely and unequivocally—if so, I might be much farther along in the world than I am today—but that happening has always stuck in mind as something contributing much to my small success as a salesman. It stiffened the old backbone, convinced me concessions beyond the letter of the law were unnecessary and taught me the first great rule of salesmanship. That rule is that the salesman must be a representative of his house to his dealers; not an ambassador presenting the dealers' case to the house, with all their multitude of requests for special discounts, extended terms, additional advertising coöperation, split packages and rush deliveries.

Incidentally, while Sam stood firm on this first visit and I sacrificed an order to maintain what seemed to be a sound principle, it was logical that a house like his should handle my line, so within a few months my goods were well represented upon his shelves. Nothing was lost, in the long run.

Later on I learned, through repeated experience and observation, that this special-discount thing is a terrible pitfall for the unwary salesman—and retailer, too, for that matter. It comes up in a variety of plausible forms. Another salesman wants a pair of shoes, a hat, a set of golf clubs, a new tire, a shotgun. Some honest traveling man has to listen uncomfortably to a request that a sample be ordered out—"I'd do the same for you, old top." They are unbelievably persistent. A corset salesman once took nearly an hour trying to sell me the idea of getting him a set of balloon tires at our distributors' carload price. It never occurred to me to ask him how he could reciprocate.

Retailers have more difficulties than we salesmen, I am pretty sure, with tenuously distant relatives, old-time friends, lodge brothers and even utter strangers who imagine themselves entitled to prices a few notches lower than ordinary. I wish heartily more of them were equipped with the intestinal stamina of little Joe Gish, one of my successful dealers, from whom I have learned many a valuable lesson in merchandising. Joe is resolute, hard-headed, a business getter of rare attainments. One of his favorite sayings is, "I have no brothers-in-law in business"—which is his way of stating the principle that he has a flat price for everyone, which is as low as he can make it, at the same time maintaining his profits and his self-respect. On the average, Joe's prices are a little above those of his competitors, but he justifies this on the ground that his workmanship is better and a car overhauled in his shop is sure to go out and run more satisfactorily. His men are well paid, his equipment is of the best, every item of repair parts or other merchandise in his place is of the highest quality obtainable. This is a part of it—his costs are higher.

But there is another phase of the price situation which Joe is perfectly willing to talk about to anyone, any time. In fact, I think he takes an unholy delight in having a customer object that he can buy something from a competitor or from a mail-order house for less money. It gives a chance to pull his favorite wise crack: "Well, if he can make money at such a price, go and buy it from him. I can't, and I'm not selling anything unless I can make some money on the deal." He varies this with, "If he wants to give away his profits, let him"; or with, "He must be in business for pleasure—I know he can't make any money that way." Strangely enough, such blunt talk does not seem to offend the consumers of Joe's locality, and they invariably admit the justice of his position, buying from him liberally and paying their accounts promptly when due. Most retailers are extremely hesitant to let a customer know they are making money on his purchases, but Joe blurts it right out—and makes them like it.

### *Cutting Off Their Own Noses*

Some salesmen are so basically weak on this price business that they do not wait for the request, but drag out their special cut as an inducement for the prospect to buy. This is particularly reprehensible when a man compensated on commission basis offers to knock off his own percentage. First, they are depriving themselves of money they have worked for and earned; second, the buyer always talks and unfair handicaps are set up for other salesmen, not only to this buyer alone but also to a wide circle of friends to whom he has gleefully confided his sharp deal; third, it is a practice making repeat sales at the regular price almost impossible. I understand it is this last consideration which has impelled several prominent insurance companies to revoke licenses of salesmen who have been guilty of rebating. The practice is widespread, though, and I believe I have turned down not less than a dozen fee splitters within the past year.

The basic weakness behind any kind of price concession is in what it shows going on in the mind of its maker. He does not believe the merchandise he has for sale is worth the price asked. And no salesman can turn in the orders in satisfactory volume unless his belief in the merits of his product is so strong that he thinks it would be a bargain at a much higher price than he is commissioned to quote.

This is put in terms customarily used by traveling salesmen. But the principle works out in retail stores or in any other enterprise having merchandise or services to sell to the public. There is an old story out in Kansas of a young lawyer who secured the position of general counsel for a great railway corporation by charging a fee of five thousand dollars for winning a hog case against a farmer. He believed he had done something exceptional in winning such a case for a non-resident corporation, brought by a citizen of the county before a local jury. More than that, he believed intensely that his originality should be paid for in terms commensurate with its long-time value to his client. Hence the bill for a sum out of all proportion to the value of one deceased hog. The story goes that the first return mail brought his check for the amount of his fee and an offer of employment on the company's legal staff. The process of time, together with accumulated proofs of his legal acumen and resourcefulness, brought him at last to the coveted position of general counsel.

### *A Bargain Operation*

What happens when the salesman takes the weak position of undervaluing what he has to sell was illustrated by a personal experience only a few weeks ago. I was in a certain Texas town and fell into a situation calling for immediate surgical attention. The hotel man called the house doctor, who performed the necessary operation—slight, but highly conducive to my comfort of body and peace of mind. This was followed by one visit to my hotel room for the purpose of changing a bandage, following which a bill was presented.

Eighteen dollars was the amount, somewhat less than I had expected, but the young doctor felt the need for an apology. "My customary charge is twenty dollars for a treatment like this," he hedged, "but I am making a little cut ——"

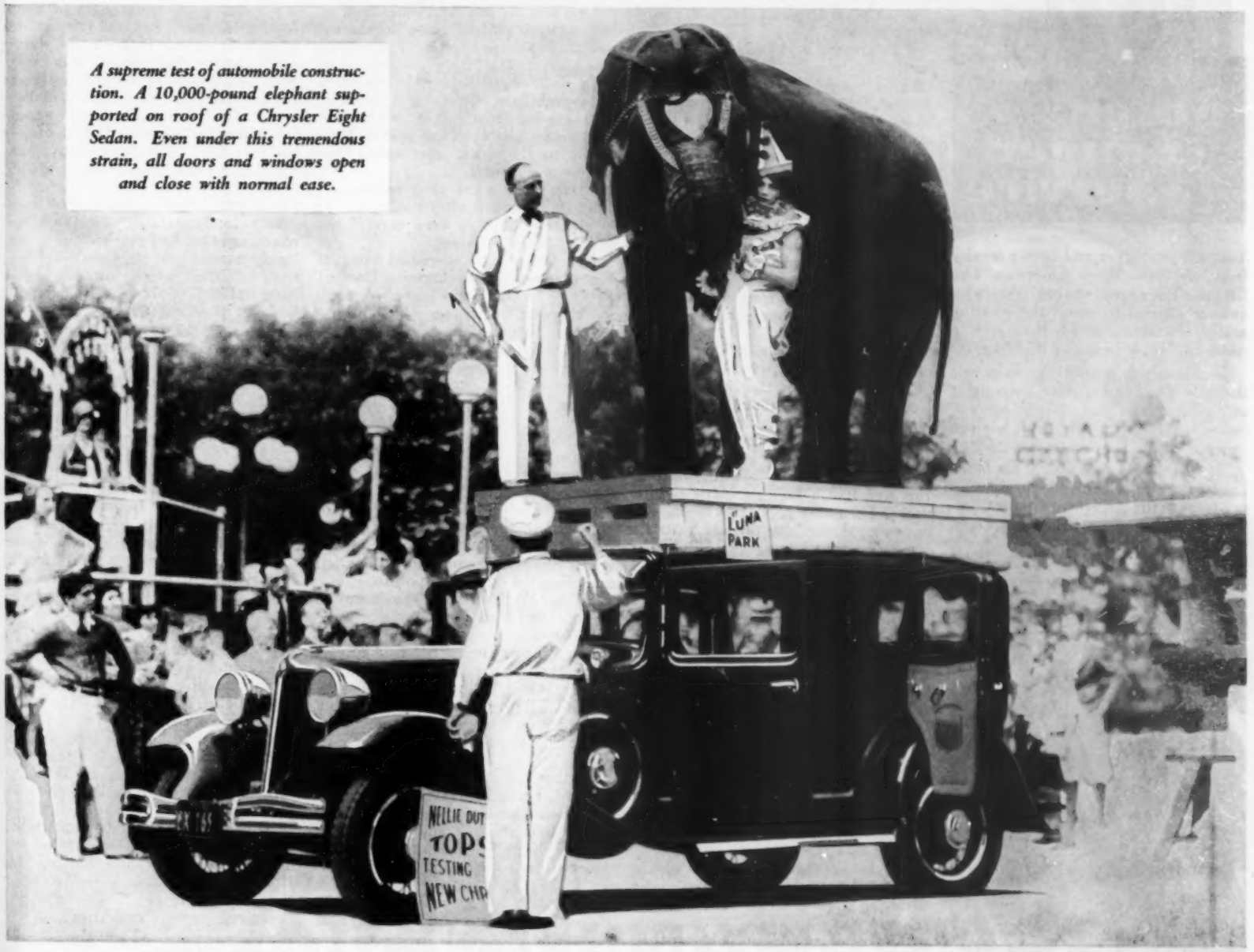
"Why?" I asked bluntly.

"Well," he finished lamely, "you're from Kansas City for one thing, and I'm always glad to see anyone from the old home town."

I paid him his eighteen dollars, but was so impressed with his apparent lack of business acumen as also to do some worrying over his degree of surgical skill. The upshot of it all was that I had no peace until I had returned home and given my own doctor a chance to examine the injured part. He took one look, told me I was all right, charged me five dollars in his rough and domineering way—which has always endeared the dour old scoundrel to me—and I have been happy ever since.

—GEORGE BIGGS.

# CHRYSLER
# STRAIGHT EIGHTS




*A supreme test of automobile construction. A 10,000-pound elephant supported on roof of a Chrysler Eight Sedan. Even under this tremendous strain, all doors and windows open and close with normal ease.*

## New Safety Bodies of Enormous Strength

THE new Chrysler Eight has a *safety* body of rigid steel—a steel front, steel sides and a steel back, all flash-welded and fused together into solid walls of one piece and bolted directly to the frame—a body impervious to road strain and temperature changes—a body with no joints to produce rattles or squeaks.

Body and frame are united as one, without a wood sill between them, and with the contours of the body fitting and merging with the contours of the frame. Result—the body reinforces the frame and the frame reinforces the body.

Thus is achieved a new kind of strength that spells a new degree of safety—strength that is illustrated by the spectacular test pictured here, made recently before the public at Coney Island, N. Y. Still another advantage, all doors are of die-formed steel, insuring not only rigidity but an exact fit to the thousandth of an inch. Such doors *cannot* warp or jam.

This advanced body construction is but one phase of the car's story. The new Chrysler Eight is conspicuous for outstanding beauty. Smartness is enhanced by its extremely low center of gravity.

The Chrysler Multi-Range 4-speed transmission with its *dual high* gears and quick, quiet, easy gear shift makes possible new heights of smooth, visible, efficient performance. Chrysler internal weatherproof hydraulic brakes give a further sense of security at all speeds.

One drive in a new Chrysler Eight brings home the fact that Chrysler engineering has distinctly elevated the standards of eight-cylinder motoring. Greater safety—finer, smoother performance—richer comforts—all beckon to you in a new Chrysler Eight.

CHRYSLER EIGHT—*Coupe (with rumble seat) $1495; Sedan $1525; Convertible Coupe $1665; Roadster $1495. Six wire wheels, $80 extra. Sport Roadster (including six wire wheels and trunk rack) $1595.* CHRYSLER IMPERIAL EIGHT—*Five-Passenger Sedan $2745; Close-Coupled Sedan $2845; Seven-Passenger Sedan $2945; Sedan-Limousine $3145.* CHRYSLER IMPERIAL CUSTOM EIGHTS, *bodies designed by LeBaron—Coupe $3150; Roadster $3220; Convertible Coupe $3320; Phaeton $3575. All prices f. o. b. factory.*

* * *

Chrysler Eight and Chrysler Imperial Eight closed cars are factory-wired for immediate installation of Transitone, the pioneer automobile radio. Other models will be equipped on order.

XUM

Much Longer Service

You will get longer and better service from the new Weed American Tire Chains. Their cross chains have twice as much metal to stand the wearing action of traction which they give to resist sliding, slipping or skidding.

You won't find another chain like the new Weed American. There isn't any other chain like it—the modern chain for modern cars and modern roads and streets.

Be sure to ask for Weed Americans. A product of the American Chain Company, *Inc.*, Bridgeport, Conn.

1. Reinforcing bars electrically welded to cross chains where the wear comes.

2. Non-kinking, electrically welded side chains that resist the hardest ruts.

The New WEED AMERICAN Tire CHAIN Supreme

*Weed Tire Chain Radio Program:* Tune in every Friday evening at 8:30 Eastern Standard Time, 7:30 Central Standard Time, over the Columbia Broadcasting System.


# A SNOBBISH STORY

(Continued from Page 7)

women in the lobby were either hard-eyed types from the Loop or powderless, transpiring mothers from the Mississippi Valley. There were spittoons in patient activity and a busy desk where men mouthed cigars grotesquely and waited for telephone calls.

In the big dining room, John Bailey and Josephine ordered grapefruit, club sandwiches and julienne potatoes. Josephine put her elbows on the table and regarded him as if to say: "Well, now I'm temporarily yours; make the most of your time."

"You're the best-looking girl I ever met," he began. "Of course you're tangled up in all this bogus society hokum, but you can't help that. You think that's sour grapes, but I'll tell you; when I hear people bragging about their social position and who they are, and all that, I just sit back and laugh. Because I happen to be descended directly from Charlemagne. What do you think of that?"

Josephine blushed for him, and he grew a little ashamed of his statement and qualified it:

"But I believe in men, not their ancestors. I want to be the best writer in the world, that's all."

"I love good books," Josephine offered.

"It's the theater that interests me. I've got a play now that I think would go big if the managers would bother to read it. I've got all the stuff—sometimes I walk along the streets so full of it that I feel I could just sail out over the city like a balloon." His mouth drooped suddenly. "It's because I haven't got anything to show yet that I talk like that."

"Mr. Bailey, the great playwright. You'll send me tickets to your plays, won't you?"

"Sure," he said abstractedly, "but by that time you'll be married to some boy from Yale or Harvard with a couple of hundred neckties and a good-looking car, and you'll get to be dumbbell like the rest."

"I guess I am already—but I simply love poetry. Did you ever read The Passing of Arthur?"

"There's more good poetry being written now right in Chi than during the whole last century. There's a man named Carl Sandburg that's as great as Shakspere."

She was not listening; she was watching him. His sensitive face was glowing with the same strange light as when she had first seen him.

"I like poetry and music better than anything in the world," she said. "They're wonderful."

He believed her, knowing that she spoke of her liking for him. She felt that he was distinguished, and by this she meant something definite and real; the possession of some particular and special passion for life. She knew that she herself was superior in something to the girls who criticized her—though she often confused her superiority with the homage it inspired—and she was apathetic to the judgments of the crowd. The distinction that at fifteen she had found in Travis de Coppet's ballroom romantics she discovered now in John Bailey, in spite of his assertiveness and his snobbishness. She wanted to look at life through his glasses, since he found it so absorbing and exciting. Josephine had developed early and lived hard—if that can be said of one whose face was cousin to a fresh, damp rose—and she had begun to find men less than satisfactory. The strong ones were dull, the clever ones were shy, and all too soon they were responding to Josephine with a fatal sameness, a lack of temperament that blurred their personalities.

The club sandwiches arrived and absorbed them; there was activity from an orchestra placed up near the ceiling in the fashion of twenty years before. Josephine, chewing modestly, looked around the room; just across from them a man and woman were getting up from table, and she started and made one big swallow. The woman was what was called a peroxide blonde, with dolls' eyes boldly drawn on a baby-pink face. The sugary perfume that exuded from her garish clothes was almost visible as she preceded her escort to the door. Her escort was Josephine's father.

"Don't you want your potatoes?" John Bailey asked after a minute.

"I think they're very good," she said in a strained voice.

Her father, the cherished ideal of her life—handsome, charming Herbert Perry. Her mother's lover—through so many summer evenings had Josephine seen them in the swinging settee of the veranda, with his head on her lap, smoothing his hair. It was the promise of happiness in her parents' marriage that brought a certain purposefulness into all Josephine's wayward seeking.

Now to see him lunching safely out of the zone of his friends with such a woman! It was different with boys—she rather admired their loud tales of conquest in the nether world, but for her father, a grown man, to be like that. She was trembling; a tear fell and glistened on a fried potato.

"Yes, I'd like very much to go there," she heard herself saying.

"Of course, they are all very serious people," he explained defensively. "I think they've decided to produce my play in their little theater. If they haven't I'll give one or two of them a good sock on the jaw, so that next time they strike any literature they'll recognize it."

In the taxi Josephine tried to put out of her mind what she had seen at the hotel. Her home, the placid haven from which she had made her forays, seemed literally in ruins, and she dreaded her return. Awful, awful, awful!

In a panic she moved close to John Bailey, with the necessity of being near something strong. The car stopped before a new building of yellow stucco from which a blue-jowled, fiery-eyed young man came out.

"Well, what happened?" John demanded.

"The trap dropped at 11:30."

"Yes?"

"I wrote out his farewell speech like he asked me to, but he took too long and they wouldn't let him finish it."

"What a dirty trick on you."

"Wasn't it? . . . Who's your friend?" The man indicated Josephine.

"Lake Forest stuff," said John, grining. "Miss Perry, Mr. Blacht."

"Here for the triumph of the Springfield Shakspere? But I hear they may do Uncle Tom's Cabin instead." He winked at Josephine. "So long."

"What did he mean?" she demanded as they went on.

"Why, he's on the Tribune and he had to cover a Nigger hanging this morning. What's more, he and I caught the fellow ourselves. . . . Do you think these cops ever catch anybody?"

"This isn't a jail, is it?"

"Lord, no; this is the theater workshop."

"What did he mean about a speech?"

"He wrote the man a dying speech to sort of make up for having caught him."

"How perfectly hectic!" cried Josephine, awed.

They were in a long, dimly lit hall with a stage at one end; upon it, standing about in the murkiness of a few footlights, were a dozen people. Almost at once Josephine realized that everybody there except herself was crazy. She knew it incontrovertibly, although the only person of outward eccentricity was a robust woman in a frock coat and gray morning trousers. And in spite of the fact that of those present seven were later to attain notoriety, and four, actual distinction, Josephine was, for the moment, right. It was their intolerable inatljustabiljty to their surroundings that had plucked them from lonely normal schools, from the frame rows of Midwestern towns and the respectability of shoddy suburbs, and brought them to Chicago in 1916—ignorant, wild with energy, doggedly sensitive and helplessly romantic, wanderers like their pioneer ancestors upon the face of the land.

"This is Miss ——," said John Bailey, "and Mrs. —— and Caroline —— and Mr. —— and ——"

Their frightened eyes lifted to the young girl's elegant clothes, her confident, beautiful face, and they turned from her rudely in self-protection. Then gradually they came toward her, hinting of their artistic or economic ideals, naïve as freshmen, unreticent as Rotarians. All but one, a handsome girl with a dirty neck and furtive eyes—eyes which, from the moment of Josephine's entrance, never left her face. Josephine listened to a flow of talk, rapt of expression, but only half comprehending and thinking often with sharp pain of her father. Her mind wandered to Lake Forest as if it were a place she had left long ago, and she heard the crack-pat-crack of the tennis balls in the still afternoon. Presently the people sat down on kitchen chairs and a gray-haired poet took the floor.

"The meeting of the committee this morning was to decide on our first production. There was some debate. Miss Hammerton's drama"—he bowed in the direction of the trousered lady—"received serious consideration, but since one of our benefactors is opposed to representations of the class war, we have postponed consideration of Miss Hammerton's powerful play until later."

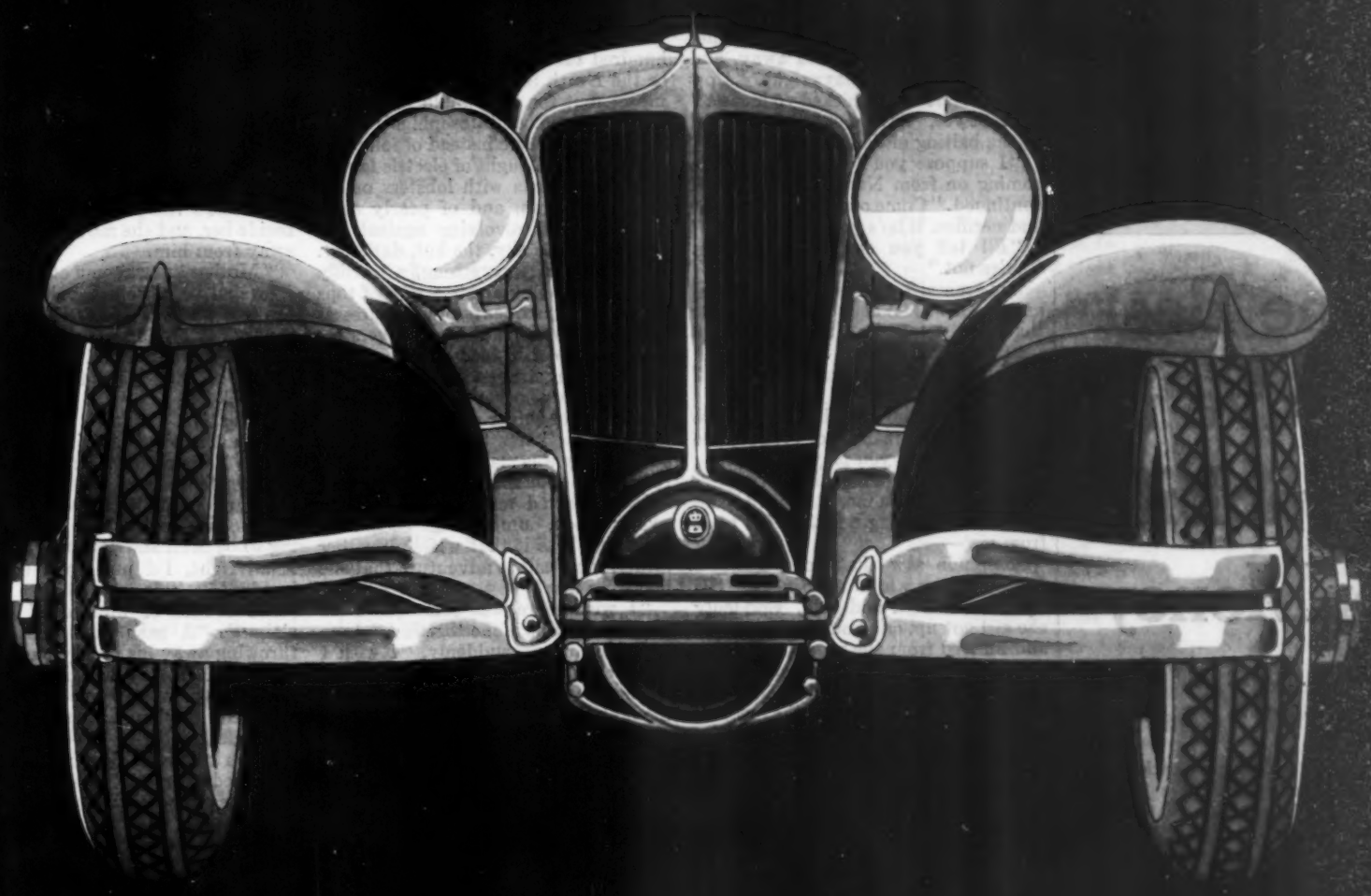
At this point Josephine was startled to hear Miss Hammerton say "Boo!" in a large, angry voice, give a series of groans, varied as if to express the groans of many people—then clap on a soft gray hat and stride angrily from the room.

"Elsie takes it hard," said the chairman. "Unhappily, the benefactor I spoke of, whose identity you have doubtless guessed, is adamant on the subject—a thorough reactionary. So your committee have unanimously voted that our production shall be Race Riot, by John Boynton Bailey."

Josephine gasped congratulations. In the applause the girl with the furtive eyes brought her chair over and sat down beside Josephine.

(Continued on Page 38)

# CORD FRONT DRIVE



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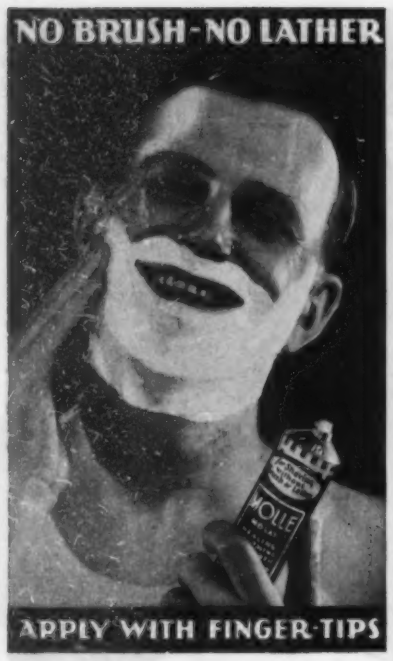


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THE MOLLÉ COMPANY
Bedford, Ohio

MOLLÉ
FOR QUICK EASY SHAVING

(Continued from Page 36)

"You live at Lake Forest," she said challengingly.

"In the summer."

"Do you know Emily Kohl?"

"No, I don't."

"I thought you were from Lake Forest."

"I live at Lake Forest," said Josephine, still pleasantly, "but I don't know Emily Kohl."

Rebuffed only for a moment, the girl continued, "I don't suppose all this means much to you."

"It's a sort of dramatic club, isn't it?" said Josephine.

"Dramatic club! Oh, gosh!" cried the girl. "Did you hear that? She thinks it's a dramatic club, like Miss Pinkerton's school." In a moment her uninfectious laughter died away, and she turned to the playwright. "How about it? Have you picked your cast?"

"Not yet," he said shortly, annoyed at the baiting of Josephine.

"I suppose you'll have Mrs. Fiske coming on from New York," the girl continued. "Come on, we're all on pins and needles. Who's going to be in it?"

"I'll tell you one thing, Evelyn. You're not."

She grew red with astonishment and anger. "Oho! When did you decide that?"

"Some time ago."

"Oho! How about all the lines I gave you for Clare?"

"I'll cut them tonight; there were only three. I'd rather not produce the thing than have you play Clare."

The others were listening now.

"Far be it from me," the girl began, her voice trembling a little, "far be it from me ——"

Josephine saw that John Bailey's face was even whiter than usual. His mouth was hard and cold. Suddenly the girl got up, cried out, "You fool!" and hurried from the room.

With this second temperamental departure a certain depression settled on those remaining; presently the meeting broke up, convoked for next day.

"Let's take a walk," John said to Josephine as they came out into a different afternoon; the heat had lifted with the first breeze from Lake Michigan.

"Let's take a walk," John suggested. "That made me sort of sick—her talking to you like that."

"I didn't like her, but now I'm sorry for her. Who is she?"

"She's a newspaper woman," he answered vaguely. "Listen. How would you like to be in this play?"

"Oh, I couldn't—I've got to be in a play out at the Lake."

"Society stuff," he said, scornfully mimicking: "'Here come the jolly, jolly golfing girls. Maybe they'll sing us a song.' If you want to be in this thing of mine you can have the lead."

"But how do you know I could act?"

"Come on! With that voice of yours? Listen. The girl in the play is like you. This race riot is caused by two men, one black and one white. The black man is fed up with his black wife and in love with a high-yellow girl, and that makes him bitter, see? And the white man married too young and he's in the same situation. When they both get their domestic affairs straightened the race riot dies down, too, see?"

"It's very original," said Josephine breathlessly. "Which would I be?"

"You'd be the girl the married man was in love with."

"Is that the part that girl was going to play?"

"Yes." He frowned, and then added, "She's my wife."

"Oh—you're married?"

"I married young—like the man in my play. In one way it isn't so bad, because neither of us believed in the old-fashioned bourgeois marriage, living in the same apartment and all. She kept her own name. But we got to hate each other anyhow."

After the first shock was over, it did not seem so strange to Josephine that he was married; there had been a day two years before when only the conscientiousness of a rural justice had prevented Josephine from becoming Mrs. Travis de Coppet.

"We all get what's coming to us," he remarked.

They turned up the boulevard, passing the Blackstone, where faint dance music clung about the windows.

On the street the plate glass of a hundred cars, bound for the country or the North Shore, took the burning sunset, but the city would make shift without them, and Josephine's imagination rested here instead of following the cars; she thought of electric fans in little restaurants with lobsters on ice in the windows, and of pearly signs glittering and revolving against the obscure, urban sky, the hot, dark sky. And pervading everything, a terribly strange, brooding mystery of roof tops and empty apartments, of white dresses in the paths of parks, and fingers for stars and faces instead of moons, and people with strange people scarcely knowing one another's names.

A sensuous shiver went over Josephine, and she knew that the fact that John Bailey was married simply added to his attraction for her. Life broke up a little; barred and forbidden doors swung open, unmasking enchanted corridors. Was it that which drew her father, some call to adventure that she had from him?

"I wish there was some place we could go and be alone together," John Bailey said, and suddenly, "I wish I had a car."

But they were already alone, she thought. She had spun him out a background now that was all his—the summer streets of the city. They were alone here; when he kissed her, finally, they would be less alone. That would be his time; this was hers. Their mutually clinging arms pulled her close to his tall side.

A little later, sitting in the back of a movie with the yellow clock in the corner creeping fatally toward six, she leaned into the hollow of his rounded shoulder and his cool white cheek bent down to hers.

"I'm letting myself in for a lot of suffering," he whispered. She saw his black eyes thinking in the darkness and met them reassuringly with hers.

"I take things pretty hard," he went on. "And what in hell could we ever be to each other?"

She didn't answer. Instead she let the familiar lift and float and flow of love close around them, pulling him back from his far-away uniqueness with the pressure of her hand.

"What will your wife think if I take that part in your play?" she whispered.

At the same moment Josephine's wayward parent was being met by her mother at the Lake Forest Station.

"It's deathly hot in town," he said. "What a day!"

"Did you see her?"

"Yes, and after one look I took her to the La Grange for lunch. I wanted to preserve a few shreds of my reputation."

"Is it settled?"

"Yes. She's agreed to leave Will alone and stop using his name for three hundred a month for life. I wired your highly discriminating brother in Hawaii that he can come home."

"Poor Will," sighed Mrs. Perry.

### III

THREE days later, in the cool of the evening, Josephine spoke to her father as he came out on the veranda.

"Daddy, do you want to back a play?"

"I never thought about it. I'd always thought I'd like to write one. Is Jenny McRae's vaudeville on the rocks?"

Josephine ticked impatiently with her tongue. "I'm not even going to be in the vaudeville. I'm talking about an attempt to do something fine. What I want to ask is: What would be your possible objections to backing it?"

"My objections?"

"What would they be?"

"You haven't given me time to drum up any."

"I should think you'd want to do something decent with your money."

"What's the play?" He sat down beside her, and she moved just slightly away from him.

"Mother knows some of the patronesses and it's absolutely all right. But the man who was going to be the backer is very narrow and wants to make a lot of changes that would ruin the whole thing; so they want to find another backer."

"What's it about?"

"Oh, the play's all right, don't you worry," she assured him. "The man that wrote it is still alive, but the play is a part of English literature."

He considered. "Well, if you're going to be in it, and your mother thinks it all right, I'd put up a couple of hundred."

"A couple of hundred!" she exclaimed. "A man who goes around throwing away his money like you do! They need at least a thousand."

"Throwing away my money?" he repeated. "What on earth are you talking about?"

"You know what I'm talking about." It seemed to her that he winced slightly, that his voice was uncertain as he said:

"If you mean the way we live, it doesn't seem quite tactful to reproach me about that."

"I don't mean that." Josephine hesitated; then without premeditation took a sudden plunge into blackmail: "I should think you'd rather not have me soil my hands by discussing ——"

Mrs. Perry's footsteps sounded in the hall, and Josephine rose quickly. The car rolled up the drive.

"I hope you'll go to bed early," her mother said.

"Lillian and some kids are coming over."

Josephine and her father exchanged a short, hostile glance before the machine drove off.

It was a harvest night, bright enough to read by. Josephine sat on the veranda steps listening to the tossing of sleepless birds, the rattle of a last dish in the kitchen, the sad siren of the Chicago-Milwaukee train. Composed and tranquil, she sat waiting for the telephone; he could not see her there, so she saw herself for him—it was almost the same.

She considered the immediate future in all its gorgeous possibilities—the first night, with the audience whispering: "Do you realize that's the Perry girl?" With the final curtain, tumultuous applause and herself, with arms full of flowers, leading forth a tall, sky

(Continued on Page 40)

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(Continued from Page 38)

young man who would say: "I owe it all to her." And Mrs. McRae's furious face in the audience, and the remorseful face of Miss Brereton, of the Brereton School, who happened to be in town. "Had I but known her genius, I wouldn't have acted as I did." Comments jubilant and uproarious from every side: "The greatest young actress on the American stage!"

Then the move to a larger theater; great, staring, electric letters, JOSEPHINE PERRY in RACE RIOT. "No, father, I'm not going back to school. This is my education and my debut." And her father's answer:

"Well, little girl, I'll have to admit it was a lucky speculation for me to put up that money."

If the figure of John Bailey became a little dim during the latter part of this reverie, it was because the reverie itself opened out to vaguer and vaguer horizons, to return always to that opening night from which it started once more.

Lillian, Travis and Ed came, but she was hardly aware of them, listening for the telephone. They sat, as they had so often, in a row on the steps, surrounded, engulfed, drowned in summer. But they were growing up and the pattern was breaking; they were absorbed in secret destinies of their own, no matter how friendly their voices or how familiar their laughter in the silence. Josephine's boredom with a discussion of the tournament turned to irascibility; she told Travis de Coppet that he smelled of onions.

"I won't eat any onions when we rehearse for the vaudeville," he said.

"You won't be rehearsing with me, because I'm not being in it. I've got a little tired of 'Here come the jolly golfing girls. Hurray!'"

The phone rang and she excused herself.

"Are you alone?"

"There're some people here—that I've known all my life."

"Don't kiss anybody. I don't mean that—go kiss anybody you want to."

"I don't want to." She felt her own lips' warmth in the mouthpiece of the phone.

"I'm out in a pay station. She came up to my room in a crazy humor and I got out."

Josephine didn't answer; something went out of her when he spoke of his wife.

When she went back on the porch her guests, sensing her abstraction, were on their feet.

"No. We want to go. You bore us too."

Her parent's car pursued Ed's around the circular drive. Her father motioned that he wanted to see her alone.

"I didn't quite understand about my spending my money. Is this a Socialist bunch?"

"I told you that mother knew some of the ——"

"But who is it you know? The fellow who wrote the play?"

"Yes."

"Where did you meet him?"

"Just around."

"He asked you to raise the money?"

"No."

"I'd certainly like to have a talk with him before you go into this any further. Invite him out to luncheon Saturday?"

"All right," she agreed unwillingly. "If you don't taunt him about his poverty and his ragged clothes."

"What a thing to accuse me of!"

It was with a deep uneasiness that, next Saturday, Josephine drove her roadster to the station. She was relieved to see that he had had a haircut, and he looked very big and powerful and distinguished among the tennis crowd as he got off the train. But finding him nervous, she drove around Lake Forest for half an hour.

"Whose house is that?" he kept asking. "Who are these two people you just spoke to?"

"Oh, I don't know; just somebody. There'll be nobody at lunch but the family and a boy named Howard Page I've known for years."

"These boys you've known for years," he sighed. "Why wasn't I one?"

"But you don't want to be that. You want to be the best writer in the world."

In the Perrys' living room John Bailey stared at a photograph of bridesmaids at her sister's wedding the previous summer. Then Howard Page, a junior at New Haven, arrived, and they talked of the tennis: Mrs. McRae's nephew had done brilliantly and was conceded a chance in the finals this afternoon. When Mrs. Perry came downstairs, just before luncheon, John Bailey could not help turning his back on her suddenly and walking up and down to pretend he was at home. He knew in his heart he was better than these people, and he couldn't bear that they should not know it.

The maid called him to the telephone, and Josephine overheard him say, "I can't help it. You have no right to call me here." It was because of the existence of his wife that she had not let him kiss her, but had fitted him, instead, into her platonic reverie, which should endure until Providence set him free.

At luncheon she was relieved to see John Bailey and her father take a liking to each other. John was expert and illuminating about the race riots, and she saw how thin and meager Howard Page was beside him.

Again John Bailey was summoned to the phone; this time he left the room with an exclamation, said three words into the mouthpiece and hung up with a sharp click.

Back at table, he whispered to Josephine: "Will you tell the maid to say I'm gone if she calls again?"

Josephine was in argument with her mother: "I don't see the use of coming out if I could be an actress instead."

"Why should she come out?" her father agreed. "Hasn't she done enough rushing around?"

"But certainly she's to finish school. There's a course in dramatic art and every year they give a play."

"What do they give?" demanded Josephine scornfully. "Shakspere or something like that! Do you realize there are at least a dozen poets right here in Chicago that are better than Shakspere?"

John Bailey demurred with a laugh. "Oh, no. One maybe."

"I think a dozen," insisted the eager convert.

"In Billy Phelps' course at Yale——" began Howard Page, but Josephine said vehemently:

"Anyhow, I don't think you ought to wait till people are dead before you recognize them. Like mother does."

"I do no such thing," objected Mrs. Perry. "Did I say that, Howard?"

"In Billy Phelps' course at Yale——" began Howard again, but this time Mr. Perry interrupted:

"We're getting off the point. This young man wants my daughter in his play. If there's nothing disgraceful in the play I don't object."

"In Billy ——"

"But I don't want Josephine in anything where there are black and white actors. Nothing sordid."

"Sordid!" Josephine glared at him. "Don't you think there are plenty of sordid things right here in Lake Forest, for instance?"

"But they don't touch you," her father said.

"Don't they, though?"

"No," he said firmly. "Nothing sordid touches you. If it does, then it's your own fault." He turned to John Bailey. "I understand you need money."

John flushed. "We do. But don't think ——"

"That's all right. We've stood behind the opera here for many years and I'm not afraid of things simply because they're new. We know some women on your committee and I don't suppose they'd stand for any nonsense. How much do you need?"

"About two thousand dollars."

"Well, you raise half and I'll raise half—on three conditions: First, no Negroes; second, my name kept entirely out of it and my daughter's name not played up in any way; third, you assure me personally that she doesn't play any questionable part or have any speeches to make that might offend her mother."

John Bailey considered. "That last is a large order," he said. "I don't know what would offend her mother. There wouldn't be any cursing to do, for instance. There's not a bit in the whole damn play."

He flushed slowly at their laughter.

"Nothing sordid is going to touch Josephine unless she steps into it herself," said Mr. Perry.

"I see your point," John Bailey said.

Lunch was over. For some moments Mrs. Perry had been glancing toward the hall, where some loud argument was taking place.

"Shall we ——"

They had scarcely crossed the threshold of the living room when the maid appeared, followed by a local personage in a vague uniform of executive blue.

"Hello, Mr. Kelly. You going to take us into custody?"

Kelly hesitated awkwardly. "Is there a Mr. Bailey?"

John, who had wandered off, swung about sharply. "What?"

"There's an important message for you. They've been trying to get you here, but they couldn't, so they telephoned the constable—that's me." He beckoned him, and then, talking to him, tried at the same time to urge him, with nods of his head, toward the privacy of outdoors; his voice, though lowered, was perfectly audible to everybody in the room.

"The St. Anthony's Hospital—your wife slashed both her wrists and turned the gas on—they want you as soon as you can get there." The voice pitched higher as they went through the door: "They don't know yet —— If there's no train, you can get a car ——" They were both outside now, walking fast down the path. Josephine saw John trip and grasp clumsily at the hedge that bordered the gate, and then go on with great strides toward the constable's flivver. The constable was running to keep up with him.

### IV

AFTER a few minutes, when John Bailey's trouble had died away in the distance, they all stopped being stunned and behaved like people again. Mr. and Mrs. Perry were panicky as to

(Continued on Page 42)

# RIDE A BIKE

## "The kid that gets that bike will sure be proud of his dad!"

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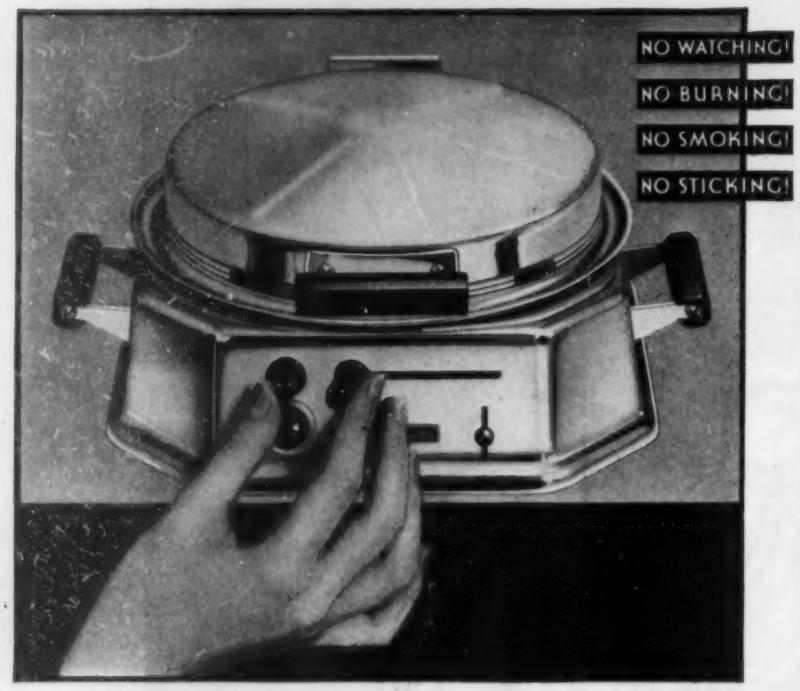
# Here's That *New* Waffle-Iron That Makes Waffles *Automatically!*




***The Latest Invention of the Makers of the Famous Toastmaster, This Utterly New-Type Waffle Baker Takes the Muss and Fuss Out of Waffle Making.***

HERE now is that utterly new-type waffle-iron that makes waffles *automatically!* That banishes all the guesswork; all the burn, stick and bother from waffle making.

It comes as another unique electrical invention from the people who invented automatic toastmaking—from the inventors of the famous Toastmaster.

It is called the *Waffle-Master*, is completely automatic *and makes waffles entirely without the use of grease.*

*All You Do Is Set A Lever*

All you do is set a lever. When the iron is at just the right heat for the batter, a tiny red signal *tells you* that it is.

Then you pour in the batter, close the iron—*and forget about it!*

When the waffle is done—done to just the marvelously golden brown you want—the signal light changes again to *tell you* that it's done.

You don't open the iron, or even think about it, from the time you pour in the batter to the time you are signalled that the waffle is done.

No watching. No burning. No sticking. No underdone waffles. The whole operation is automatic.

*Won't Stick—Won't Burn*

Another important point is that WAFFLES cooked in this device *will not* stick. Yet—you use no grease.

Another is, that waffles *will not* burn. For when one is done, the Waffle-Master turns the current down from "high" to "low" heat *automatically.*

You can take the waffle out, or leave it in to keep it hot, just as you like.

*See The Waffle-Master*

If you like waffles, but have had bother making them—see the Waffle-Master. You, like thousands of others, will call it wonderful.

Now on display at most stores carrying electrical devices throughout the United States and Canada.

WAFFLE-MASTER
A TOASTMASTER PRODUCT

*Makes Waffles Automatically*

WATERS-GENTER COMPANY
219 N. Second St., Minneapolis, Minn.

*A Division of* 282-T
McGRAW ELECTRIC COMPANY


(Continued from Page 40)

how far Josephine was involved; then they became angry at John Bailey for coming there with disaster hanging over him.

Mr. Perry demanded: "Did you know he was married?"

Josephine was crying; her mouth was drawn; he looked away from her.

"They lived separately," she whispered.

"She seemed to know he was out here."

"Of course he's a newspaperman," said her mother, "so he can probably keep it out of the papers. Or do you think you ought to do something, Herbert?"

"I was just wondering."

Howard Page got up awkwardly, not wanting to say he was now going to the tennis finals. Mr. Perry went to the door and talked earnestly for a few minutes, and Howard nodded.

Half an hour passed. Several callers drifted by in cars, but received word that no one was at home. Josephine felt something throbbing on the heat of the summer afternoon; and at first she thought it was pity and then remorse, but finally she knew what the throbbing was. "I must push this thing away from me," it said; "this thing must not touch me. I hardly met his wife. He told me ——"

And now John Bailey began slipping away. Who was he but a chance encounter, someone who had spoken to her a week before about a play he had written? He had nothing to do with her.

At four o'clock Mr. Perry went to the phone and called St. Anthony's Hospital; only when he asked for an official whom he knew did he get the information: In the actual face of death, Mrs. Bailey had phoned for the police, and it now seemed that they had reached her in time. She had lost blood, but barring complications ——

Now, in the relief, the parents grew angry with Josephine as with a child who has toddled under galloping horses.

"What I can't understand is why you should have to know people like that. Is it necessary to go into the back streets of Chicago?"

"That young man had no business here," her father thundered grimly, "and he knew it."

"But who was he?" wailed Mrs. Perry.

"He told me he was a descendant of Charlemagne," said Josephine.

Mr. Perry grunted. "Well, we want no more of Charlemagne's descendants here. Young people had better stay with their own kind until they can distinguish one from another. You let married men alone."

But now Josephine was herself again. She stood up, her eyes hardening.

"Oh, you make me sick," she cried—"a married man! As if there weren't a lot of married men who met other women besides their wives."

Unable to bear another scene, Mrs. Perry withdrew. Once she was out of hearing, Josephine came out into the open at last: "You're a fine one to talk to me."

"Now look here; you said that the other night, and I don't like it now any better than I did then. What do you mean?"

"I suppose you've never been to lunch with anybody at the La Grange Hotel."

"The La Grange ——" The truth broke over him slowly. "Why ——" He began laughing. Then he swore suddenly, and going quickly to the foot of the stairs, called his wife.

"You sit down," he said to Josephine. "I'm going to tell you a story."

Half an hour later Miss Josephine Perry left her house and set off for the tennis tournament. She wore one of the new autumn gowns with the straight line, but having a looped effect at the sides of the skirt, and fluffy white cuffs. Some people she met just outside the stands told her that Mrs. McRae's nephew was weakening to the veteran, and this started her thinking of Mrs. McRae and of her decision about the vaudeville with a certain regret. People would think it odd if she wasn't in it.

There was a sudden burst of wild clapping as she went in; the tournament was over. The crowd was swarming around victor and vanquished in the central court, and gravitating with it, she was swept by an eddy to the very front of it, until she was face to face with Mrs. McRae's nephew himself. But she was equal to the occasion. With her most sad and melting smile, as if she had hoped for him from day to day, she held out her hand and spoke to him in her clear, vibrant voice:

"We are all awfully sorry."

For a moment, even in the midst of the excited crowd, a hushed silence fell. Modestly, conscious of her personality, Josephine backed away, aware that he was staring after her, his mouth stupidly open, aware of a burst of laughter around her. Travis de Coppet appeared beside her.

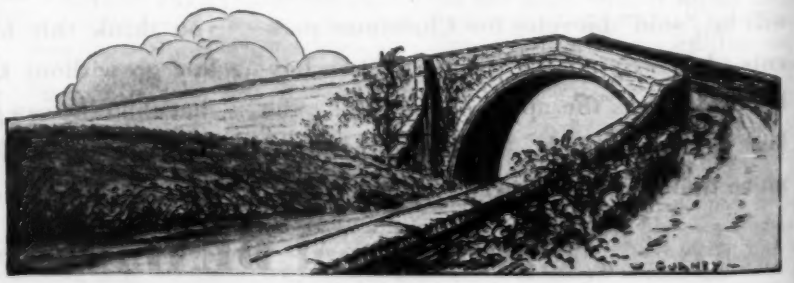
"Well, of all the nuts!" he cried.

"What's the matter? What ——"

"Sorry! Why, he won! It was the greatest come-back I ever saw."

So, at the vaudeville, Josephine sat with her family after all. Looking around during the show, she saw John Bailey standing in the rear. He looked very sad, and she felt very sorry, realizing that he had come in hopes of a glimpse of her. He would see, at least, that she was not up there on the stage debasing herself with such inanities.

Then she caught her breath as the lights changed, the music quickened and at the head of the steps, Travis de Coppet in white-satin football suit swung into the spotlight a shimmering blonde in a dress of autumn leaves. It was Madelaine Danby, and it was the rôle Josephine would have played. With the warm rain of intimate applause, Josephine decided something: That any value she might have was in the immediate, shimmering present—and thus thinking, she threw in her lot with the rich and powerful of this world forever.



Reckless soldier of fortune, Gary Cooper. Adolphe Menjou, sophisticate, man of the world. A flaming café beauty, Marlene Dietrich... mysterious, alluring, dangerous as the Sahara." Morocco," the turbulent story of these three.

# "MOROCCO"

*with*

**GARY COOPER ° MARLENE DIETRICH ° ADOLPHE MENJOU**

Directed by
**JOSEF VON STERNBERG**

*Adapted by Jules Furthman. From the play "Amy Jolly" by Benno Vigny.*

In "Morocco" Paramount presents the continental star, Marlene Dietrich, whose ravishing beauty and exotic personality will electrify all who come under her spell. Another not-to-be-missed Paramount Picture, "best show in town."

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION. ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK

XUM

# The surprise radio of the year!

# PHILCO BABY GRAND $49.50 less tubes

## ... a bigger performing radio than its thousands of new owners expected

7 tubes (3 Screen Grid) Genuine Electro-Dynamic Speaker, built-in Walnut Cabinet, 16 ins. wide; 17¾ ins. high; (Sold with 7 Philco Balanced Tubes)

PHILCO Baby Grand and Baby Grand Console are *bigger performing* radios than many sets selling at two and three times the money.

What do we mean by "big performance"? Simply this: Philco Baby Grands have the gorgeous, life-like *tone* characteristic of the whole Philco family. They have Philco Balanced Units, eliminating radio distortion.

PHILCO
BABY GRAND CONSOLE

Same wonderful chassis. 7 tube, screen grid. Beautiful cabinet of American Black Walnut and Bird's-Eye Maple, African Zebra Wood trim; 33¾ ins. high; 19 ins. wide; 10¾ ins. deep... $69.50 less tubes

Sold with 7 Philco Balanced Tubes

Baby Grands are *highly selective.* Acutely sensitive. Almost magically they pick out the stations you want, even at considerable distance. And there is no cross-talk.

They are, in fact, the *first* full-fledged, big-toned, big-performing 7-tube, push-pull electro-dynamic speaker, Screen Grid radios ever produced in compact form—and at such prices!

When these Baby Grands were announced we promised quality. The surprise of it is that the sets turned out to be *even better than their new owners dared to hope.* Naturally, they jumped into enormous popularity. Literally tens of thousands are being sold every week. For your first set, or as an extra set in the home, you can't do better than have a Philco Baby Grand.

Your nearest Philco dealer also offers a complete line of Philco Radios in beautiful Consoles, Lowboys and Highboys from $95 to $145; Radio-Phonograph at $198 and Concert Grand Radio-Phonograph, $350. All prices less tubes; slightly higher in Canada, Denver and West. And enjoy radio as you ride. Transitone Automobile Radio now is sold by all Philco Dealers.

**PHILCO**
**BALANCED-UNIT RADIO**

Radio's Great Musical Event—Christmas Day

**LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI *and* THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA**

in a wonderful Philco Symphonic Concert

Stokowski, genius of the baton, astonished the radio world with his new broadcasting method in his Philco concerts this fall. It is safe to say that *millions* listened to the great music of the masters projected with a clarity and beauty and balance that marked new high peaks in radio entertainment. In his own words, "This progressive step (in broadcasting technic) is the first of several necessary to make the broadcasting of an orchestra ... not only equal, but musically more eloquent than the same music in the concert hall."

***Tune In:*** Christmas Day, 4 to 5 p. m. Eastern Standard Time. Watch Radio Page of Your Newspaper for Your Local Time and Station, NBC Network.

PHILCO, PHILADELPHIA, PA.
*Makers of the famous Philco Radio, Diamond Grid Battery for Motor Cars, Telephones, Farm Lighting, Motive Power, Auxiliary Power, etc., etc.*
IN CANADA: PHILCO PRODUCTS, LTD., TORONTO

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING AND MOST COMPLETE RADIO LINE

TWO GREAT LITTLE STARS

**MITZI GREEN,** FEATURED IN THE PARAMOUNT PICTURE **"TOM SAWYER,"** AND PHILCO BABY GRAND ... *When Mitzi Green, child wonder of the screen, goes on the air, a radio set whose units are but* partially *balanced can only bring you the* distorted tone *pictured at the left. With Philco's exact balancing of all units in the set, you get the true, clear,* undistorted *tone pictured at the right*

# CHAMP

(Continued from Page 31)

"He ought to get plenty of work all right."

"He will. And the swell part of it is, I don't have to pick 'em for Bat. He's a natural-born scrapper, that guy. There's no use tryin' to change his style much."

"Can he take it?" Eddie asked.

"Take it!" Olson chortled. "Listen, Eddie, you couldn't stop that egg with a taxicab. I don't think he feels a punch at all. All he does is sail in an' hit till somethin' drops. Outside of that, he's got no defense at all, an' I think we'd spoil him if we tried to teach him one."

"Yeah?"

"Sure. He keeps a guy so busy blockin' punches that he don't need much of a defense."

"I suppose so," Eddie answered thoughtfully. "Of course, if he keeps that up, Oley, in a few years he'll be slug-nutty."

Olson shrugged. "You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, Eddie."

"Anyway," Eddie asked, "who wants a silk purse?"

Silence fell between them and the quizzical light returned to Olson's eyes. From previous association Eddie had learned that this mood in the manager presaged developments of interest. He waited.

"So Parsons wants to see you and Bat matched up, eh?" Olson mused at long last.

"Yeah."

The manager puffed his cigarette again and inhaled deeply, let the smoke seep through his nostrils as he breathed. "That'd be a great card," he muttered.

"I'd fight him," Eddie snapped.

"He's a pretty good fighter, kid. He might even be another Mazo."

"I don't care. I'm not so bad."

"He's a natural hitter. He hooks now like Mazo used to."

"He's only got two hands. I got the same number."

"I know. But don't get this guy wrong. Mebbe I've stumbled into a mint of money, kid. Take my advice an' lay off this Bradford."

"I'll fight anybody they sign up," Eddie answered simply.

"I guess you needn't worry. Tommy and Scale Murphy'll never sign you up with Bat. They're too smart for that."

Eddie rose and paced the floor slowly. "I got to be going," he said.

"Yeah, you don't want to lose sleep."

"There's something on your mind, Oley. What is it?"

"When did Tommy sign up for the Scripps bout?" Olson asked suddenly.

"I don't know. He just mentioned it tonight when Parsons spoke to us."

Olson laughed. "You don't fall for that stuff, do you?"

"Fall for what stuff?"

"You ain't signed with Scripps," the manager scoffed. "They been holding that Scripps bout back. If they'd had their way, you'd knock over three or four more stumble bums an' then they'd charged tops for you an' Scripps."

"I don't know," Eddie shrugged. "I never know who Tommy's dickering with. I just take 'em as they come."

"I suppose so," Olson returned thoughtfully.

"Why should they push the Scripps bout ahead?" Eddie asked.

Olson turned and faced him squarely. "Why?" he asked. "That's a cinch, kid. Just to get you out of fightin' Battlin' Bradford. They own you, see? I own Bradford. They'll spend plenty of dough makin' a champion out of you, an' it's a lead-pipe cinch they ain't goin' to take any unnecessary chances on you. They know Bradford can beat you, kid. He's the kind of a fighter that shows up once in a lifetime. Whether you like him or whether you don't cuts no ice. He's what he is, an' they know as well as I do what he is."

He stopped and puffed his cigarette again, and this time the smoke filtered through a smile. Then he said, "An' I own him. Understand, kid? I got him signed up for five years."

"That's good," Eddie said quietly. "I hope you make a lot of dough, Oley. I hope he does develop into another Mike Mazo."

"If he don't double-cross me I will make plenty."

"How could he double-cross you? You got him signed, haven't you?"

"Sure. But he's only twenty years old. He won't be twenty-one for four months."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"He's a minor," Olson answered. "The contract ain't bindin'."

"Oh, yeah?"

"Yeah. Of course, I had his father sign it too."

"Then that makes it safe enough," Eddie said, relief in his voice.

"Not if he wants to cross me, kid. You see, his old man's signature only lasts four months. Then the law says he's old enough to sign his own contract. If he wants to be a skunk he can repudiate his father's signature an' get out of what he signed as a minor. In exactly four months that guy can sign a new contract with anybody he wants. Of course, I got his word of honor that he'll sign with me. But you know how them things go."

"He'd certainly be a skunk if he didn't sign with you, Oley."

"Yeah, he would. I guess he'll sign all right."

"He will if he's got any brains. You're a good manager, and honest too."

"He ain't got any brains," Olson returned instantly. "Not a brain in his head, except when he's in the ring."

"I wouldn't worry about it, Oley."

"I ain't. But don't let on that I said anythin'. I'm going to try to rush him upcountry for four months an' bring him back after he signs a new contract."

"That's a good idea. No wise guys would talk him into things up there."

"Yeah. Keep this under your hat now, kid. I say I ain't worried, but I am. With the money Scale Murphy an' his mob have to work with, they can do damn near everythin' they please."

"They're not so hot." Eddie nodded sympathetically.

Suddenly Olson laughed. "They're plenty crooked," he said. "But I got to hand it to 'em for bein' smart. That manager of yours thinks on his feet. The only out he had with Parsons was to push this Scripps fight ahead, an' he did that pretty. I hand it to him."

Eddie smiled and put on his hat. As he reached for the door knob, "Yeah, I hand it to him. But I wish I knew just what was in his mind. You can never tell about a bird like that."

### XV

THE next morning's papers announced the Scripps-Riton bout. They openly stated that it was disappointing to many to find that Riton and Scripps must fight before the two young sensations Riton and Bradford could be brought together in the squared circle. However, due to the efforts of the publicity man of the Manazita Club, Battling Bradford had not entirely stolen the press notices of the fights held the preceding night.

They spoke of him as a new phenomenon; the sort of fighter who, in a single battle, wins his way to the vanguard of public admiration. They described his mighty torso and his flailing arms. They spoke of his sinuous muscles and the manner in which he crouched at ring center, awaiting only the possibilities of an opening. Most of all, they spoke of his mighty punch and brought to the attention of their readers the fact that Riton and Bradford had used the man Fetter as an experiment and through this experiment disclosed each his own terrific hitting power.

When they wrote of the main event, which was the fight between Billy Walton and Eddie Riton, they stressed particularly Riton's dazzling speed and the fact that he had been able to lay low his opponent with a left hook. But for the first time in many, many months an unknown preliminary fighter shared in the publicity equally with a popular favorite. Battling Bradford had suddenly come from obscurity to the pinnacle of his profession, and the newspapers had no hesitancy in pointing out that sooner or later the natural demand of the fans would render a bout between the two mandatory.

Eddie received payment for his fight with Walton that following afternoon. Immediately he and Betty Stanton went to a motor-car salesroom and selected a roadster, which Eddie purchased. There was considerable excitement and pleasure in this process. They bought the car from stock and it was delivered to them in the course of an hour. The two managed to take a drive into the country that afternoon and Betty inquired about the coming battle with Scripps.

"I never even knew we were matched," Eddie told her. "But there is nothing strange about that, because I don't care who I fight. All matches are up to Tommy. Whoever he signs up, I go in the ring with."

"Who is this Battling Bradford?" the girl queried suddenly.

"He's a new fighter picked up by my old manager, Oley Olson. He's a big fellow all right, and, I guess, pretty tough."

"The papers say you will have to be fighting him very soon."

"That's all right with me."

They talked then of the new car and weighed its merits with particular care.

"We can have a lot of rides like this," Eddie ventured after a period of silence.

"I love it," the girl admitted. "It's so nice to get out of the city."

It being the day following a fight, Eddie did not go to the gymnasium that afternoon and so was free until time to take Betty to the theater. They rode some distance and stopped for dinner on their return to the city, Eddie landing the girl at the stage door in ample time for her performance.

Left to his own devices for the evening, he strolled to the Manazita Club and into the office of Scale Murphy. He was usually certain of finding a few of the select there, and he liked to hear their gossip, which frequently hinged

(Continued on Page 48)


GIVE YOUR TOOTH PASTE

PROXY

TO HER

•

You may be the head of the house in the census sense, but when it comes to buying tooth paste, the chances are that you are not!

For women, wives and mothers, buy about 84% of all the tooth paste, and mere man uses what he finds on the bathroom shelf.

Thousands of women, of course, choose Ipana for its outstanding virtues, but on the off chance that your fair provider is buying something else, we submit, for your wife's approval, these three cogent statements:

**1** **Ipana does more than clean the teeth. It tones and stimulates the gums.**

**2** **If your toothbrush ever "shows pink", massage and Ipana will remedy the condition; for Ipana contains ziratol, a preparation well known and long used by the profession for its efficiency in toning and invigorating tender gum tissue.**

**3** **Ipana has a splendid taste. It gives an instant and lasting feeling of cleanliness!**

•

Modern and scientific in formula and effect, Ipana's use is a wise precaution in this day of widespread gum disorders. Whiter teeth; firmer, healthier gums are the rewards for its faithful use!

Please hand the coupon to your wife!

*Madame, my vote . . .*

I have reason to believe that Ipana is a better and more modern tooth paste. The next time you make a shopping expedition will you, on my behalf, buy one tube of

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

*Signed*_____

# YOU SAVE IN MANY WAYS WHEN YOU BUY A FORD

LOW FIRST COST is just one advantage of buying a Ford. Of even greater importance is the saving in the cost of operation and up-keep. As the months and years go by, this saving will total many dollars.

The economy of the Ford is due to its simplicity of design, high quality of materials, and accuracy in manufacturing and assembling. Every part has been made to endure—to serve you faithfully and well for many thousands of miles.

Ford owners everywhere will tell you of the economy, reliability and good performance of the new Ford. A salesman who travels long distances daily by automobile writes:

"I purchased a Model A Ford Coupe on May 8, 1928, and at this writing have run it 75,888 miles. After I had driven 44,400 miles, I spent $45 in repairs and at 61,000 miles had an additional amount of work done costing $25. I have never had the brakes relined. My tire mileage has averaged better than 18,000 miles."

Another Ford owner tells of traveling more than 24,000 miles in a year and says "the only parts expense was 75c for a shock-absorber link and 50c for a new rubber for the windshield wiper."

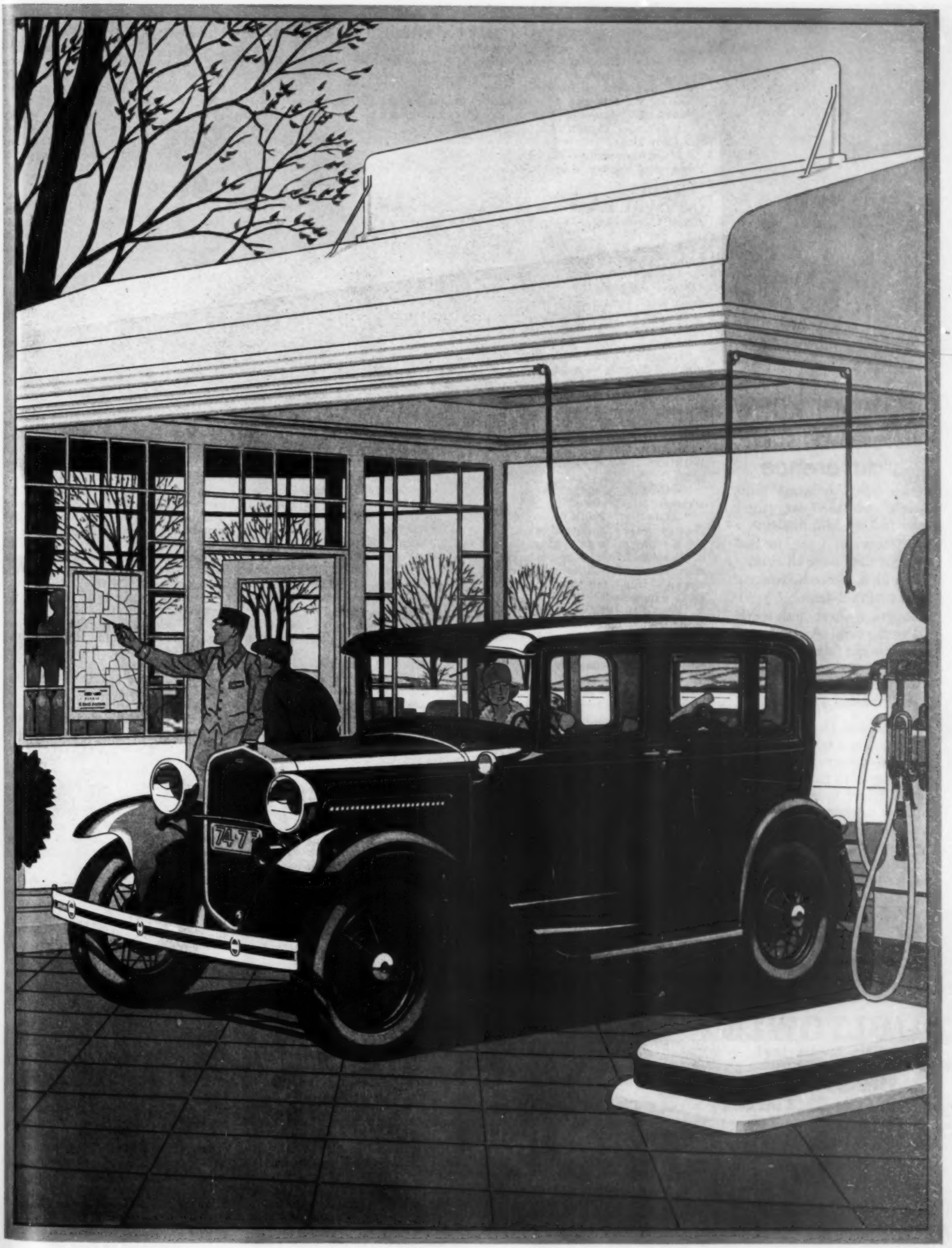
A total of 39,721 miles is reported by a Ford owner on 1685 gallons of gasoline. Another Ford owner, describing a 13,000-mile trip across the continent and back by way of Calgary and Banff, writes: "We were amazed at the performance of the Ford. We drove constantly at fifty miles an hour and averaged better than twenty miles per gallon of gasoline.

"Not counting the day at Grand Canyon, we drove home to New York from Los Angeles in just eight days. The car was extremely economical to operate, comfortable and speedy."

Large industrial companies which keep accurate cost records are buying more and more Ford cars every year because of their proved economy of operation and up-keep. Many of these have fleets of fifty, one hundred and two hundred Ford cars and trucks. One large corporation operates more than eight thousand. The experience of these careful buyers is a dependable guide for you to follow in the purchase of an automobile.

## NEW FORD TOWN SEDAN

*Many features combine to make the new Ford a value far above the price. In addition to low first cost and economy of operation, they are —quick acceleration . . . 55 to 65 miles an hour . . . ease of control . . . Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield . . . fully enclosed four-wheel brakes . . . four Houdaille double-acting hydraulic shock absorbers . . . more than twenty ball and roller bearings . . . aluminum pistons . . . chrome silicon alloy valves . . . chrome alloy transmission gears and shafts . . . choice of colors . . . rich, long-wearing upholstery . . . bright, enduring Rustless Steel for many exterior metal parts.*


74-7

# He never knew —there was such a difference

He knew that the word "automobile" included everything from 1920 to 1931 models.

But "towels" . . . . he had thought they were all alike.

Then he made comparisons. And what a difference!

DUBLTOWLS—soft and soothing to the skin! A fibre towel that feels like fabric! So much more absorbent that the careless waste of towels was eliminated from his washrooms.

. . .

All who use DUBLTOWLS accept them as a finer, more satisfying towel service. They are replacing cloth towels and ordinary paper towels in thousands of washrooms—because considerate employers respect the comfort of employes and recognize in DUBLTOWLS a far greater towel value.

*Return the coupon — for free samples and full information.*

BAY WEST

**MOSINEE**

**DUBLTOWLS**

The Fibre Towels that Feel like Fabric

Each DUBLTOWL is *two* sheets of pure kraft fibre and is 73 times as fast in absorbency as the average paper towel.

*Pin this coupon to your business letter-head and mail today.*

BAY WEST PAPER CO., Green Bay, Wisconsin

Tell us more about DUBLTOWLS and send free samples.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

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*(Continued from Page 45)*

upon old-time fights and old-time champions.

Now and then, in natural course, it was possible for him to learn things obviously to his own interest. These things he picked up from the casual gossip of the few men who virtually directed the destinies of pugilism.

This evening, though, Scale Murphy was there alone.

"I see the Scripps match is in," Eddie said, by way of opening a conversation.

"Yeah," Scale grumbled. "We figured we might as well throw you two guys in together an' see where you come out."

"I guess I'll come out all right," Eddie smiled.

"I guess you better," Scale grunted. "If you can't get by Scripps you'll never be no champion."

"I'll get by him all right."

"I hope so."

"I will."

"One thing in your favor, kid," Scale said in a friendly way, "is that you're always in good shape."

"I don't mind training, and I don't do things that get me out of condition."

"Keep yourself right for this. You know Scripps ain't such a bad fighter."

"I boxed him before and beat him. With any kind of luck, I can do it again."

"Well, keep in shape. Be ready for whatever comes along."

"I'll do that," Eddie promised. "By the way, what's the date of this fight?"

"We may make an outdoor show of it," Scale said, in the tone a man uses in referring to information not generally known. "Don't rap that to anybody. But we may do it."

"That'd be swell. An outdoor scrap with Scripps ought to draw quite a little dough."

"That's what we're plannin' on," Scale returned laconically

"Maybe," Eddie said cautiously, "after the Scripps fight, we could sign up with Battling Bradford. That shot ought to bring you in a big gate too."

Scale glanced quickly upward at the fighter. There was a look of inquiry in his eyes; more or less puzzlement.

"What's the matter?" Eddie smiled. "Don't you think I ought to fight Bradford?"

"I suppose," Scale answered noncommittally, "you'll have to fight him sooner or later. But don't let anybody kid you about that bimbo. He can fight. That's the only thing he knows how to do—fight. And when he's in a ring he don't do nothin' else but."

"All of you fellows seem to think I'm always goin' to get a lickin'," Eddie complained. "I'm a pretty fair fighter myself, Scale."

"Yeah," Scale admitted, "pretty fair."

Then he said no more. And for several seconds he and Eddie maintained silence, each waiting for the other to continue.

"Suppose you don't make this an outdoor show?" Eddie asked. "Then what'll the date be?"

"It ain't definitely settled," Scale snapped.

"Did Scripps sign up for the fight without even knowing where or when it was going to be?"

"What are you doin'?" Scale queried angrily. "Startin' out to run our business now? You're lucky to get a chance to fight, no matter what date it comes on."

"I'm not trying to run your business," Eddie answered. "I'm just trying to figure my own end of things."

"Why don't you leave that to Tommy?"

"Sometimes," Eddie smiled, "Tommy figures too close."

"You're startin' out doin' his figgerin' for him too?"

"You guys have changed lately," Eddie said suddenly. "Ever since I kicked because Tommy called me 'punk,' all of you fellows are different. It seems like you're tryin' to start trouble every time I show up."

"Look under your own hat for the answer," Scale answered frankly. "I've seen a lot of you kids come along. Just about the time you get to where you might make a little money, you get such a swelled head nobody can talk to you."

"I haven't got a swelled head."

"I'd like to know what you'd call it."

"Well, it ain't a swelled head."

"What is it?"

"It's nothing. I'm just the same as I always was."

"You are in a pig's ear! The minute you dropped Billy Walton with a left hook, you got important. It was a good punch all right, but it should have swelled Walton's head, not yours."

"I'd like to know what's the matter with everybody," Eddie repeated slowly.

"First of all, find out what's the matter with Eddie Riton," Scale suggested.

"I just want everybody here to know that I'll fight anybody they get for me," Eddie insisted. "I don't have to have my opponents picked. I'm in the fight racket for the money I can get out of it. No matter how tough the fights are, I'll take 'em if they pay enough. I can't see why we don't fight Bradford indoors and then, after I beat him, meet Scripps in an outdoor show. That way we could build up a real big gate."

"Mebbe," Scale sneered, "you'd better put Tommy in the ring and you do the managin', huh?"

Eddie sensed that he would get nowhere in this sort of conversation with the matchmaker. Suspicion grew in his mind. He was rapidly nearing a point where he trusted no one.

Though he continuously told himself that he was in the boxing business merely for the money he found it to pay, the truth of the matter was that he took a considerable pride in his fistic abilities.

Now that he had come to rely upon Betty Stanton to a very marked degree, he found that her opinion of him became increasingly important in his general scheme of things. The girl was proud of him as a fighter. There could be no question about this. And having earned this sizable reward, he knew a deep-seated desire to merit it.

It always rankled in his mind when these supposed wise men of the fight profession looked upon him as a boxer who was fragile. Constant reference by them to the danger of his meeting defeat disturbed his vanity no little. The boy himself, now that importance surrounded him, was quite convinced of his own ability in the ring.

He felt that he was as good a fighter as any other fighter then active in the profession, and, perhaps impelled by ambitions in connection with Linda Belledu, he sought precipitously the bigger matches with their large monetary return.

"Okay, Scale," he said at last. "I'm not tryin' to run your business and I'm not tryin' to interfere with the way Tommy runs mine. It just gives me a pain in the neck when you fellows worry and worry about who is coming along to knock me out from under my hat. I've got confidence in myself, Scale. I don't think any of the fighters around these days are going to have any push-over with me."

"What you think ain't worth a dime," Scale snapped. "But what you do may be worth a million bucks. We'll look out for what you do, an' we don't care what you think. You're just a youngster, Eddie, an' a mighty lucky one at that. If you listen to us an' follow our directions, you can't help but get rich. If you let that swelled head of yours run away with you, you can't help but go broke.

"Don't forget that a prize fighter has only about five or six good years. Durin' that time he's got to make whatever money he gets. About the time that pealike brain of yours gets to vibratin' too fast an' your mind runs into money like an addin' machine, remember that Tommy an' I have been in this racket ever since we legalized it here in this state. If there's an angle in the game we don't know, it's a thousand-to-one shot that you don't even suspect it. Take my advice. Do as you're told, not as you think."

"I'm awful sorry you get me so wrong, Scale," Eddie tried to explain. "Honest, I ain't swell-headed. I got to admit that I'm a little bit sour because everybody calls me 'punk,' but I'm not swell-headed. Whenever I go in there to fight I always do my best. When Tommy told me to knock Walton out with a left hook I did it. Naturally I was proud of that. But Tommy never told me it was a good job. He just sneered at me and called me 'punk.'"

"I'd let the Army, Navy an' Marine Corps sneer right in my kisser," Scale said, "providin' they paid me at the rate you're gettin' paid!"

"Why be so afraid of this Battling Bradford?" Eddie insisted. "He's just a kid. He don't know much about boxing. I feel sure I could stop him now, an' maybe I couldn't six months from now."

"Yeah," Scale grunted, "but what if you couldn't lick him right now? The smartest guys around that ringside don't think you could. We put plenty of dough behind you, youngster, an' why should we take a chance on that, just to build up some bum that Oley Olson picked up by sheer luck? I suppose you'll have to fight him sooner or later, but not until you're champ an' we get our money back!"

At this remark Eddie smiled. It made things perfectly clear to him. They did, of course, intend to make him champion, and they would not deviate in this purpose; at least not until such time as they had milked the process dry of all the money possible. And the beauteous part of this program was that they could not get a dollar without giving Eddie himself fifty cents. He would, therefore, cash in to the extent of half the value of a heavyweight championship of the world, and such a sum as this would leave him independent for life.

Why, then, worry about Battling Bradford? Whether he fought him immediately, while the youngster was still laboring under the penalties of inexperience, or whether he fought him at a later time, when he was more dangerous, was not a source of great concern. By waiting and fighting Bradford as champion, there could be no possibility of Eddie losing the fortune at which he now looked. These thoughts he did not want Scale to recognize.

Accordingly he said: "All I was thinking of, Scale, was the best way to handle things. It boils down to this: After I'm champion, which man would

*(Continued on Page 50)*

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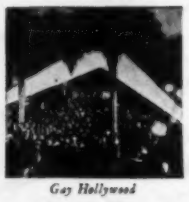

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(Continued from Page 48)

draw the bigger gate against me—Scripps or Battling Bradford?"

"There you go again," Scale snapped testily. "Every time you nose into anythin', it's our end of the business. If you got the brains nature gave a gnat you'll see that your job is the fightin'. If you're smart you'll fight whoever we pick, whenever we pick him. An' you'll leave the rest of it to us."

"Whatever you say, Scale."

"That's what I say."

"I heard you," Eddie smiled. "And it goes."

"I hope so. If you keep on, kid, you're goin' to get both me and Tommy sore on you. That's the trouble with most kids that get to the top all of a sudden. Once they get up there, publicity goes to their skulls an' they forget who put 'em there. Just about the time they do that, they come down with a dull thud."

"I just wanted to understand things," Eddie explained in conciliatory manner.

"Why worry about them?" Scale queried. "It's nothin' to you, is it? You admit all you want to do is fight anybody we get."

"That's right," Eddie nodded.

"Well, then, let us get 'em. Don't you worry about who they are or when they come along. Just take your tip from us, baby, an' you can't miss. When you're in the ring, do exactly as Tommy says. On that basis, you'll get the best of it all the way."

Eddie impulsively held forth his hand and Scale took it with a not too enthusiastic understanding.

"Whatever you say, Scale," Eddie promised again. "I'm going to beat it now, and I'll never talk business with you or Tommy any more. You see, last night I met this Battling Bradford. I went over to Oley Olson's room just to get a look at this new wonder man. He got a little fresh there in the room, and just between you and me, I'd kinda like to fight him now."

"That's just like a kid," Scale scowled. "You'd throw away half a million bucks for a show, an' put it on for nothin' in a hotel room!"

They laughed together at this remark and Eddie again shook hands before he left the matchmaker's office.

Outside, he went to the door of the gymnasium and there met the caretaker under whose watchful eyes he used the gym equipment during his training periods.

"Hello, Eddie," the fellow greeted. "Surprised to see you around here at this time o' night."

"I just dropped in for a chat with Scale," Eddie explained. "I thought maybe Tommy would be here too."

"Nope. Tommy hasn't been in all day long. I guess he's pretty busy, follow'in' the fights last night. That Battling Bradford looks like a tough egg, eh, kid?"

"I guess he's pretty tough, all right," Eddie nodded.

"Tommy told me last night that you are matched with Scripps."

"Yeah, I guess that match is all set."

"You ought to take him all right, Eddie."

"I guess I will."

"I hope so."

"Why, don't you like Scripps?"

"Sure, I like all the boys. But Scripps is all washed up. He was a sucker with what money he did make, Eddie. You don't want to be that way. You know, a kid is champion tonight and a third-rater tomorrow night. All it takes is one belt on the whiskers to change his whole life."

"That's true enough," Eddie agreed.

"Sure it is. An' if a guy don't save money when money is comin' good, what is he goin' to do with himself after he gets that belt on the whiskers?"

"I'm saving my money."

"So I understand."

"You bet I am."

"I hear you bought a car though."

"Well, why not? That didn't cost such a lot of money."

"I allus figgered," the caretaker answered cagily, "that if a fellow saved fifty cents of every dollar he got, it wouldn't be long before he'd be independent."

"I've saved even more than that," Eddie smiled; then: "So you saw Tommy last night after I had left?"

"Yeah, he came up here. I asked him if you would be workin' out today or tomorrow, an' he said no. You were signed up with Scripps, he explained, an' all he wanted you to do was to take about two weeks' light gym work in order to be shaped up for that bout."

"Did he say just when the bout was comin' off?" Eddie asked.

"Nope, he didn't tell me that. He said it would be soon though. I guess they're holdin' off this Battlin' Bradford so you can fight him after you beat Scripps and Flaker. You know, they'll ballyhoo him plenty while you're lickin' the other guys. Then, by that time, you ought to be recognized champion, I guess. The public would pay top dough to see you beat this Battlin' Bradford."

"I guess you got a pretty good angle on things, at that," Eddie nodded. "Anyway, I'm ready to go whenever and wherever the boys say. I think Tommy is the smartest fight manager in the business and I was mighty lucky to get under his wing."

"I guess you were, all right. He's a smart gazabo. He's handled some of the greatest fighters of all times, that Tommy has. And he handled them well too. It's a shame he don't save his money. The race track gets most of what he lays hands on."

"He's a great gambler, ain't he?" Eddie asked.

"I'll say he is! He's the smartest guy in the fight business an' probably makes more money than anyone else in it Then he turns right around an' throws it all away on the other fellow's racket. That's the way a lot of those smart guys are. Why, I remember when Tommy first got in the big dough. It was right after Mike Mazo lost the championship. . . . There was a fighter for you, Eddie! In my judgment, the daddy of 'em all, that Mike Mazo."

The man went into a lengthy narrative about an old-time champion whose name was familiar to Eddie. He told of the manner in which the fighter had risen to championship heights and exacted from his activities a sizable fortune. Then he related what happened to the fortune, and so Eddie was acquainted first-hand with the sad story of many a ring hero of days gone by.

It came to him that this friendly caretaker of the gymnasium probably had some sort of a comparable past of his own and through friendship was indicating to the rising youngster the pitfalls over which he must tread, and into which many a better man, as his predecessor, had fallen. Here was the most effective kind of advice, with dire object lessons offering indisputable corroboration.

Eddie spent perhaps half an hour or more talking there in the semilighted gymnasium. Then he turned and strolled again along the narrow hall toward the rear exit which was used as

(Continued on Page 52)

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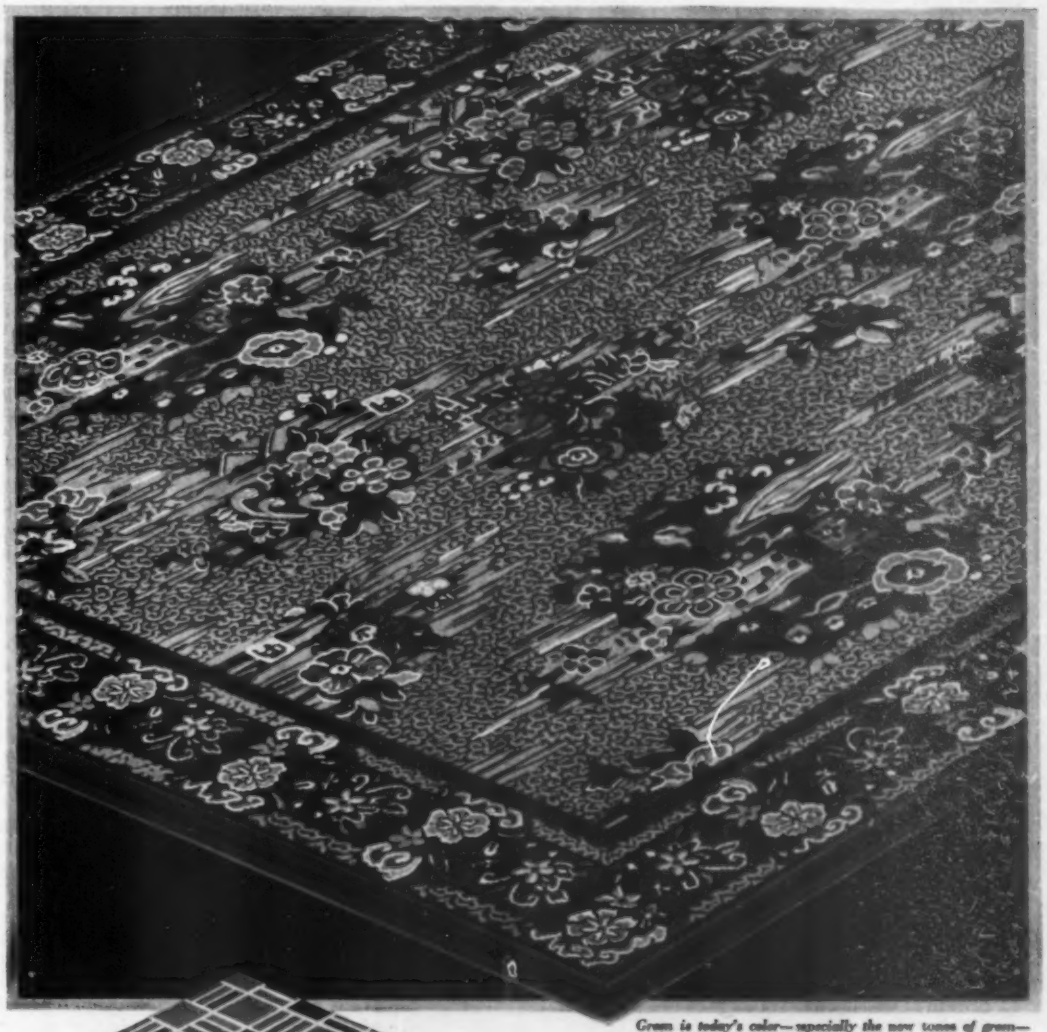

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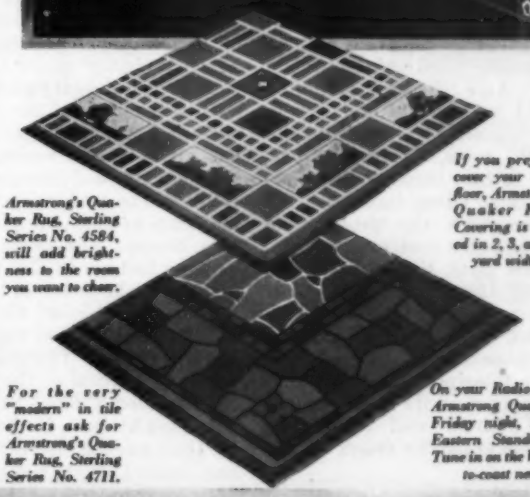

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(Continued from Page 50)

a business entrance to the club. The great building was quiet and shadowy, and so totally different from Eddie's previous impressions of it that he paused there in the hall and mentally sought the explanation.

It came to him that here was an arena where gathered the throbbing thousands who thrived upon elemental sport And when these thousands were not present, the place became a sepulcher. As he stood thus, pondering matters, the door to Scale Murphy's private office opened and from it stepped a familiar figure. Some words crossed the man's lips as he passed through the door, but Eddie was unable to hear them.

As the figure turned and walked toward the rear exit, recognition came to Eddie. To his surprise, it was the swaggering Battling Bradford who thus emerged from Scale Murphy's private office. Eddie's first thought was that Oley Olson must then be confined with the matchmaker in some sort of a conference as to Bradford's future activities. Having the evening to spend, he was thankful for this and determined to wait a few moments until Olson should appear. It was in his mind that they could spend the next few hours together, and he always liked being with the friendly and wise manager. So he waited.

He waited, in fact, twenty-five minutes, and still no Olson appeared. Then he walked to the office and listened a moment outside the door. No voices reached him. He sensed that his position there, to a casual observer, would appear much like that of an eavesdropper. Accordingly he knocked upon the door, and Scale Murphy's voice bade him enter.

Eddie stopped short as he passed through the door. Scale was in the office alone. Oley Olson was not there; had not been there when Battling Bradford left the place. It naturally followed that he had not been there during Scale's conference with Bradford. And in this knowledge Eddie found sudden perturbation.

"You back again?" Scale queried, glancing up from some papers on his desk.

"Yeah," Eddie smiled. "I had a little handball that I carry so I can squeeze it in my fingers and strengthen my knuckles. I was wondering if I left it here, Scale?"

"I didn't see nothin' of it," Scale answered. "Look around if you want to."

He turned abruptly then to the papers spread there on the desk before him and Eddie made a pretense of looking about the office in the hope of finding the mythical handball.

"I guess I must have left it somewhere else, Scale," he explained at some length. "I hope I didn't disturb you too much. So long."

"So long," the matchmaker answered without raising his eyes.

Eddie passed again from the office and into the narrow hall, and so to the rear exit and street. He glanced about for some trace of Battling Bradford. But that young man was nowhere in evidence.

"Why," he asked himself, "should Battling Bradford be having confab with Scale Murphy here at the Manazita Club? Why shouldn't Bradford's manager be in on such conferences? And why, too, should they take place when the Manazita Club is deserted?"

To this series of questions there seemed but one answer: Bradford had gone to Scale's office at Scale's own request. And he had gone—also at Scale's request—without his manager. This, it seemed to Eddie, was evidence enough of some alliance between a man he knew to be wiser than he was honest and a young prize fighter who had given his word of honor to remain loyal to Eddie Riton's best friend.

### XVI

EDDIE discovered that the Scripps fight was a matter of the immediate future. And this was true to a surprising degree. The afternoon papers that day stated that the heavyweight elimination program, out of which would come the future champion, had progressed much more rapidly than had been anticipated by either the boxing commission or the promoting officials.

Because of the rapid rise of Eddie Riton, these accounts pointed out, he had been matched in a semifinal elimination contest with Scripps, this battle to take place within the course of the next few weeks. Then, before the summer season ended, the Manazita Club would promote a final bout out of which would come the future heavyweight champion. This contest would take place between Eddie Riton and Don Flaker, whose recent record of knock-outs had become impressive. Most of the sports writers stated with some regret that there was no place in this schedule for such a sterling and promising performer as Battling Bradford.

"It is presumable," said Parsons, of the Star, "that Riton will beat Scripps and go into the final with Flaker. One might even presume that he also will emerge victorious over Flaker. This will make him undisputed heavyweight champion of the world. And perhaps it would be the best thing that could come to the boxing game if the new champion's first defense of his title was against Battling Bradford. Whoever emerges champion, however, will certainly be unable to deny Bradford a chance at the title, provided the new phenomenon shows as well in his future bouts as he did against Fetter. There can be no question but that Battling Bradford is in the public eye, and in it to stay."

After reading these accounts, Eddie put in a long-distance call for Oley Olson and, to his surprise, discovered that Olson had left his small apartment for a sojourn in the country. He had particularly requested that his address be given out only in case of the utmost emergency. And Eddie, presuming that his old manager would get in touch with him after a short time, did not press the issue. It became perfectly clear to him through these circumstances that Olson took with the utmost seriousness the problem of Battling Bradford's contract.

It was not until the night of the Scripps fight that Eddie again saw Oley. Despite the fact that he had repeatedly tried to reach his old manager on the telephone and also had sent him innumerable telegrams, all these communications necessarily went to the apartment address and apparently were not forwarded to Olson in the country.

It was in the dressing room just before Eddie entered the ring that he again met Olson. The manager came to him to express his best wishes for good luck and victory, and he did this with a twinkle in his eye which convinced Eddie that Tommy's fine hand had played almost as big a part in this impending bout with Scripps as it had in the past bout with Fetter.

"You'll make out all right tonight, kid," Olson promised. "I don't know whether you'll stop Scripps or not, but you'll cop the duke in any case."

"I've been looking all over for you for the last three weeks," Eddie exclaimed in excited tones. "I got to see you tonight, Oley. It's very important."

"Okay," Olson smiled. "I just came down to see this fight. I haven't got Bat with me. He's still up in the country. After the fight I'll walk over to the hotel, an' when you're ready you might come over to my room."

"I'll do that," Eddie promised. "There ain't any sense in advertising that we're going to get together later on. What I got to tell you is nobody's business but yours and mine."

Olson shook hands with him again. "Take your time in there tonight," he advised. "Don't try to hurry it. I don't see how you can lose. Remember, there's a lot of showmanship in this boxin' racket. The better show you give the fans, the more often they'll want to see you an' the more money they'll pay to get the chance."

As he stood in his corner waiting for the gong, something of Olson's remark came into Eddie's mind. But more than the remark, he thought of the look in his old manager's eyes as he had contemplated the bout with Scripps. Oley was perfectly convinced that Tommy had arranged these things with Scripps just as he had with Fetter, and perhaps even Walton. But all this had been done so cleverly that Eddie himself could not lay his finger upon any semblance of evidence which might later prove embarrassing to his present manager or to the management of the Manazita Club.

Scripps was a boxer with a natural left hook which he used invariably and to excellent advantage. As a result of this, Eddie boxed the man carrying his own right arm high in a natural position to block this left punch of his opponent. With right shoulder and arm high, it meant that he must box in an erect position, and what hitting he did must be at an angle more downward than horizontal or upward. He watched Scripps closely. At times he was convinced that the man was not doing his best. At others he was just as firmly convinced that he was.

The first round opened slowly. They stepped around calmly and sparred with each other, the crowd urging them on to action, yet patient, too, for that which probably would be the fruit of this careful mutual feeling-out process.

In the middle of the second round, Scripps charged suddenly and threw two left hooks and a vicious right swing which might easily enough have caught Eddie had he not been watchful. At such moments as these Riton was convinced that Scripps was doing his best and Tommy had not fixed this fight. In the fifth round, however, he backed Scripps into a corner and the man took a knock-down from a right-hand blow under the heart. This may have looked perfectly natural to the audience, but it convinced Eddie that Scripps was not doing his best, for Eddie knew better than anyone else the power he had put behind that right-hand punch. Scripps remained on his knees for a count of nine, and during this Eddie stood thoughtfully in a neutral corner of the ring.

It was, of course, possible that Scripps was just getting his second wind. In that case, it was the smartest thing he could do to drop to his knees from this blow and accept a restful count. But his features, Eddie noticed, were not drawn; he had not the appearance of a man upon whom exhaustion lies heavily. The crowd had become frenzied by this knock-down, which, in spite of the speed and clever boxing the two had shown, was the first exciting action the bout produced.

They cheered now, and stood upon their feet that they might the more quickly see whether or not Scripps would rise.

He was up at nine, and Eddie charged in. Scripps covered, however, and backed around the ring. Though he was pommeled no little about the body, he survived the round and went to his corner with a sardonic smile gripping his lips.

Again in the eighth round Scripps was down, this time from a well-timed right to the side of the head. He was stronger then, though, and remained on the floor merely for a four count. When Eddie returned to his corner after this round, Tommy smiled upon him.

"You got this fight sewed up," he assured his protégé. "All you got to do is to stay even with that bum now."

"I'd like to knock him out," Eddie ventured.

"Never mind that stuff. This is the first time the fans have even seen you go the ten-round distance, Eddie, an' this is a fifteen-round fight. Just keep steppin' along with him an' try to pace yourself so you'll have plenty of speed for the last three rounds. That'll show 'em you got the stamina for the fifteen-round route an' will be able to take care of yourself when it comes to Flaker an' other championship fights."

In the twelfth round Scripps was down again, and this time he was glad to get the full benefit of a nine count. Eddie had landed a sharp right under the heart and staggered Scripps. He immediately followed this with a crooked-arm left hook to the chin, and Scripps truly went down for the count. But he was up at nine and, as a matter of fact, fighting stronger than at any other time during the bout.

However, as early as the thirteenth round the spectators began to leave. It was quite obvious to all that Eddie Riton was master of the situation. Although Scripps might stagger through to the end of the fifteenth round, he hadn't a slightest chance of victory. This judgment was vindicated when the announcer caught Eddie, pulled him to ring center and proclaimed him the outstanding contender for the heavyweight championship while he held his hand aloft in token of victory over his ancient enemy, Scripps.

To this more or less routine announcement he added another which evoked from the multitude a continuous round of cheering. This added announcement was to the effect that seven weeks later, in the open-air stadium, Eddie Riton and Don Flaker would fight fifteen rounds to a decision and the winner of this bout would be recognized by the boxing commission as the new heavyweight champion of the world.

Later that evening Eddie stretched out on the bed in Oley Olson's room. He was tired. Even against such a fighter as Scripps, forty-five minutes of constant action had exacted a heavy toll from his energies. He was content that Olson do most of the talking. However, he opened the conversation on the ominous note which had festered in his mind ever since the incident in the narrow hallway of the Manazita Club.

(Continued on Page 57)

XUM

# "Don't gamble with your radio enjoyment . . . USE RCA RADIOTRONS"

*says*

## McMURDO SILVER

*President*

SILVER-MARSHALL, INC.

"Radio owners cannot be too often warned against careless vacuum tube buying. Exhaustive tests by our engineering staff have demonstrated that RCA Radiotrons have the quality which provides the best insurance of the fine performance built into every Silver Radio. RCA Radiotron quality and dependability safeguard against interference, weak signals, fading and other troubles caused by inferior tubes. We say to all owners of Silver Radio: 'Don't gamble with your radio enjoyment by using inferior tubes when genuine RCA Radiotrons are easy to get anywhere.'"

**RADIO ENGINEERS ADVISE:**

Replace all the vacuum tubes in your radio set with RCA Radiotrons at least once a year. This is the only sure way to maintain good performance and minimize disagreeable noises and other troubles caused by inferior tubes. RCA Radiotrons will give you the maximum in selectivity, sensitivity and *tone quality.*

*Old tubes may impair the performance of the new.*

*This is the 25th in a series of endorsements of RCA Radiotrons by the leading radio manufacturers.*

RCA RADIOTRON CO., INC. HARRISON, N. J.

# RCA Radiotrons

*THE HEART OF YOUR RADIO*

# HUDSON IS SHOWING TWO PRODUCTS OF AN ORGANIZATION UNIQUE

## THE GREATER HUDSON EIGHT

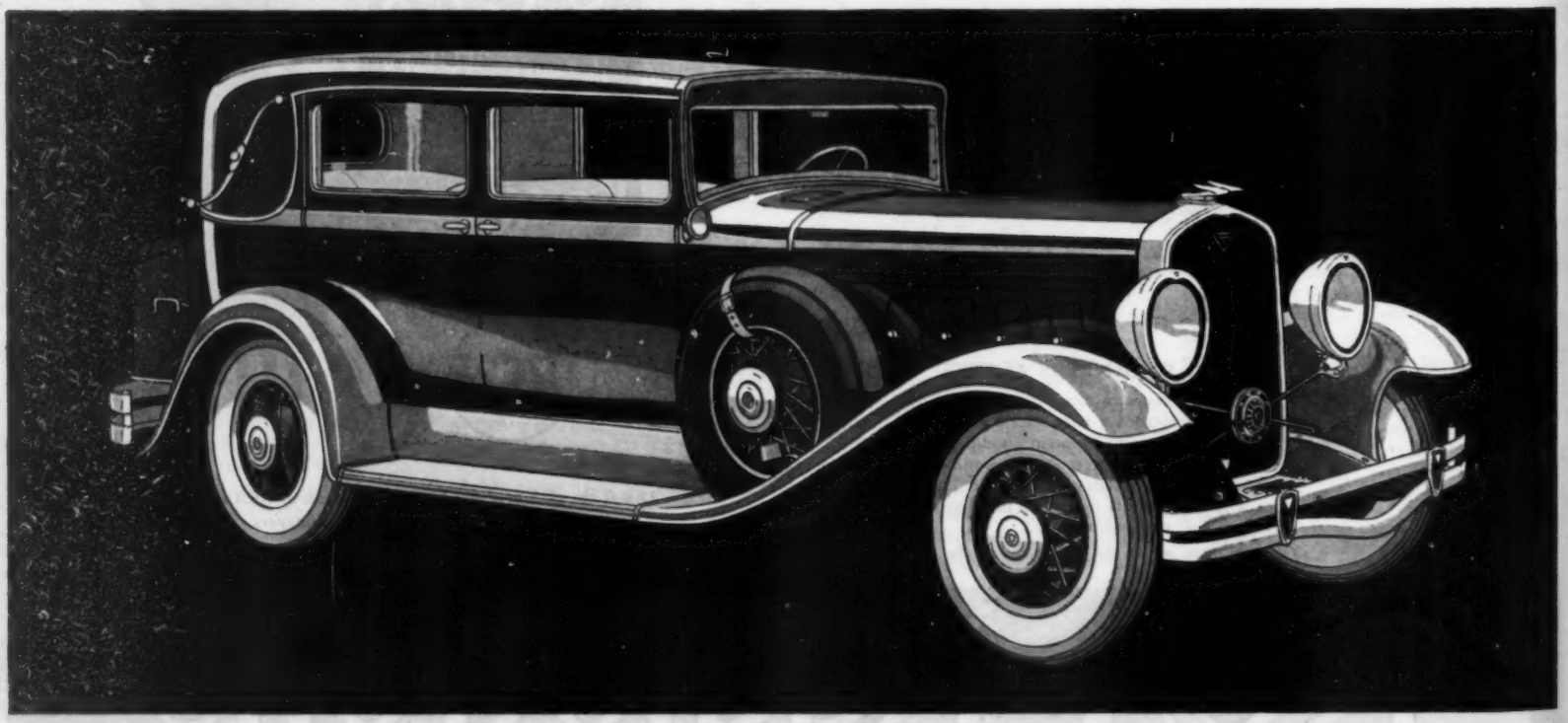
These cars are designed, built and priced to continue Hudson-Essex leadership—a position established over 22 years and confirmed by a million and a half users.

The ability to furnish such values to the public is due to the unique position Hudson-Essex holds in the industry. The men who are now guiding its destinies have been with the company practically since its inception. Its department heads and principal distributors are its controlling owners. For the most part they have devoted their entire business life to Hudson-Essex. They have always built cars of outstanding quality and delivered them to the public at distinct price advantages.

In both cars, beauty includes more than their smart up-to-date bodies and tasteful combinations of color and chromium plate. It is evident in every detail of their interior trimmings, fittings and appointments.

Special attention has been given to comfort and convenience. The starting button is located on the dash. The steering wheel and both front and rear seats are adjustable. Head-room is higher, seats are roomier, doors are wider and leg-room is greater than usual.

Exceptional riding ease is characteristic of Hudson and Essex. Genuine comfort is so important that these cars are especially engineered for easy riding even over cobblestone pavements or rough roads. Motor smoothness eliminates



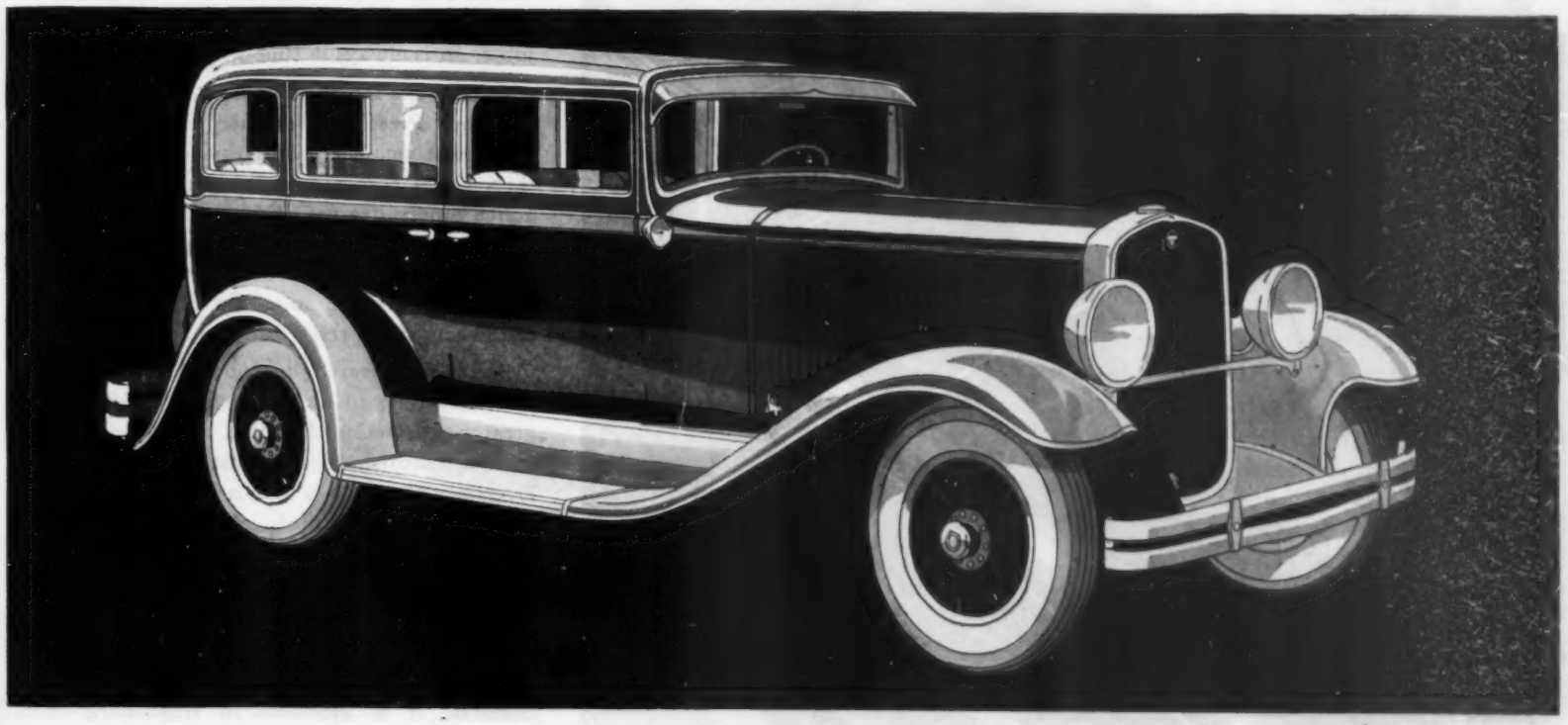
GET THE PRICES FROM TODAY'S NEWSPAPERS

# ESSEX

HUDSON 8 ESSEX SUPER SIX

# NEW CARS TODAY

## BECAUSE OF OWNER MANAGEMENT



fatigue. Ease of steering and extraordinary roadability add to driving pleasure. Special spring suspension and a positively rigid frame with four hydraulic shock absorbers take up road shocks. The body, of airplane type construction, is insulated against drumming and its quietness increases riding and driving enjoyment. Deep-sprung cushions make all seats unusually comfortable.

Performance, as always in Hudson-Essex, is outstanding. You remember how both Hudson's Great Eight and the Essex Challenger won first honors in the famous Tour de France, that annual 8-day event in which cars from all countries compete in speed, reliability and economy. That is but one of many international victories these cars won this year, proving dependability and performance in highest degree.

With such distinguished forerunners, these two cars irresistibly appeal to all who seek brilliant performance. Here you find it—in larger motors that give a surplus of power for mountain or mud, for acceleration in get-away or road emergency. You find it in roadability, riding and driving ease, smoothness, and in definite advantages of economy.

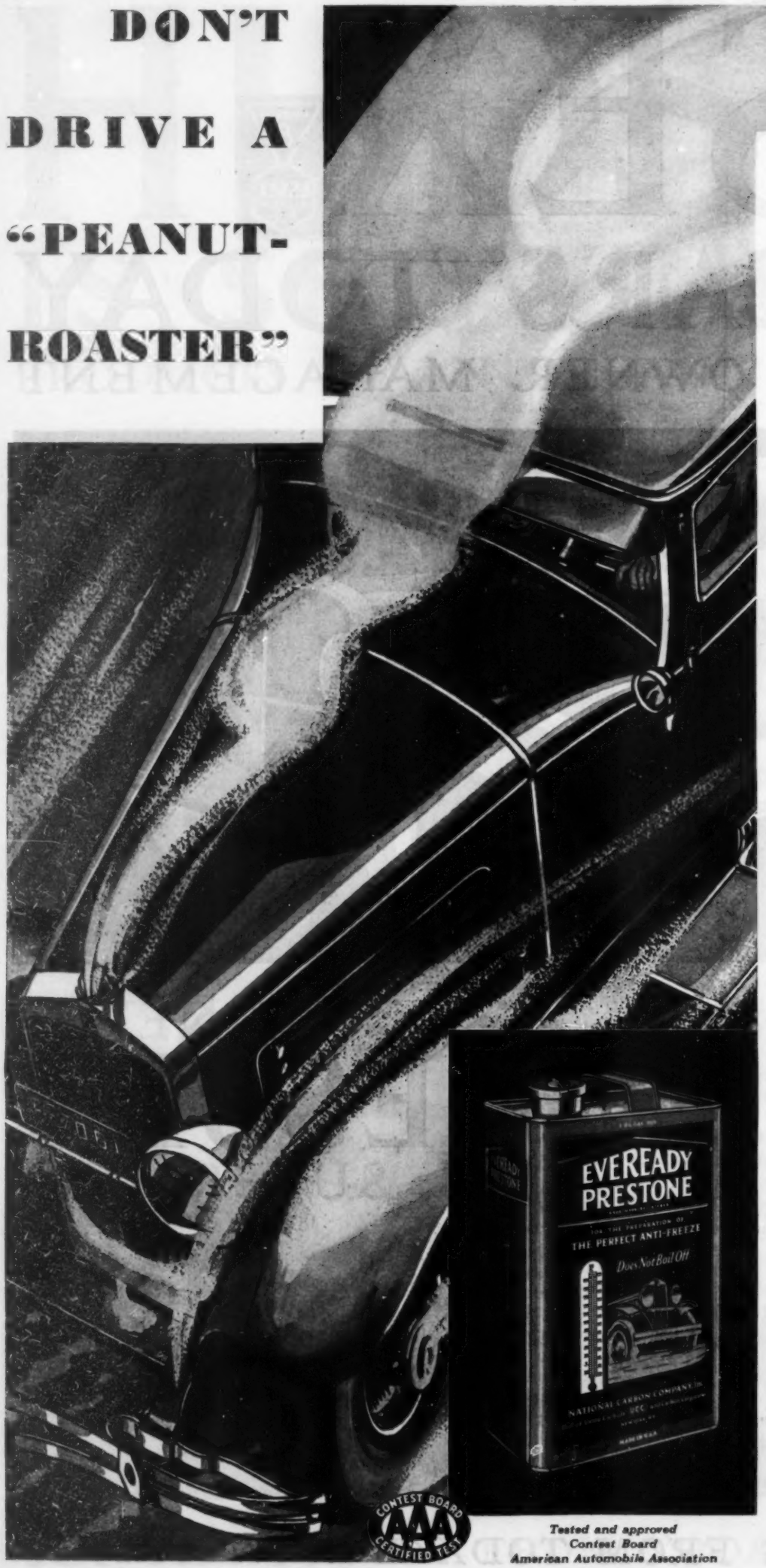
In every wanted particular of appearance, performance and comfort, both cars possess qualities that make them outstanding.

They are priced to make them Value Sensations.

## THE NEW ESSEX SUPER SIX

## GET THE PRICES FROM TODAY'S NEWSPAPERS

# DON'T DRIVE A "PEANUT-ROASTER"




*Tested and approved*
*Contest Board*
*American Automobile Association*

THAT little plume of steam, right above your radiator, may be some of your anti-freeze waving good-bye. Or, in bitter weather, it may be just to let you know your radiator's freezing tight. Either way, there's trouble ahead, and expense. You can avoid that danger by using Eveready Prestone, the ONE-SHOT anti-freeze. A single filling safeguards your car all winter, and assures your peace-of-mind!

Some anti-freezes are only visitors . . . they fume off on a warm day and leave you flat at a cold snap. But Eveready Prestone stays on the job . . . it is always in tune with the temperature.

Cars in the famous Goodrich Silver Fleet used Eveready Prestone last winter and spring. During this time, each car traveled 35,000 miles through temperatures ranging from near zero to above ninety degrees. Quoting from the official report: "No freezing or overheating occurred, and we experienced no trouble of any kind . . . Eveready Prestone stood up under the severe conditions of the test."

Scientific research has now developed Eveready Prestone to a point where it offers even greater satisfaction than that which more than a million motorists enjoyed last winter. The new Eveready Prestone is *green* in color, so that it can be readily identified.

Eveready Prestone is *economical* . . . because one filling lasts all winter, and because it comes to you undiluted. Compared with other anti-freezes, a much smaller quantity is required. For those who live in the South and other moderate climates, it is available in small-sized cans. Many cars can be protected for as little as $2.50.

Avoid the last-minute rush at a cold snap. Go to your garage-man or dealer today. Have him prepare your car for winter with Eveready Prestone, taking the simple precautions necessary to make the cooling-system water-tight.

---

*The Eveready Hour, radio's oldest commercial feature, is broadcast every Tuesday evening at nine (Eastern standard time) over a nation-wide N. B. C. network of 27 stations.*

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
*General Offices:* New York, N. Y.

*Unit of Union Carbide* UCC *and Carbon Corporation*

9 POINTS OF SUPERIORITY

1. Gives complete protection.
2. Does not boil off.
3. Positively will not damage cooling system.
4. Will not heat-up a motor.
5. Circulates freely at the lowest operating temperatures.
6. Will not affect paint, varnish, or lacquer finishes.
7. Non-inflammable.
8. Odorless.
9. Economical—one filling lasts all winter.

(Continued from Page 52)

"I hardly know how to tell you this, Oley," he said, his fingers hooked behind his head and his huge form stretched at full length on the coverlet. "Maybe there's nothing to it. Then again, there might be a lot to it. In any case, I figured you ought to know all about it."

"Shoot," Olson encouraged. "What's on your mind, kid?"

Eddie then related in exact detail that which he had discovered between Scale Murphy and Battling Bradford.

"I never knew anythin' about it," Olson admitted solemnly. "If the kid had an honest reason to talk to Scale, he would have told me about it these last few weeks up in the country. We've been up there all alone, Eddie, an' I figured I got closer to him than I ever was to any other human bein'. But he never told me about this conference. Are you dead sure it was Bat?"

"Just as sure as I am of my own name," Eddie returned. "I can't tell you what they were talking about, Oley, but it struck me as a funny time for Scale to have a fighter come alone to his office."

Olson took to pacing the room. "It was a funny time," he muttered to himself. "I don't know whether I'm glad you told me this or not, Eddie. There ain't a thing in the world I can do about it but wait till that punk's twenty-first birthday."

"After I fight Flaker you'll be able to tell what's in the wind."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, if Scale is on the level he'll be after you to sign your fighter up with me. If he don't come after you, it will be pretty good evidence, won't it, that he don't want to sign this fight while you're Bradford's manager?"

"That's a good hunch," Olson nodded. "If he's on the level he'll be after me right away. If he ain't on the level he'll sit tight until the kid is twenty-one, then sign him up to that new contract an' not bother about me. Honest, Eddie, if that Bradford crosses me after what I've done for him, I'll never believe another man as long as I live."

"I wouldn't say that," Eddie answered slowly. "After all, Oley, you can't judge all men by what one roughneck prize fighter does."

Olson paced the room in worried silence for several moments. Then he stopped suddenly and grinned down upon Eddie. "Thanks for tippin' me off," he said tensely. "Now I'll tell you somethin', Eddie: Whether this fight with Scripps was in the bag or whether it wasn't, you're a very much improved boxer. Your feet are nearer right. An' when you get into a hittin' position, you do it smoothly an' kinda time it. I like the way you paced yourself tonight. When Scripps wanted to fight, you didn't. When he didn't want to fight, you made him. With your right hand carried high, you fought exactly the kind of a fight he didn't want to fight, an' that's half the battle to begin with. After he took that second knockdown you tried for about fifteen seconds to get another shot at him. When he covered up, you made him carry all your weight around. That was smart, kid. You're beginnin' to get experience, Eddie, an' it shows in the way you work."

"Thanks, Oley," Eddie returned earnestly. "Honest, old pal, that's the first decent thing a fellow has said to me since I left your management."

Suddenly Olson extended his hand and Eddie grasped it fervently.

"I'm dead sure I can beat Flaker for the championship," the boxer said. "And when I'm champ, Oley, I'll do anything I can to help you any time."

"After you're champ," the manager returned, "the one natural fight they got to have is you an' Battlin' Bradford. I hate to think of that fight, kid. This Bradford is a wonderful fighter. I think he'd beat you."

"Even if he does, Oley," Eddie answered philosophically, "they'll have to pay me almost a million dollars to watch him do it. I always told you I was in this game for the money I could make, not for any glory."

"You'd better go to bed now," Olson said suddenly. "I'll see you later on."

As a matter of fact, though, Eddie did not see his old manager until the night of the Flaker fight. In his dressing room, in the out-of-door stadium, he received a telegram from Olson which wished him all good luck. And in the fourteenth round, when he had knocked Flaker out and the ring was surrounded by excited seconds, managers, boxers, and newspapermen, all of whom were there without cause or reason other than their frenzy of excitement, he saw Olson's smiling face among that group. And he watched this face and noted that it had changed even as the announcer came to him, caught him by the arm, pulled him to ring center and said:

"Come out here an' let me introduce you, Champ!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

## POST SCRIPTS

(Continued from Page 22)

this evenin'. An' the second I hear o' yuh droppin' on one knee an' croonin' 'Mammy!' just once, I'm goin' to call out the Vigilantes an' string yuh up!

"Yuh seem to be thinkin' o' somethin' funny, Long-nose Pablo! Wal, I reckon I know what's on yore mind, an' I'll just beat yuh to the draw. Yuh try an' put five lumps o' sugar in yore tea at Kath & Katie's Olde Daintye Tea Roome an' I'll throw yuh behind the bars! Them gals is tryin' to make a profit, an' no smarty is goin' to bankrupt 'em while I'm sheriff! An' the rest o' yuh as hangs around there, workin' crossword puzzles an' anagrams, yuh got to stop chewin' yore gum so loud!

"The law is the law an' it's on the job tonight. Try an' act like gentlemen. But if yuh can't, just look out! Because I'll be a-comin' an' rearin' for trouble, even if I have to drop my mashie in the middle o' play down at the toy golf course!"

—CHET JOHNSON.

### *Joyless Jingles*

*(To be Sung by a Hungry Chorus of Fainting Females)*

*WE'RE tired of peaches and apples and pears,*
*Of lettuce and grapefruit and chops,*
*Of spinach and greens*
*Prepared by cuisines*
*That cater to corpulent cops!*

*We're bored with a melon,*
*We feel like a felon*
*When filching a small bit of butter;*
*We loathe the tomato,*
*We long for potato*
*With yearnings too bitter to utter!*

*We're weary of cantaloupes, lemons and beets,*
*Of scallions, and endives and chard,*
*Of sprouts, surnamed Brussels,*
*Of elegant tussles*
*With celery, worldly and hard!*

*We pray when we're older*
*And callous and bolder,*
*We'll eat what we want, if we die—*
*And, fatter and fatter,*
*We'll yell for a platter*
*Of pudding and doughnuts—and PIE!*
*—Patience Eden.*

DRAWN BY DONALD MC KEE

*Fingerprint Method of Identifying Students Introduced at Oshkosh U.—Great Success Predicted*

### *Roger's Wife*

*ALL marriage troubles would be banned*
*If wives, like Roger's, strove to please.*
*She thinks that Roger's simply grand,*
*And Roger cordially agrees.*
*—Joseph Anthony.*


Give your family this Extra Protection

Extra CONVENIENCE

JUST contrast the operation of the simple PERFECTION PULL and HINGE CAP, as shown here, with the ordinary milk bottle cap!

PULL—POUR—PRESS—it's all done so cleanly, so quickly, so conveniently, that you just can't fail to be won by it!

A gentle pull on the tab opens this improved quick-acting *hinged* cap. You don't remove it as you do old-style caps. It remains in the bottle while you pour. Gently press it back in place—and the bottle is as tightly sealed as before, *protecting milk until last drop is used!*

The messiness of prying off with ice pick or fork is completely done away with—an added measure of convenience well worth-while.

All of this is without extra cost to you! Leading dairymen and dealers throughout the United States and Canada already supply the PERFECTION PULL and HINGE CAP. If yours doesn't, let us send you a WHOLE MONTH'S SUPPLY, *FREE*. Once you've tried it you will quickly urge your dealer to adopt it. Mail coupon below—Today!

PERFECTION
PULL and HINGE CAP

FREE Mail this coupon today for a month's supply of PERFECTION PULL and HINGE CAPS—*FREE*

THE SMITH-LEE CO., INC.,
Oneida, New York

Please send me a month's supply of Perfection Pull and Hinge Caps, FREE.

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....

*Canadian Manufacturers:* THE ARIDOR COMPANY (Canada) Limited, 245 Carlaw Ave., Toronto

# THE EIGHT

## TAKE THE WHEEL . . . and find new thrills new pleasure new luxury

As new thrills, new pleasure, new luxury reveal themselv nd th in swift succession in the new Buick Eight, you quickly cat demo the significance of the phrase—The Eight as Buick Builds onth

For the new Buick is *more* than just another eight. Y *ry on* discover this when you call on the supple power of Buic *ick's p* Valve-in-Head straight eight engine and experience n *y price* motoring joy . . . when Buick's silent Syncro-Mesh tra *ited S* mission* enables you to shift at any speed with a smoo *bined* effortless motion . . . when you relax in the luxury a In th quiet of Buick's insulated body by Fisher, protected fr otor ca cold, heat or noise. mplet

Year after year the motorists of America look forward signer the introduction of a new Buick in confident anticipat holeh of a genuine thrill. This year they were greeted by t new Eight as Buick Builds It—a straight eight which incor Take rates Buick's famous Valve-in-Head principle of desi aight

XUM

# AS BUICK BUILDS IT

nemsel nd the enthusiasm with which this car was received
kly cat demonstrated by the following facts: During the first
Builds onth after its introduction, *four buyers chose Buick for*
ght. Y*ery one who purchased the second most popular car in*
f Buick*'s price range . . . or the second most popular eight of*
ence ne*y price.* And today, *representative cities throughout the*
esh tra*nited States are awarding Buick 40 to 60 per cent of the*
smoo*mbined sales of the 15 cars in its price class.*
xury a In this manner, American
cted fr otor car buyers express their
mplete faith in Buick as a
orward signer and builder and their
ticipati holehearted admiration for
ed by t new Buick Eight.
incorp Take the wheel of the Buick
of desi raight Eight . . . and, like thousands of others, you will find *new* thrills, *new* pleasure, *new* luxury. Your Buick dealer invites you to come and drive the car yourself, for he wants you to know the Eight as Buick Builds It.

**A luxurious feature of the three larger series of Buick Eights. The lowest priced Buick employs Buick's standard fine-car transmission.*

*Four series, four price ranges, twenty luxurious models, priced from $1025 to $2035, f. o. b. Flint, Michigan*

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

XUM

# MISTER NOODLE

(Continued from Page 19)

but I was pleased to get your letter, because I am not so happy here as I might be. Of course I've got them eating out of my hand, and I guess they'll want to make a new contract with me as soon as I say the word, because I don't see how this paper could get along without Mister Noodle. But at the same time there's a lot in what you say about coming down to the Big Town. I guess it's about time I came down there and showed the boys a few new tricks. Eh, Charlie? Meanwhile, even if I was married to this burg, which I'm not, I guess I could get a divorce. Have you anything definite in mind? Why don't you come to Chicago and we could meet somewhere and talk it over?

Very truly yours,
CHIC KILEY.

MR CHIC KILEY
CHICAGO STAR
CHICAGO ILL
ARRIVING THE DRAKE SUNDAY MORNING STOP
ALLEZ OOP CHARLIE

CHARLES MACADAM
THE DRAKE
CHICAGO ILL
WHAT DOES MISTER NOODLE SAY IN HIS NEST AT
PEEP OF DAY METEOR

METEOR SYNDICATE
TIMES BUILDING
NEW YORK CITY
MISTER NOODLE SHY AS MAE WEST
MACADAM

CHARLES MACADAM
THE DRAKE
CHICAGO ILL
AS HOW SAY METEOR

METEOR SYNDICATE
TIMES BUILDING
NEW YORK CITY
WANTS HUNDRED GRAND AGAINST SIXTY FORTY
SPLIT FORTY TO US FIVE YEARS STOP OFFERING
SEVENTY FIVE FIFTY FIFTY THREE YEARS
MACADAM

CHARLES MACADAM
THE DRAKE
CHICAGO ILL
OFFER EIGHTY FIVE AGAINST FIFTY FIVE FORTY
FIVE METEOR

METEOR SYNDICATE
TIMES BUILDING
NEW YORK CITY
HE SAYS YES BUT THE LITTLE WOMAN SAYS NO
MACADAM

CHARLES MACADAM
THE DRAKE
CHICAGO ILL
WANT HIM NEED HIM GET HIM METEOR

METEOR SYNDICATE
TIMES BUILDING
NEW YORK CITY
GOT HIM MACADAM

*DEAR DICK:* Well, we've got Mister Noodle now, and you can thank his wife for putting the bee on us. I had him all soaped and lathered and going down the chutes for fifty grand a year, three years against fifty-fifty split, when little Dorothy, the child wife, eased into the picture, and there was no shaking her out. Somehow, she had made a mental picture of a hundred thousand a year, and she simply held that thought and wouldn't let Chic give in. She kept on saying, "I don't know anything about business, but I do know Chic is the most wonderful, et cetera, and Mister Noodle is the biggest and greatest and most marvelous, et cetera; and though I don't know anything about business, I don't think Chic ought to make a drastic change until he's guaranteed at least a hundred thousand dollars a year. Rube Goldberg makes that much, doesn't he?" she said. And I says, "Yes." "And Sidney Smith makes that much, too, doesn't he?" And I says, "So I hear." "And Bud Fisher makes that much, doesn't he?" And I says, "Yes, lady, yes; but we're not talking about Rube Goldberg and Sidney Smith and Bud Fisher." And she says, "Well, you're talking about a man that's just as big and is going to be bigger. Of course I don't know anything about business——" So then I says, "Listen, Dorothy; you remind me of Charlie Chaplin." And she says, "How?" And I says, "Well, I'll tell you. Chaplin was talking to Joe Schenck one day, and complaining because he didn't know anything about business. And Schenck says, 'Listen, Charlie; you know plenty about business—all you'll ever need to know.' 'What's that?' says Charlie. And Schenck says, 'Well, just what you always say—"I won't take less."'"

Well, here's the picture: A three-year contract, with an option for three more years. The first three a guaranty of one hundred thousand dollars a year against 55 per cent of the gross. The second three years the same guaranty, but 65 per cent of the gross. Mason, of the Star, is pretty sore about the thing, but not at us. He figures Chic was merely using him to make us bid higher, and you know Mason. He figures the Star is bigger than anybody on it.

Chic's contract with the Star expires in ninety days, and since there was no option for renewal in it—Mason evidently didn't figure on Mister Noodle going over with such a wallop—Chic was free to sign with us. It took a couple of weeks of hard work and a lot of palaver to win Dorothy over to letting Chic come down to New York, even for so much more money. She told me, rather tearfully, she was afraid of what New York may do to Chic. She has a hard-enough time keeping him lined up in Chicago. Well, I tried to tell her she was wrong, but I didn't believe it myself, and she knew it too. I feel sorry for the poor kid, in a way. I'm afraid this Noodle baby is just the dizzy kind that New York loves to take over the jumps. So I was cagy enough to slip a joker into the contract to the effect that should the gross fall below one hundred thousand a year after the first two years, we had the right to readjust the guaranty on the basis of the net rather than the gross. This gives us a good out in case Mister Noodle goes whoopee down in the Big Town, as he probably will if Dorothy doesn't take him out on a pasture and stake him there.

Last night Chic threw a nutty party for me to celebrate the deal. It was out at his house in Evanston, and all his neighbors and friends around the place came in. He had costumes all ready for them when they got there. And guess what costume would be suggested by the shy, modest and unassuming creator of Mister Noodle. Yes, sir, you guessed it the first time. He dressed up all the men as Mister Noodle and all the women as Missus Noodle. Chic carries out the same modest note all through the house. All the ash stands are Mister Noodle, the wall paper in his room is a pattern of Mister Noodle and Missus Noodle. He has a car with Mister Noodle painted on one door and Missus Noodle on the other. At the entrance to the drive is a figure of Mister Noodle pointing to the house. And on the door is a knocker—and what do you think it is? Correct. And in the garden back of the house is a fountain—Missus Noodle pouring water on Mister Noodle.

Just one more little thing about Chic before I close. Some of the newspaper boys here tell me that confidentially he is known around town as Left-to-Right Chic Kiley. The reason is, whenever there's a photograph being taken of a group of a corner-stone laying or anything else—and no photograph is complete in Chicago now without Chic in it—he always manages to work his way around to the end, so that when the picture is printed the caption underneath will read, "Left to right: Chic—Mister Noodle—Kiley," et cetera. He has it all figured out that no one ever reads more than the first name or two under a photograph, and he isn't going to be overlooked.

Well, tell the boys down in New York what's coming. It's been pretty dull down there, but happy days are here again. CHARLIE.

P. S.: Taking Century today. We must get started on the Noodle promotion campaign right away. No use fooling ourselves. Mister Noodle is the biggest comic-strip possibility in America today. Let's shoot the works.

*(From the Chicago Tribune)*

HONOR CHIC KILEY

Famous Cartoonist Leaving
For East is Fêted at
Monster Banquet
Attended by Mayor and City Officials

ABOVE: Thousands of school children say good-by to Chic Kiley, their beloved creator of Mister Noodle.

BELOW: Reading from left to right: Chic Kiley, Creator of Mister Noodle; Mrs. Kiley, and Oscar Smuggs, of Downer's Grove, whose resemblance to Mister Noodle is startling. "We Smuggs have always looked like Mister Noodle," says Mr. Smuggs with pardonable pride.

Heard around the Press Club after tumultuous testimonial and farewell dinner given to Chic Kiley:

"Will you tell me how a big palooka like that gets an offer from New York?"

"Yeah! The lucky bum!"

"The big horse's neck!"

"All a-bo-o-o-ard! . . . Good-by, Chic. Take good care of yourself. . . . Look out for those city slickers. . . . Good-by, Mrs. Kiley. . . . Good-by, Dorothy. . . . Good-by, Chic. See you in the funny papers.

*"Who are we? Can't you guess?*
*We are the boys of E. H. S.*
*Rah-Rah-Rah!*
*Rah-Rah-Rah!*
*Rah-Rah-Rah!*
*NOODLE! NOODLE! NOODLE!"*

"All a-bo-o-o-ard! . . . Give my regards to the Follies girls. . . . Save me one, too, Chic. . . . Good-by, Chic. . . . 'By, Dorothy. . . . 'By, Chic. Don't forget to write. . . . 'By. . . . 'By. . . . Good luck!

[*The club car of the Twentieth Century, headed East and throwing dust on La Porte, Indiana.* CHIC KILEY *and his new-found acquaintance, a* MR. BUBKISS, *are deep in one of those discussions which settle everything.*

CHIC: Well, I've been reading the papers, and the way I see it, it's like this: Now, you take Japan, for instance.

BUBKISS: All right. Take Japan. Where are you now?

CHIC: Well, all right then. Never mind about Japan. How about England?

BUBKISS: Well, that's different. *(Soberly):* Yes, that's different.

CHIC: Oh, yeah? Well, is it so different? Is it?

BUBKISS: Sure it's different. You can see that, can't you?

CHIC: Well, of course, in a way, yes.

BUBKISS: But Italy. There's the hard nut to crack in this thing. They don't know what they want.

CHIC: That's right too.

BUBKISS: We'd have disarmament if it hadn't been for Italy.

CHIC: Yeah. I guess you're right.

BUBKISS: And France, too, for that matter.

CHIC: Yeah. That's right too.

BUBKISS: The trouble is, we don't start early enough. We oughta start with the children. Mold their little minds. Give them the right kind of books to read. Why, you know, their little minds are just like wax.

CHIC: Yeah, after they grow up their minds are developed. Now, you take me, for instance ——

BUBKISS: Just as I was saying. I know what I'm talking about. Good books for children. That's my business. Did you ever hear of the Bobby Boogle and Dotty Dingle books?

CHIC: Well, I can't say as I ever did.

BUBKISS: What? Seventy-five cents retail in a gift box, with covers, end sheets and box tops, all printed in eight and ten color offset. Take Dingbat Doodle Under the Sea, and Dingbat Doodle's Trip to the Moon, and Dingbat Doodle in the Heart of Africa. Why, we sell twenty-five thousand copies a year of every title in that series. And do you know what does it? The Bubkiss ideal behind every Bubkiss book: "Bubkiss books are good for children because they do not glorify mischief, excuse malice or condone cruelty. . . ." Have you any children? I'll send you one of our catalogues.

CHIC: No. We've only been married a year.

BUBKISS: Live in Chicago?

CHIC: Have been, but going to New York. I'm on my way down there now.

BUBKISS: So? Taking the little woman with you?

CHIC: Oh, sure. She's back in the compartment now.

BUBKISS: Well, well, well. You'll like New York. Hot spot. I get down there a lot. I don't see how they stand the pace down there. I never get to bed before four or five in the morning. Well, all work and no play makes Jack —— But it's no fun.

CHIC: I guess that's right.

BUBKISS: What do you do, anyway?

CHIC: Who? Me? I guess you've heard of Mister Noodle, haven't you?

BUBKISS: You don't mean Mister Noodle in the Star? Mister Noodle and Missus Noodle and Tuffy Noodle?

CHIC: Yep. Well, that's me.

BUBKISS: No! You aren't Chic Kiley, are you?

CHIC: Yep, that's me.

BUBKISS: Well, I wanta shake hands with you. So you're Mister Noodle. Well, well, well. I've often said to my wife, "I wonder what he looks like." Where in the world do you get all your ideas? And I was talking to you about understanding children. I bet you know a lot about children. Why, my kids are crazy about Mister Noodle.

CHIC: Sure, I understand children.

BUBKISS: You certainly understand people. (Continued on Page 65)

XUM

# . . . kitchen beauty . . .
# . . . laundry efficiency . . .

*you can get both with*

# MONEL METAL

LET these two modern servants—beauty and efficiency—enter your home to serve a lifetime!

A Monel Metal sink or perhaps a table top, gleaming with solid silvery beauty, will add just the right bright touch to your kitchen. Monel Metal will never rust. It resists corrosion . . . its tough, steel-like strength withstands the severe kitchen use that plays havoc with less durable materials. With no coating to chip, crack or wear away, Monel Metal keeps its beauty—remaining easy to care for . . . easy to keep forever clean and spotless.

In the home laundry, gleaming Monel Metal provides the ideal material for modern washing machines. Washers with Monel Metal tubs are praised everywhere by women who want protection for every kind of delicate fabric. This solid Nickel alloy never spots or stains regardless of how often or how seldom you use it.

Nickel—one of the most modern metals—has been combined with copper to make Monel Metal. When Nickel is alloyed with steel, it produces stainless steel. Nickel, alloyed with copper and zinc (brass) is Nickel Silver. In scores of different ways, it serves as a whitening, brightening, strengthening partner, giving other metals properties that only Nickel can give. Monel Metal with its 67% Nickel content naturally possesses these desirable properties to a marked degree, thus deserving the description—a lifetime metal.

NICKEL ALLOYS
LOOK BETTER LONGER

Your home should enjoy all the worthwhile convenience and satisfaction found in Monel Metal household equipment. Ask your dealer about Monel Metal washing machines . . . your plumber about a Monel Metal sink and other kitchen equipment. When buying any kind of metal equipment, always remember—"Nickel Alloys look better longer". Mail the coupon for booklet.

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC., 73 WALL STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

*Send for your copy of this helpful booklet. Mail the coupon today.*

INCO MONEL METAL

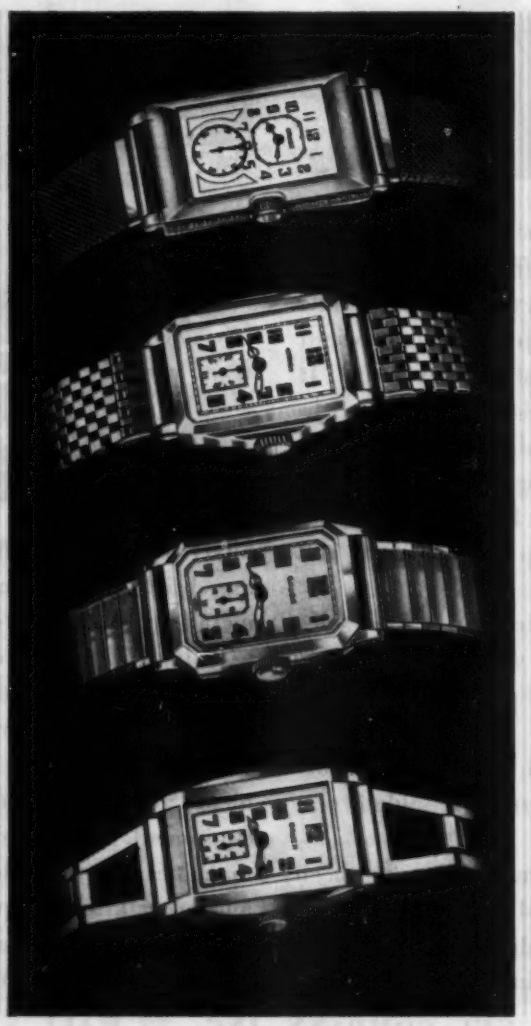
Monel Metal is a registered trade mark applied to a technically controlled nickel-copper alloy of high nickel content. Monel Metal is mined, smelted, refined, rolled and marketed solely by International Nickel.

MONEL METAL
MODERN AS TOMORROW

The International Nickel Company, Inc.
73 Wall Street, New York, N. Y.
Gentlemen: Please send me literature checked below:
Check
☐ Information on Monel Metal Washers
☐ Booklet—"Planning the Modern Kitchen"
Name_____
Address_____
Occupation_____
S. E. P. 11-29-30

# *Choose* the watch of *inner* quality . . modern style . . honest price!

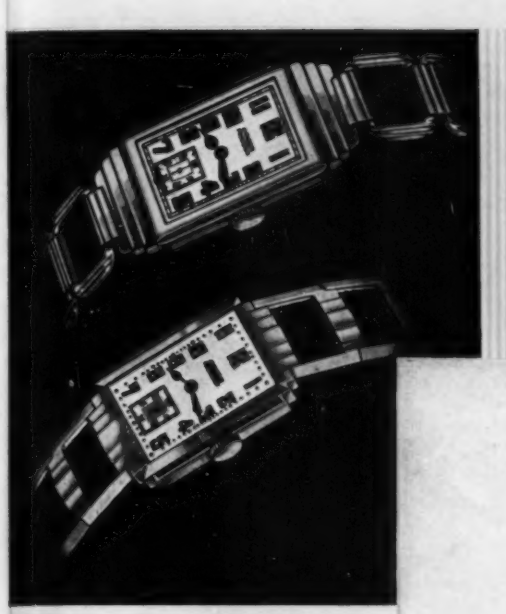
*At top—the* Nassau, *14 kt. solid white or coin gold, with gold filled, adjustable link bracelet, $67.50; second—a dainty link bracelet ensemble, complete at $55; center—the* Lennox, *an engraved link wristlet at $42.50; next—a handsome, delicately engraved pattern at the moderate price of $40; at bottom—Nurse's* Cartouche, *with second hand for pulse reading, and adjustable bracelet, $46. Other wristlets from $35; with* PRECISION *movements, from $65*



*At top—the* Gruen Techni-Quadron, *with large seconds dial, for doctors, technicians and others who require exact time in seconds. Complete with mesh band, $67.50; second—the* Varsity, *white or coin gold filled case and link band, 15-jewel movement, $55; 17 jewels, $65; next—one of the popular priced* Gruen Quadrons *with rectangular movement, flexible Guild band, $57.50, with leather strap, $50; bottom—the* Marcus, *a man's watch with open link band which carries the watch's design all around the wrist, $47.50. Other men's wrist watches from $27.50*

*Three new* Gruen timekeeping Baguettes, *gracefully long and slender. At top—*Longueville, *8 diamonds set in 14 kt. solid white gold, tubular gold cord, 17-jewel movement, $275; second—* Lille, *14 kt. satin finish solid gold, silk cord, 17 jewels, $115; center—* Normandie, *smart tailored design, solid gold, 17 jewels, $85; below—two solid gold Cartouches—with 6 diamonds, $200—with 2 diamonds, $135. Other diamond-set Gruen Wrist Watches, from $65*

*The Carré—an utterly new kind of watch for men and women. At a touch of the button the compact square discloses the time. When open, it stands on desk or boudoir table. In white, or coin gold finish, or smartly tailored in fine leathers—$55 to $65*



*Two new* Gruen Quadrons, *fitted with the remarkable 17-jewel* PRECISION *rectangular movement. Above—the* Dartmouth, *natural coin gold filled, with adjustable link band carrying out the watch's design, $85; below—the* Annapolis, *dull finished white or coin gold filled case and link band designed as a unit, $90*

*At top—the Gruen Pentagon VeriThin, "The Croix de Guerre for American Achievement," 17-jewel* PRECISION *movement, $75; below—a 17-jewel Gruen pocket watch, $40. Other pocket watches from $27.50. Every Gruen Watch is fitted with 15, 17, 19, or 21 ruby jewels—never less!*

**To this old guild craftsman, too, *inner* quality was the true measure of watch value**

FOR the one who heads your Christmas list—the gift of a beautiful watch. But do not choose for beauty alone. Look deeper for that rarer thing—for *inner* quality.

In a Gruen Guild Watch—all the beauty you could wish! The beauty of *true gold*—not the cheap hardware metal that masquerades as gold.

Beauty of design, too. For the Gruen Guild has always led in design. They were first to make an accurate thin watch, first to introduce the wrist watch into America.

But this beauty is more than case deep. It marks an *inner* quality born of guild craftsmanship; a skill, a passion for accuracy inherited from the old guild masters.

That is the essence today, as for centuries, of Guild craftsmanship. That is why Gruen timekeeping is almost uncanny in its accuracy, as proved by observatory tests, and by actual timekeeping service among hundreds of thousands of men and women.

That is why Gruen Watches are never cheapened to meet a price, but are built to exacting standards of *inner* quality that uphold the finest Guild traditions. When you give a Gruen Guild Watch, you are giving the greatest value your money can buy.

Go to the Gruen Jeweler nearest you, who displays on his window the Guild Emblem shown below. This emblem appears only on the store windows of *professional* jewelers, those who put quality and honest prices above "get-rich-quick" profits.

Ask to see the watches shown here and many other fine Gruen Guild creations priced from $27.50 to $3500.

Gruen Watch Makers Guild, Time Hill, Cincinnati, U. S. A. Largest manufacturers of fine watches exclusively—engaged in the art of fine watch making for more than half a century. Branches in various parts of the world.

**PRECISION**
Trade Mark Reg.
This Gruen pledge mark is placed only on watches of higher accuracy, finer quality and finish—none less than $65
*For the* finest *of watches, look for the mark*
PRECISION *on the dial*

*Listed in the Classified Telephone Directories of the larger cities under "Gruen Guild Watches" is the name of your nearest Gruen Jeweler. His store is marked by this Gruen Service Emblem*

# GRUEN GUILD WATCHES

## While ferns grew high as trees in PENNSYLVANIA

GLANCE into any petroleum trade journal and you will see that Bradford-Allegany crude oil commands the highest price of all Pennsylvania grade crudes. For Bradford-Allegany crude was formed a hundred million years ago during the Devonian Age—that wonderful age which produced so little of the world's oil compared to other geological ages—yet produced it of such superior quality!

The Sinclair Refining Company uses nothing but Bradford-Allegany crude in the manufacture of Sinclair Mobiline Motor Oil. In the big, new Sinclair refinery at Wellsville, N. Y., expert refining skill does what Nature left undone. Here Mobiline is triple-filtered, de-waxed at as low as 60° F. below zero and its carbon-forming content reduced to the minimum.

Have the nearest Sinclair dealer change your oil to Sinclair Mobiline according to the Sinclair Law of Lubrication. After long, hard driving note how this Mobiline stands up—how it comes out of the crankcase almost as good as it went in. Note, especially, how very little Mobiline has been used up—positive, visible proof that this rich, Devonian oil protects the last mile as well as the first!

*Send our nearest office your name and address and a list of the states where you intend touring and we will send you road maps and the Sinclair Law of Lubrication booklet, free. Sinclair Refining Company, (Inc.), New York, Atlanta, Chicago, Houston, Fort Worth, Kansas City. Sinclair Refining Company of Canada, Ltd., Toronto. Sinclair Refining Company of California, Los Angeles.*

# SINCLAIR MOBILINE

*Pennsylvania* MOTOR OIL

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. 1905—Renewed 1925

Made in the newest, largest single refinery using PENNSYLVANIA grade crude exclusively

Guaranteed by SINCLAIR REFINING CO. INC. to be 100% pure PENNSYLVANIA GRADE OIL

35¢ *per quart*

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XUM

(Continued from Page 60)

CHIC: I'll say I understand people. Now, you take the average person and he knows only three things; he knows ——

BUBKISS: Well, well, well. So you're Mister Noodle. We oughta have a drink on that. How'd you like a drink? I've got some good stuff back in my compartment. Always carry my own. Take no chances. I was going to read this manuscript, WISHY WASHY, THE GOOD-WISH FAIRY, but I'll let it go till later. How about a drink, huh?

CHIC: Well, you talked me into it. Maybe I oughta be going back to the missus though, huh?

BUBKISS: Oh, that's all right. Let her wait a little bit. It's always good to keep 'em waiting a little bit. Makes 'em gladder to see you when you do show up. Heh-heh!

CHIC: I guess that's right.

BUBKISS: Sure, it's right.

CHIC: What are we doing, walking back to Chicago?

BUBKISS: I think it's the next car. Say, take a look in back of you.

CHIC: Where?

BUBKISS: We just passed 'em.

CHIC: I saw them.

BUBKISS: Pretty cute, eh?

CHIC: Oh, I dunno.

BUBKISS: You don't know, eh? You old rouey.

CHIC: I guess they're all right.

BUBKISS: I think we oughta ask them to come along. Maybe they're thirsty.

CHIC: Well, maybe they are. Who isn't?

BUBKISS: What do you say we ask 'em? Look. They're looking at us. Go ahead and ask 'em.

CHIC: You ask 'em. It's your party.

BUBKISS: I'll ask 'em. I'll ask 'em if they'd like to have a drink. I'll say, "Hello, girls. You look wan and weary. Would you like to take a little drink with a handsome stranger?" How's that?

CHIC: That's all right, I guess. Maybe I oughta go back and see how the wife's getting along.

BUBKISS: Aw, come on. You can't run out on me without a little drink. You're just an old rouey. You can't fool me. I'll ask the little babies if they want to have a drink with a handsome stranger and an old rouey.

Get the big chump giving us a tumble, will you, sis?

At last. There's a dinner in your eye, cherie.

The young one isn't bad.

Sappy.

But not bad.

Sappy is bad enough.

Why don't they come on? What are they waiting for—overture?

Relax, sis. They've just gone into conference on how to approach us without offending us. Whadda you bet he's got a pigskin bag full of Scotch, and he's gonna come over here and say, "Girlies, how about coming back to my compartment and having a little drink; you look thirsty."

No, it's gin.

Haven't you trouped long enough to know a Scotch carrier when you see one?

I've trouped too long, if you ask me. Both of us have.

Oh, we're due for a break, sis. Maybe we'll crash the talkies back East, huh? Remember what that fortune teller told us in the Gypsy Tea Room on Michigan Avenue? "I see The Loop-a-Loop Sisters in lights on Broadway."

I like the young one. I could care for him.

He's a sap.

I don't care.

You never care. Here're you, older than me and supposed to be wiser, and yet always falling for saps. Sometimes I think I inherited all the brains in our family.

Even so, you got cheated.

Here they come, baby. Turn on the sweetness and light. We're two little girls from the country.

Hello, girls.

I beg your pardon?

I was just saying to my friend here that you look like two little girls I used to know in the East. You don't come from the East by any chance, do you?

Boston. But I'm sure I don't know you. . . . Do you, Betty? Do you know this gentleman?

You're sisters, aren't you? I could tell right away. I said to my friend here, "Mr. Kiley," I said, "they're sisters; you can tell by the resemblance." By the way, I'd like to introduce my friend, Mr. Kiley—the famous Chic Kiley. You've seen Mister Noodle in the papers, haven't you? Well, here's the man who draws them.

Oh, are you really? I just love Mister Noodle. . . . Remember, Betty, we used to see Mister Noodle in the Chicago—Post? Wasn't it?

Post nothing. The Star. I never worked on the Post.

Of course, it was the Star. We used to get it every evening.

It's a morning paper.

Well, we never got up till evening. You see, we work late at night. I mean, we study.

Oh, do you go to school in Chicago? I know a lot of schools in Chicago. You see, I'm a publisher of children's books. Mr. Bubkiss is my name. And your name is Betty, isn't it? I heard your sister call you Betty. . . . And what is your name?

It's Bobbie, but I don't see how that can possibly interest you, Mr. Boobus.

Bubkiss is the name, little girl. Bubkiss Books are Good for Children. See; I have a new manuscript here. WISHY WASHY, THE GOOD-WISH FAIRY. I was just going back to my compartment to read it. And then I met Mr. Kiley here, and we were going to have a little drink and talk about books and cartoons and things. Wouldn't you like to come along and have a little chat and a little drink, maybe?

Oh, I don't think we should, really. Do you, Betty?

I'm afraid mother wouldn't approve, Bobbie.

Bring your mother along. I bet she'd like a little swizzle herself.

Oh, she isn't on the train. She's back in Boston. We're just going home for the holidays.

Don't you girls ever drink in school?

Oh, some of the girls do. But, you know, there are all kinds of girls wherever you go.

Well, I guess we made a mistake. I'm awfully sorry. It was nice to meet you.

I would love to hear more about that new book, Mr. Boobus. It must be wonderful to be a publisher.

Well, I'd like to hear more about Mister Noodle. I've always wanted to meet a man who could do such wonderful things.

Well, let's not stand around here, girls. Let's go back, and we can all sit around and have a nice cozy chat, and it'll be a lot more fun than sitting here and looking at what passes for scenery.

Well, all right. But we can't stay very long.

Oh, that's all right. Come on. The next car. We'll lead the way and open the doors.

Mister Noodle is mine, Betty.

Oh, yeah? You told me he was such a sap.

Just the same, button up his overcoat, he belongs to me.

Yeah, and I draw Wishy Washy, the Good-Wish Fairy? I've always had to sacrifice for you.

Well, it's every girl for herself, like the old college daisy chain.

Say, by the way, what school are we from?

After the second round, it won't matter. Till then, how about St. Vitus in the Woods?

(TO BE CONTINUED)

DRAWN BY KEMP STARRETT

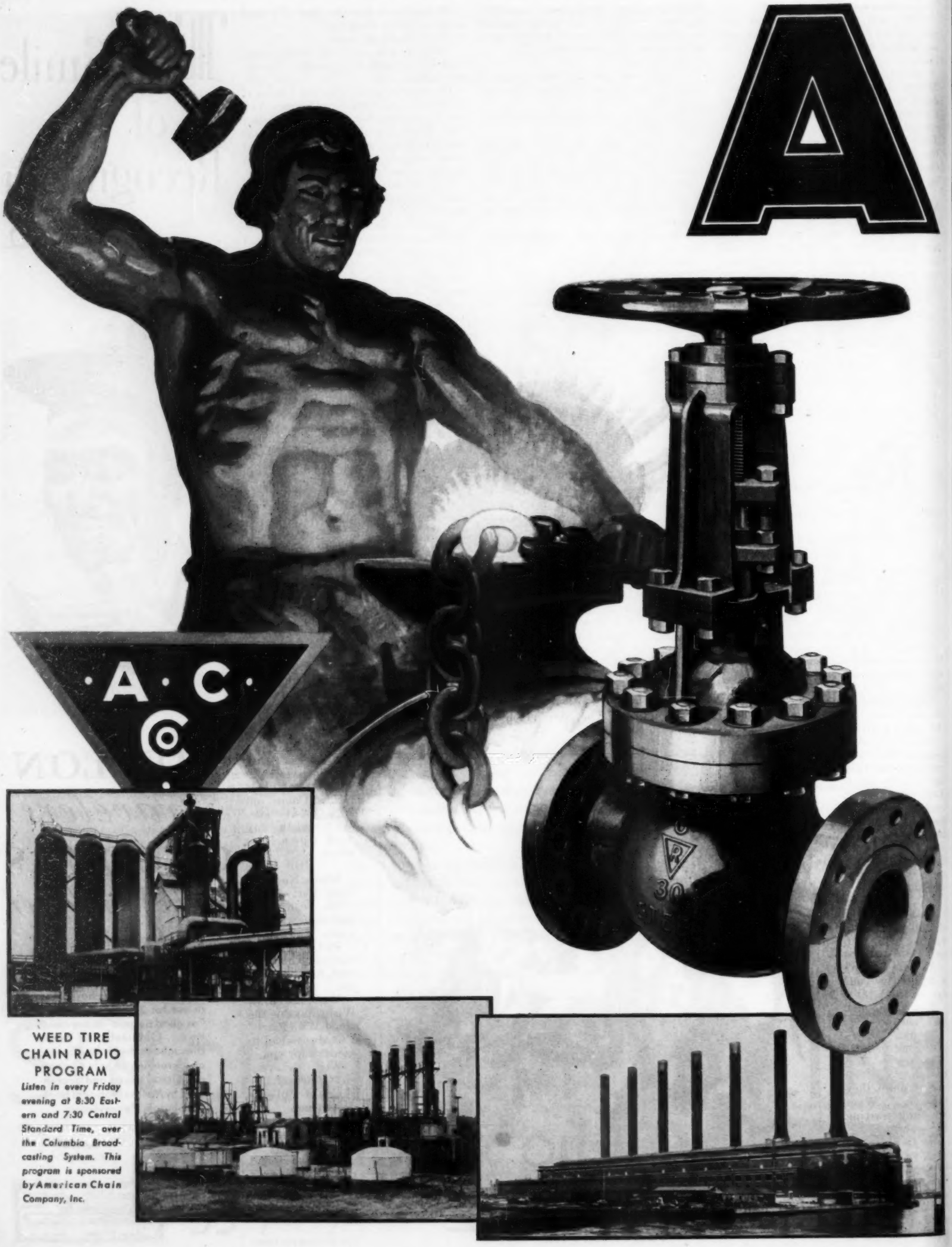
*"An' I Says, 'Listen, Kid, if I Don't Travel Foist Class I Don't Travel a Tall!'"*


The Smile of Recognition greets

MELLON *Travelers* CHEQUES ...*the World over.*

Everywhere these safe, convenient and economical cheques are presented, they are recognized and accepted. Mellon Travelers Cheques have been in use for 25 years. They are "as good as gold" in any country . . . Obtainable at banks throughout the United States at a premium of only 25 cents per $100. Issued and guaranteed by Mellon National Bank, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

*In the new dollar size*










**WEED TIRE CHAIN RADIO PROGRAM**

*Listen in every Friday evening at 8:30 Eastern and 7:30 Central Standard Time, over the Columbia Broadcasting System. This program is sponsored by American Chain Company, Inc.*


XUM

# Strength and Dependability are built into Reading and Pratt & Cady Valves

Many men who are responsible for buying dependable valves have their own unfailing standard of valve, namely, "Reading for steel valves, Pratt & Cady for iron and bronze valves."

The men who know and buy valves will tell you that Pratt & Cady and Reading Valves are of the highest quality—that when valves are needed for an important job, they pick up the catalog of the Reading Steel Casting Company, Inc., covering both Reading and Pratt & Cady.

Now talk to the men who make and sell these famous valves. Ask them what is their basic principle. Man after man, they answer "Quality." This aim for quality dates back to when the Pratt & Cady Company was organized in 1878. For among the earliest records, we read this sincere resolution, adopted by the founders and spread upon the minutes:

*"That the superintendent shall be held responsible for the production of goods as near perfect in design, material and workmanship as shall make them merchantable and of a character that will serve to establish for this Company a high reputation."*

And in the first catalog we read,

*"It is our aim to make all goods in the very best manner and of the best material."*

Thus it is easy to understand why Pratt & Cady men have always been, and are today, so genuinely interested in quality.

These companies have also pioneered in valve improvements. Pratt & Cady were the originators (1878) of Swing Check Valves. They were the original manufacturers in the United States (1883) of Asbestos Packed Cocks.

Reading Steel Valves have always enjoyed superlative casting, and casting steel is an art indeed. The skill of master workmen is further supported by the modern Reading plant and equipment.

Uniform quality and unlimited research are reasons why Pratt & Cady and Reading Valves stand so high.

For these reasons the American Chain Company, Inc., is proud to include the Reading Steel Casting Company, Inc., among its Associate Companies, the group of basic industries that constitute Acco, and share the Acco Giant trade mark of Quality.

**ACCO**
A group of Basic Industries under the management of American Chain Company, Inc.

**These are the Acco Industries:**

**AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, INC., and Associate Companies**

American Chain Company, Inc. · American Cable Company, Inc. · Andrew C. Campbell, Inc. · Ford Chain Block Company
Hazard Wire Rope Company · Highland Iron and Steel Company · The Manley Manufacturing Company
Page Steel and Wire Company · Reading Steel Casting Company, Inc. · The Rubber Shock Insulator Corp.
Wright Manufacturing Company · Dominion Chain Company, Ltd. *(Niagara Falls, Ontario, Canada)*
British Wire Products, Ltd.* · Parsons Non Skid Company, Ltd.*
*(*Both of London, England)*

*This is one of a series of Acco institutional advertisements. The next will appear Dec. 20th*

*For further information address American Chain Company, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn., U. S. A.*

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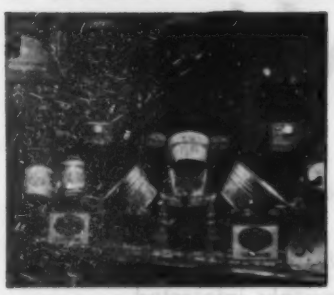
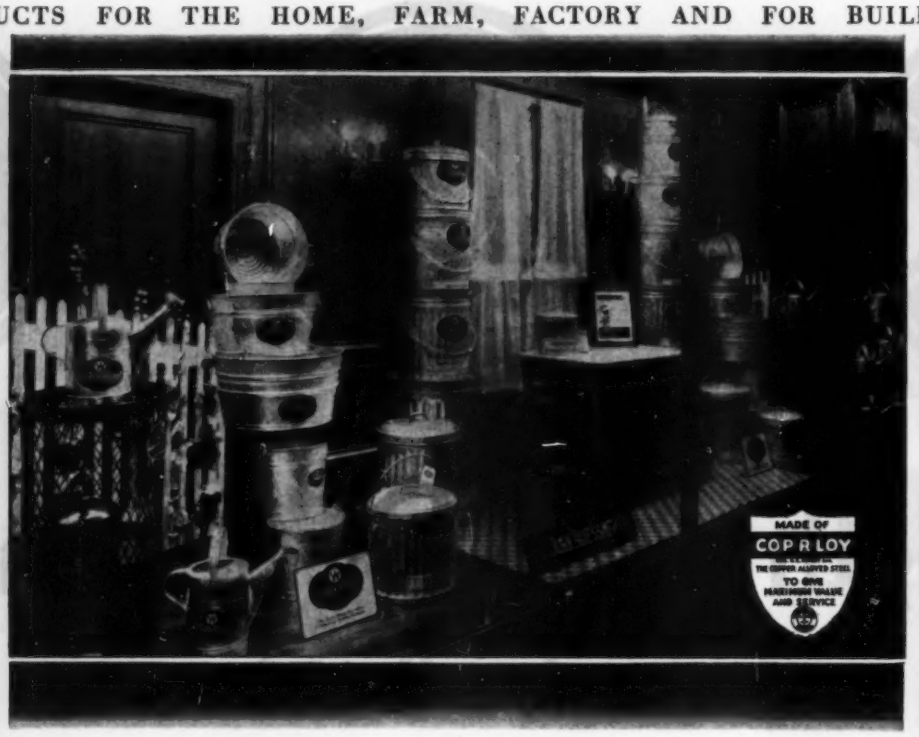
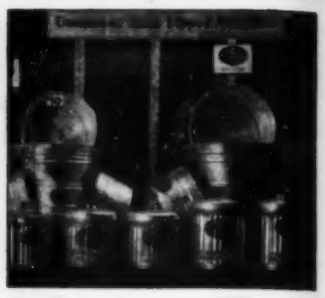
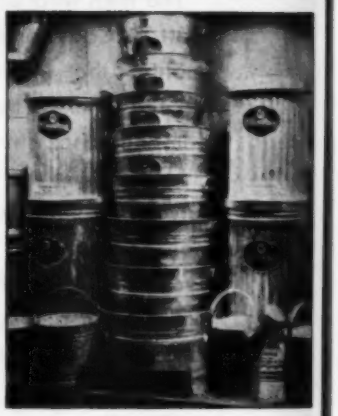
SHEET STEEL PRODUCTS FOR THE HOME, FARM, FACTORY AND FOR BUILDING CONSTRUCTION









# Quality in Metalware speaks from the windows

Even in the lowly pail you may now obtain the same essential quality found in more costly things for the home. New standards have been set by Wheeling Hand - Dipped Metalware by increasing effort to keep the name Wheeling the mark of better value.

Dealers who are not indifferent to the real service a few pennies will command are filling their windows with Wheeling Tubs and Pails, Ash and Garbage Cans and other things of everyday use that carry the Wheeling registered "*Hand-Dipped*" Red Label.

This label is a straightway introduction to a better store where quality in low cost articles that wins your business is more of a consideration than monetary profit.

## COP-R-LOY

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE COPPER ALLOYED STEEL

Success has been achieved in further improving Wheeling Metalware by discarding plain steel and adopting COP-R-LOY, the Copper Alloyed Steel, for its manufacture, thus building into each article rugged usefulness for more years than ever, due to actual rust resistance. Then the Wheeling process of hand-dipping each article in pure molten zinc brings about a most completely fortified durability—all of which is passed on to you without increase in price.

**WHEELING CORRUGATING COMPANY, Wheeling, West Virginia**

*Branches:* New York Buffalo Philadelphia Chicago Kansas City St. Louis Richmond Chattanooga Minneapolis Des Moines Detroit Columbus, Ohio

GUARANTEED

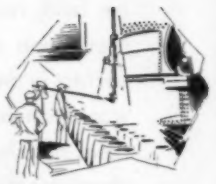
**Hand Dipped**

IN PURE MOLTEN ZINC

Thirty-nine years' experience has emphasized the superiority of the Wheeling process of dipping each article separately by hand in pure molten zinc. While modern production methods offer a quicker and cheaper way to perform this operation, the slower but more thorough hand-dipping process is retained because it gives a heavier, longer-wearing zinc coating inside and out.

Wheeling

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



**COP-R-LOY**

COP-R-LOY is a refined steel to which, while molten, pure copper has been added. In its making, the essentials of strength and malleability are *combined* with greater durability—a quality of vital importance wherever there is a tendency of metals to deteriorate. It is a modern development of mild steel, with ability to withstand atmospheric conditions several times longer than steel without copper content.

EXCLUSIVELY WHEELING RAW MATERIALS AND CRAFTSMANSHIP IN EVERY PRODUCT

# FILLING A GAP

(Continued from Page 17)

"You do."

"Indeed I do not."

"Oh, yes, you do. You understand very well."

"Very well, then, I do understand."

"Yes, you know you do. First impressions are so important too."

A touch of color flecked Sally's cheeks. She filled her lungs by way of her nose.

"This conversation must be most edifying to Major Lancing."

"He knew your father," said Daphne, inconsequently, "and you know how he always liked pretty frocks. When I first met him I was wearing a pink muslin, but I expect it would look awfully funny now. The sleeves are different."

I thought how pretty she would have looked in pink muslin and how charming she looked in what she had on, and I thought what a scoundrelly shame it was that Forrester had died and left her to wrestle with all these vigorous problems that surrounded the tea table. And I thought:

"What a queer lot! But I like 'em no end."

By some strange alchemy they had driven away all thoughts of Wailly. For the first time for ever so long I felt I was in the presence of an emergency; I had a feeling that I was sitting on the dead line that is drawn between youth and middle age. I was confident, already, that they understood and adored one another, but for some unpractical reason, preferring hostilities, they refused to operate their mutual understandings.

The only vacant chair at the table adjoined mine. And Sally was driven to occupy it.

Before sitting down, she shifted it six inches farther away—pointedly and with a sniff. If she had been my daughter I would have rapped her knuckles with the butter knife. But I have no daughter.

"There!" said Daphne Forrester, as if at last something had gone off right.

"So you play the piano?" said I grimly.

Sally gave me a nasty look.

"She's a beautiful pianist," from Daphne.

"Indeed I'm not."

"You are—you know you are."

"Very well—I am."

They were off again and, forgetting the courtesy expected from a guest, I came out with: "If what I heard was a sample, I don't agree."

"What?" Sally exclaimed.

"It was just a shindy," said I.

The silence that followed was appalling. Then Mabs crashed out: "Oh, you are a good sort."

"Jolly good," said Donald, fluffily on account of cake.

Daphne turned upon me the eyes of a wounded fawn. "What you heard has no more to do with it than that frock belongs to her."

I felt very sorry for my hostess, as one must be sorry for any woman who is out of her depth.

"It really is a shame," she said.

Laydon, with an easy start, had finished ahead of the rest. "I can't see why," he said.

"You're too foolish to see anything, and not old enough."

"I am old enough, you old goose."

"Young man," I frowned, "that's a most disrespectful remark."

"Wasn't meant to be, sir. 'Sides, she likes it. Don't you?"

"I do rather," Daphne Forrester admitted. "But people won't see."

Donald asked what they wouldn't see.

"If they couldn't see those dreadful hands of yours, they'd be lucky," said she.

With so much undisguised conflict about, it was clearly evident that I had been accepted as one of the family. I can't say why, but I was glad of it.

Daphne told me that Laydon was destined for the law, to which he replied:

"Am I just? What about the army?"

She said, "Soon there won't be one," which was more than I could stand without a protest.

"Good for you, sir," said Laydon, and went so far as to offer me the last cake on the dish—the one that nobody wanted.

"And Donald must go into business," said Daphne, and added, "What businesses are there?"

Donald said, "Trapping," which, for a boy of his years, was a proper and honest suggestion.

Daphne Forrester returned to her beginnings. "Isn't it awful?" she said.

The breaking up of the tea party bore signs of organization. It was preceded by ill-concealed nods and tiltings of the head. Presently no one but Sally and my hostess were left, and she, with a sudden and unconvincing "There! If I hadn't forgotten," bolted and left us alone.

Without looking at the girl, I felt instinctively that she was buckling on her armor. Her first remark proved it.

"Look here! I'm sick of this sort of thing."

I did not need to ask what sort of thing. I counterattacked.

"Young woman," I said, "a man does not reach the age of forty-five unmarried by accident."

"Oh!" she gasped, and colored as I had meant her to. She added disarmingly: "Yes, I spose I deserved that. But you see it really is rather awful. I haven't any down on getting married, but there's so much a girl wants to do first. Least, I do. Mother won't believe I could earn my own living if I had to. I know I could."

"Sally," I said, "even a soldier may possess an ear—and ——"

"Come in here," she said, and led me into a drawing-room.

There was a piano in one corner and she sat down and played. She played L'Après-Midi d'un Faune, and the wet mysteries of classic woodlands were revealed beneath her touch. She played The Buried Cathedral, and the sea washed through broken spires and stirred a carillon. She played a composition of her own, and I knew it was a river running swiftly, sleekly over manes of emerald weed with here and there an old trout rising to a hatch of duns, and a kingfisher drawing blue lines over its surface, and sparrows twittering in patches of reed and yellow iris.

I was surprised to find myself confronted by walls when the music stopped.

"Sally, you're a genius," I said.

"Oh, no, I'm not," said she. And I found myself repeating the family formula:

"You are—you know you are."

"Very well, then, I am," said she, and we both laughed. "But if you think there's anything in me at all, be a friend and make mother let me alone. She's a darling, but even if the country is going to the dogs it wouldn't do a bit of good hitching me up to some poor fish I can't stand the sight of. How could that be for the best?"

"I'll do what I can," I promised, for unattached, middle-aged men are rash with their promises to youth.

"Come again," said Daphne Forrester, when I was taking my leave, "and do fish whenever you like, please."

That is the kind of invitation I never refuse. Ten o'clock next morning saw me with Donald as guide on Chayne waters taking stock of what fish were rising and where.

"Do you know anything about trapping, sir?" he asked.

I knew a bit, and the boy made me draw sketches in a scout's diary.

"Gum!" he said. "Fancy laying pitfalls for an elephant. Gum! You are jolly lucky. It must be grand to have had experiences like that to tell about."

"Tell about?" I repeated. "I don't know that I ever have told about 'em before."

"What a waste," said Donald. "'Course, dad had done things too, but he pegged out before I was old enough for it to be any use."

"That was bad luck, old fellar."

"Pretty moldy. I say, I wonder if you'd do something for me. This talk of my going into business ——"

In recognizing the colonial type in embryo and suggesting that there were worse jobs for a youngster than pushing civilization a few extra yards into the wild, I cannot blame myself overmuch. It takes a man to understand a boy.

Later in the day, round a bend of the river, I came upon Laydon. He was casting at a difficult rise on the opposite bank, throwing an upstream loop to cheat the midstream drag. His rod discipline was admirable. So was his vigilance. He measured the cast to a nicety and drifted the fly over the dimple in a way that would have made his father glad. As the trout took, his wrist turned inward with just the right strike. Two pounds if an ounce. The trout leaped and went down, but, gathering in the slack, Laydon got below and gave butt.

Good boy! He wasn't going to risk a heavy fish's spinning on the surface with the whole weight of the river added to its effort. Four X has its limits, and he knew them. Evidently a strategist. Excited, yes—who wouldn't be?—but not a vestige of fuss. Damn good!

Then I realized that he had no net. I made a move forward, but checked myself. It was his fight. Ah! So he knew what he meant to do. That shingle bank. The continued strain had told on the fish. Once, twice its belly showed like a strip of brass beneath the water. The boy gathered in another yard and raised the rod point. Now for it! His father's stunt. His right foot submerged. What a chance! It needed courage and precision. Now—up! The sun on the water splash made a rainbow, but it was not that I watched, but a two-pound and lusty trout sweeping in an arc to fall among the buttercups. He had kicked it out with his foot and, more, had had the wit to let the line go with it. I heard the reel screech, then—thud!

Laydon was grinning happily, self-consciously, as I walked up. Who said

(Continued on Page 72)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Instant Heat—at the amazing rate of 570 lineal feet per minute! That is the remarkable record of the new Red Cat Instant Heater!

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The air is passed over the exhaust pipe—the quickest heating and hottest spot on your car. That is why the Red Cat brings you summer warmth and comfort almost with the first turn of the motor.

Red Cat Instant Heaters and non-electrical models (as low as $3.00) are available at garages and accessory dealers. If your dealer can't supply you, write us for folder and prices.

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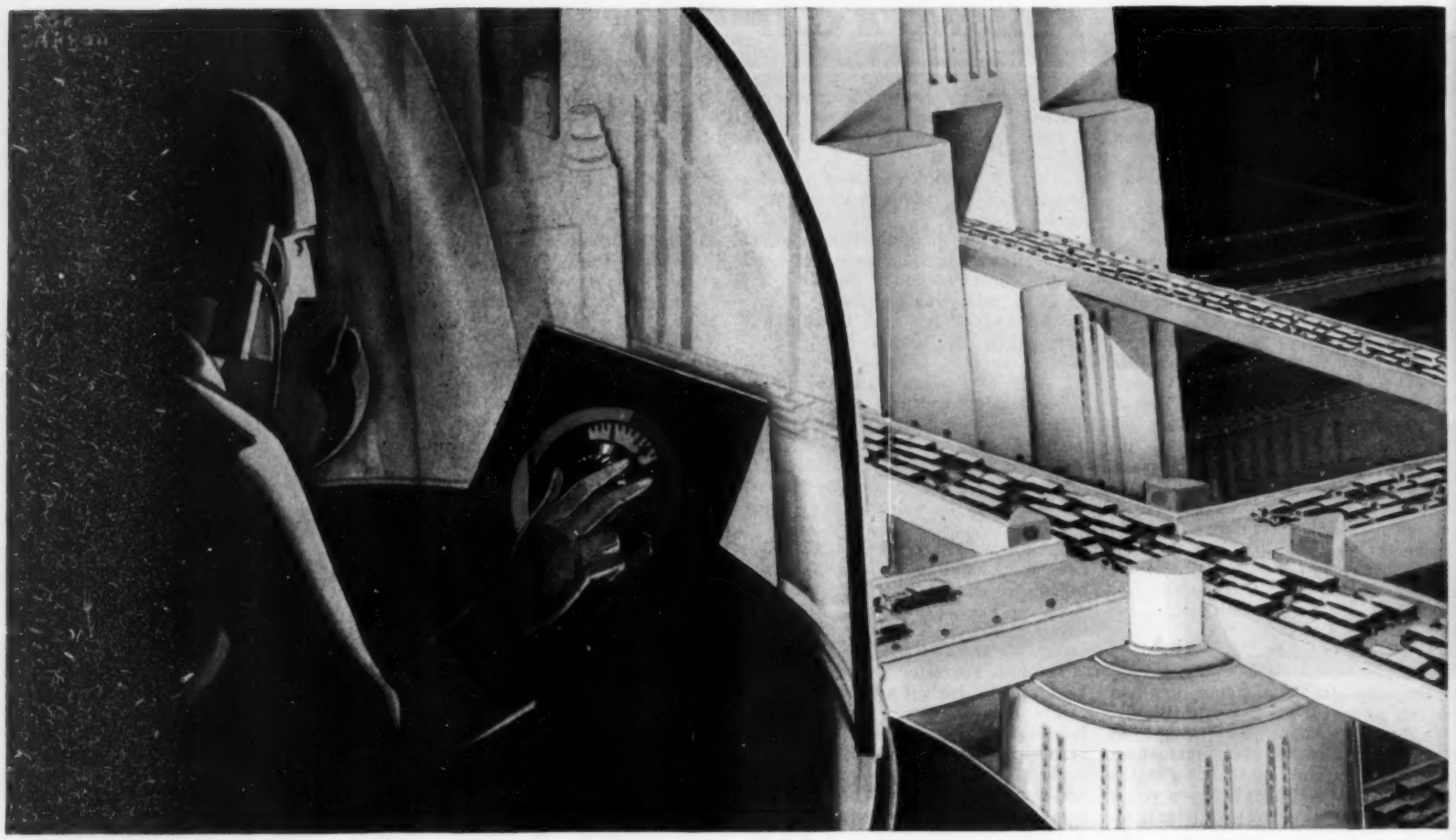
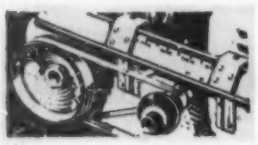


# UNDER THE CONTROL OF ONE HAND

## *the thousand traffic filled arteries of tomorrow the operation of the Brunswick Radio you buy today*

**ARMORED CHASSIS**
The Brunswick Chassis is a marvelous piece of simplified mechanism, solidly constructed and efficiently designed. Heavy pressed steel shields all working parts from dust, damage and electrical interference.



**RIGID TUNING SCALE**
Automatic tension on a broad, firm-gripping copper belt does away forever with dial slipping. Stations *must* always come in at the same point! Space is provided for writing station letters directly on the scale.

**TONE CONTROL**
You can now act as your own orchestra leader by modifying reception through a thousand even gradations of tone from deepest bass to silvery clearness of treble.

WHEN a hundred thousand automobiles speed along the elevated highways of the City of the Future, engineers predict that the whole traffic system will operate as a single unit—under the control of one man's hand. The future of mechanism, they say, lies inevitably along the path of simplified and centralized control.

Brunswick has now anticipated the future development of radio with an amazing new device which performs every operation of the set. The UNI-SELECTOR, a feature exclusive with Brunswick, is the most important contribution to radio design that has been presented to the public since the introduction of the screen-grid tube. It is as important as the self-starter was to the automobile.

Experience the ease of centralized control by asking your Brunswick dealer to let you try the Uni-Selector. Listen to the full rich tone for which the Brunswick is famous, and you will agree that the Radio of the Future is here now, ready to serve you for years to come!

# BRUNSWICK R

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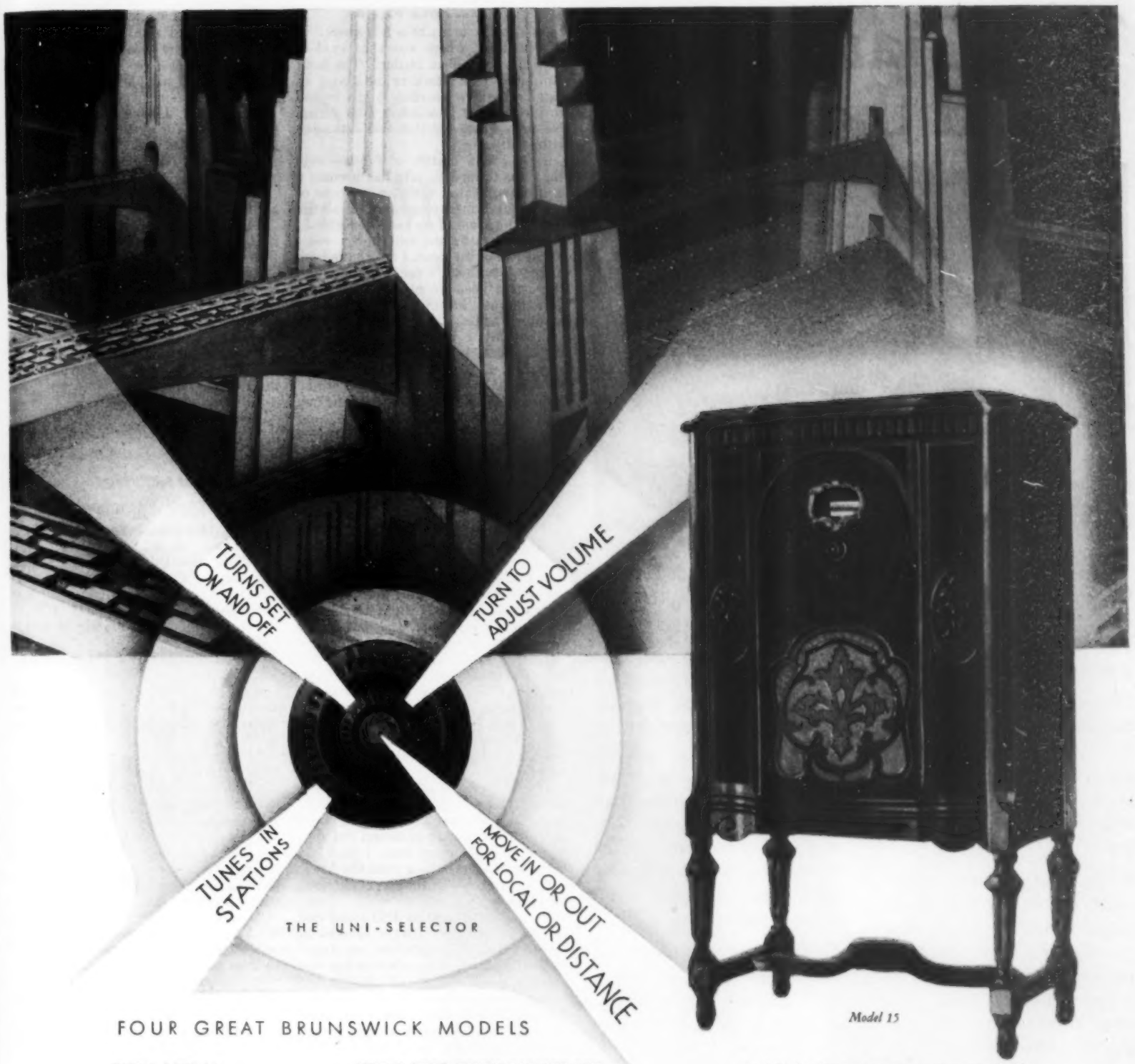




*Model 15*

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*Model* 15
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De Luxe Model. Magnificent closed-door walnut cabinet with beautifully grained panels; curved corners decorated with linen-fold design. $170

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*Model* 31. Combines in one cabinet the Brunswick Radio with the famous all-electric Panatrope that gives you record reproduction at its best. $185

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*Model* 42. A marvelous new combination instrument that plays 20 records, giving you more than an hour of entertainment without attention. Price, including 20 records, $480

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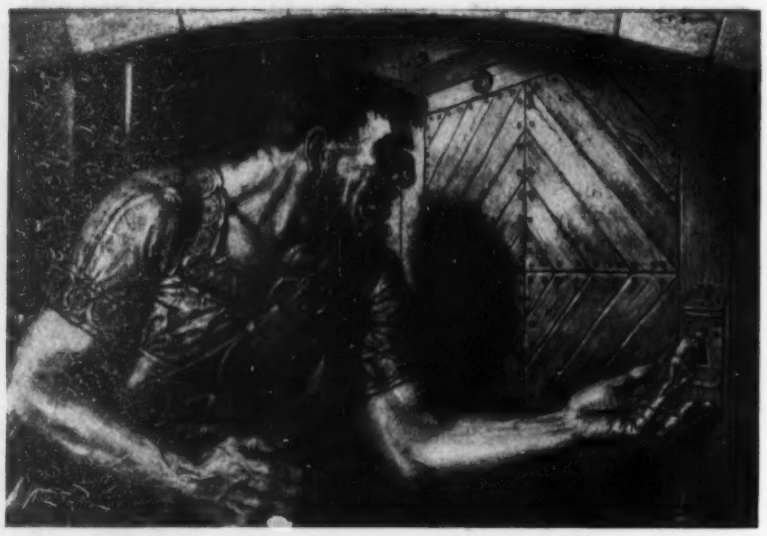
# RADIO

# FUTURA SERIES

# The Giant and the Pygmy



1930 M. L. I. CO.

EITHER from your own personal experience or from observation you know how miserable one can feel when suffering from a cold.

Of course you know some of the causes—chilling drafts, wet feet, over-fatigue, balky digestion, or an invading germ. You know it is harder to fight a cold when you are run-down. Keep yourself fit.

For the sake of your own personal comfort you want to get rid of a cold in the shortest possible time. For your own personal safety and that of your friends you *ought* to get rid of a cold in the shortest possible time.

There are many different kinds of colds—hard to distinguish one from the other. All of them are threats and one leads to another.

The original cold, if not promptly cured, breaks down resistance and is sometimes followed by a second cold more stubborn and oftentimes more treacherous than the first. The mucous membrane of the nose and throat is so weakened by Cold No. 1 that the way is opened for dangerous germs to enter.

Cold No. 1 is the Pygmy that crawls through the keyhole and unlocks the door for Cold No. 2, the Giant, to enter. In fact, to carry the picture further, the Pygmy Cold, which may be nothing worse than snuffles, a slight cough, a bit of an ache or a pain, may be followed by any one of several Giant Colds—influenza, pneumonia or tuberculosis.

Take no chances the next time that symptoms of catching a cold are shown by you or someone in your family. Consult your doctor and dispose of the Pygmy quickly, before he can open the door for the Giant. At such a time a skilful doctor is your best ally and you will be wise in following faithfully his orders.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will be glad to mail free, its booklet, "Just a Cold? Or"—to anyone who requests it. Address Booklet Department 1230-E.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.


(Continued from Page 69)

there'd be no army in a few years? If it were true, where was that kind of material to find an outlet? The law? Rubbish. Don't talk to me about an England where Sandhurst has ceased to mean what Sandhurst does mean. No man wants another war less than I, but still ——

If it was a matter of funds—well, that was different. Life has become a trifle complicated with ten per cent of the population paying taxes for all the rest. But some of us had been able to weather the gale and still show a credit at the end of the year. I may have been lucky. A bachelor's needs are few and there had been no point in spending more of one's income than comfort demanded. At least I could claim to have enough nôt to be selfish with it. The trouble had been to know what to spend it on. Charities? Yes, they were right enough, but there is something impersonal about a charity. If the boy wanted to go to Sandhurst . . . And Sally, too—with a touch like hers—well, it ought to be Munich, Milan. When it came to colonization, there are few more promising countries than Kenya, where I happened to own a few acres.

The trouble at Chayne was lack of discipline and good common sense. That little woman, Daphne Forrester, was out of her depth. She couldn't cope. 'Pon my soul, I felt damned angry with her. A straight talk—that was what she needed, and was in the way of getting, too—from the shoulder.

During the week that followed we met often. I used to leave my day's catch at Chayne and have a drink on my way back to dine at the hotel. I wasn't going to have that young rip, Laydon, kidding himself he was the only one who could take trout. Not by any means.

I had him down to the hotel once or twice to teach him the elements of fly tying. I never met a boy with so many thumbs, but he was keen and stuck to it and, to encourage him, I had the whole outfit sent along from the Army and Navy Stores so that he could keep his hand in at home.

Young Mabs used to drift along and see me sometimes. Always seemed in trouble, that kid—splinters, cut finger or scraped knee. First aid was her permanent need.

She always paid for it liberally, though I'd have been glad if her kisses hadn't tasted of pear drops. I told her they reminded me of tear gas, and got let in for a series of war stories. It was amazing how I remembered so many. Children bring a man out, it seems.

I didn't know that Sally played the violin as well as the piano, or I'd have sent earlier for that old Cremona violin which had been knocking about neglected among my possessions for more years than I care to say. She knew it was a good 'un as soon as her fingers touched it.

"You darling," she said, and I think, but can't be sure, that she gave me a hug.

"No use to me," I said.

Her mother, bless her heart, thought it was a silly sort of gift.

"Sally has a nice new one that I bought in Salisbury. But yours will come in nicely for practicing." She added: "I am awfully glad you and Sally are making such friends. She has been very difficult up to now."

"Daphne," I said, for we had fallen into the use of Christian names, "I have a reputation for making difficulties disappear."

"I wish you could," she said, and sighed. "I had a letter this morning from my lawyers to say that what with the new budget ——"

"Lawyers'll say anything," I interrupted.

"And isn't it wonderful that they get paid even for writing horrid letters like that?" said she. "I think I'm so wise to make Laydon a lawyer, don't you?"

"Is anyone wise to make anyone do anything they'd rather not?" I asked.

"But one is always having to do that," she replied. "Isn't one? Not that boys matter so much."

"Daphne," said I, "the time has come for us to have a talk about Sally."

For one moment she looked as if all her troubles had come to an end. "Oh, do you? Yes—well?"

"That child is a genius."

"Won't it be nice for the man she marries?"

"Probably not," I replied.

"Not?"

"Genius, as a rule, is uncompanionable. She ought to be sent to Germany."

"What ever for?"

"To study music."

"But I don't want her to marry a German. Besides, I thought ——"

"I know you did."

"Then don't you?" she asked piteously.

"Don't I what?"

"Want her?"

I hesitated. "As a matter of fact," I said, "I do."

Once more her relief was enormous.

"But then," I added, "I want a great deal besides. I want Laydon and young Donald and that little porcupine Mabs. In fact, I want the whole outfit."

"But you can't possibly have them. How could you? You can't."

"Don't you ever feel that the job of handling that bunch is more than you can manage?"

"I'm doing my best," she wailed.

"It isn't enough," said I sternly. "You're up against it, Daphne, and in the long run you'll lose." And then I added, "Unless."

"Unless what?"

"You call up the reserves."

"What are the reserves?"

"I'm an old reservist."

She screwed up her forehead. "I believe," she complained, "that people just try to confuse me."

"Youth goes to youth and middle age's only chance to oppose them is to band themselves together."

"With what kind of band?"

"Gold—platinum—or one of those fine circles of diamonds which are so fashionable these days."

"It's nearly twenty years since any man spoke to me like that," said Daphne. "I don't think you ought to be annoyed if I didn't understand straight away."

"You understand now?"

"Yes, please—I mean thank you," she said, and added, "but I'm sure you could have had Sally."

"I'm not looking for a genius," I said.

"Isn't that rather rude?" Daphne asked.

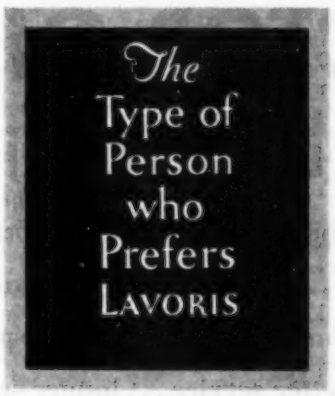
"Probably," said I, "but I've always heard that married people have a lot to put up with from each other."

I wonder what Wailly thinks about it, on the Pirbright ranges with the bullets singing over his grave? Dogs are devoted creatures and utterly selfless. I like to believe that this ready-made family of mine is Wailly's legacy to me.

# She isn't confused *about* MOUTHWASHES

You know her type. Wholesome. Charming. And thoroughly competent in business. She can do her own thinking—and isn't confused about mouthwashes. She knows that "bad breath" should be cured, not obscured. If she were troubled by it, she would seek professional advice. . . . She uses Lavoris, not only because it is an excellent deodorant, but because she is a bit fastidious—prefers products of honest merit and ethical approval. Because she is cleanly—likes its agreeable, refreshing flavor and the wholesome exhilaration Lavoris gives her mouth and throat. Because her health standards are high—and the detergent, stimulating action of Lavoris is a protection against mouth ills. . . . No matter what mouthwash you may be using now, switch to Lavoris for a week. See how clean your mouth feels, with the germ-harboring film gone. Visit your dentist regularly—as often as he suggests—and use Lavoris daily. At drug counters everywhere.

LAVORIS CHEMICAL COMPANY
Minneapolis, Minn. Toronto, Canada



***Note to Members of the Dental and Medical Professions:***

Lavoris prints its formula upon every bottle and seeks in all advertising to encourage a sane, honest understanding of the benefits of ethical professional counsel and daily attention to oral hygiene.

***"Tell the Public about the detergent action of Lavoris," Dentists told us***

Dentists the country over have expressed interest in Lavoris advertising, have offered valued suggestions. "Explain the importance of Lavoris' detergent action," they said. "Urge its daily use as a sound health measure." "Don't forget its agreeable flavor." "Keep on reminding the public of the need for regular professional oral care."

LAVORIS

DO AS YOUR DENTIST TELLS YOU

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**Watch your step tomorrow morning! You will probably step *out* of a snug room . . . *into* a chilly automobile . . . *onto* the starter button of a cold motor . . . If your oil is right, your motor will at once have protective lubrication—be ready to give you better service . . . longer service.**

**Your oil is sure to be right if Gulf Supreme Motor Oil is in the crank case—it combines the qualities determined as essential by leading automotive lubricating engineers:**

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| 1. Rich, heat-resisting lubricating film | This should spread rapidly to all moving parts | Required for proper lubrication |
| 2. Proper viscosity | For cylinders, pistons, rings, bearings, timing gears and chains | Necessary to prevent friction and wear |
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**Buy your lubricants at the Sign of the Orange Disc**

## GULF REFINING COMPANY

. . . AT THE SIGN OF THE ORANGE DISC . . .

# BETTER TIMES COMING

(Continued from Page 5)

"So far as General Motors is concerned, I look upon 1930 as a period of readjustment to a better order of things. If all industry will do this we will emerge from the situation far healthier than when we entered it. We will be able to capitalize the future. Moreover, our minds will have been cleansed of all the irregularities that prosperity always brings, particularly its negative attitude toward work. The trouble with prosperity is that while the boom is on we begin to discount effort and start to think that there are ways of creating wealth other than through work. This may have been the primary cause of the trouble that we got into last year, and of the ultimate necessity for readjustment. Aside from the suffering caused through unemployment, a temporary reversal of business activity is both a remedy and an incentive.

"It might be argued that reduction of inventories, elimination of expense and paring of personnel—I want to confine that to inefficient personnel and in no sense to efficient personnel—have all tended to reduce purchasing power. This is true, but it is an effective purging process. We must do it if we are to continue solvent. The more efficient we become the lower our costs become. In consequence, we can sell our products at lower prices and increase our production.

"Accordingly we must recognize the situation and meet it constructively, taking into account always the psychology of the country. There can be no question about our ability to conquer the crisis. The sole question should be: When will it happen? With our proved resource and resiliency, it is only a question of time. I am not in favor of trying to inject artificial means into the situation to effect a reversal of the present trend before it has run its course. We will be infinitely better off in the long run by letting it take its course."

### *A Time for Faith*

"There is another important aspect in the situation. We should not lose confidence in the country or its future, in the National Administration or in the administration of business. Nor should we lose confidence in one another. The trouble is that when things are not so good, there is always a desire and a tendency to change. I am in favor of change only if it means progress. Hence, in times like these we should make certain that changes in policy or principle actually do mean progress. I emphasize this point because during a depression people are apt to make changes just because conditions are bad and they are dissatisfied with what they are doing. We probably have brought the situation on ourselves, but the world as a unit, rather than any individual organization or individual country, has also contributed toward the recession.

"Furthermore, we must not measure our progress as compared to last year's. Business advance cannot be gauged in a big way from one year to another, because we make comparisons at different parts of the cycle. We must be careful to compare things with a corresponding period in a previous cycle or establish our comparison over a longer period than one year. The year 1929 is not a fair yardstick with which to measure existing conditions. Improvement is bound to take place, but we should not try to forecast the exact date of recovery, because I do not think that anyone knows.

"When you consider what has been accomplished in this country in the scale of living, in the relationship between capital and labor, in profit-sharing schemes which have been developed, and in the values that are being produced, it can hardly be argued that, as a general principle, our industrial leadership has been lacking, especially when you compare it with kindred leadership in other countries. We have successfully weathered other derangements and we will overcome the present one. What we need just now is faith in those who are entitled to have faith reposed in them as judged by their past performance and progress."

### *The Oil Industry's Viewpoint*

Vital to the integrity of our material well-being is the petroleum industry, with its $11,000,000,000 capitalization and an influence that reaches practically to every farm and fireside. The following statement is by Walter C. Teagle, president of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey:

"Our present business situation is the natural consequence of a long period of superactivity accompanied by a frenzy of speculation. This activity extended in all directions and was linked with an unappeasable appetite for promotions and quick profits. People who felt rich on paper gains before the dramatic collapse in security values a year ago, and who lived accordingly, now 'talk poor' when they look at stock-market quotations. Had they bought good securities outright or on a partial-payment plan, they would in most cases not feel the pinch now, because, generally speaking, income returns from their holdings have stood up despite the widespread depression reflected by the ticker. The aggregate of disbursements to stockholders in September, 1930, was $474,094,394, as compared with $399,391,264 for that month last year. It is true that this autumn many dividends have been reduced or omitted entirely, but it is not expected that the current quarter will compare unfavorably with the total payments for the last three months of 1929. A psychological factor is at work and is breeding unwarranted fears.

"This is made clear by reduced buying by that part of our population whose income, from either investments or employment, has not been impaired. Those who have the means with which to purchase goods or services which they could enjoy to advantage are taking counsel of their fears and acting exactly as though caution on their part was not a choice but necessity. Say what you will, we are all influenced in our thinking by the course of the stock market. When prices are advancing we feel expansive and undertake new ventures with a spirit of optimism guiding our decisions. When successive low levels are registered we tighten our purse strings.

"It is a matter of record that those farsighted individuals and corporations who have discounted these temporary depressions and prepared for the return of better times have generally profited by their courage and judgment. I do not mean, of course, that a concern already oversupplied with facilities should plan new additions now; but with the statistics available to every line, it might be well that they plan intelligently to get ready for the new volume of business which will certainly develop when the depression passes.

"As the supplier of a vital necessity of life, the petroleum industry has made out relatively better than most other activities. In the first half of this year it enjoyed an increase of about 9 per cent in the consumption of gasoline, as compared with the first half of 1929, when our prosperity was unchecked. July showed a sharp decrease and August an actual loss over the eighth month of 1929, so that the total gain for the first eight months was slightly less than 6 per cent.

"With declining prices, the profits of the oil industry have shrunk this year. At the same time, because volume has been maintained, there has been hardly any reduction in the total number of employes or in the wages paid these workers. As in many other industries, there has been a great oversupply of petroleum products, with a resulting stimulation of competition which has resulted in a price level too low for the welfare of the suppliers. At this writing, which is mid-October, the public is buying a better grade of motor fuel than ever obtained before, and paying for it the cost of the raw material, plus transportation, manufacturing and marketing expense. Hence, the most skillful and economical management finds it difficult to earn a profit under present conditions. The average refiner is striving to hold his share of the trade and, to do so, is glad to get back the money he is paying out for materials and labor.

"Therefore, if we limit our view of the oil industry to the facts which interest the stock-market speculator who is concerned almost exclusively with the immediate returns or those promised in the near future, we find it very disappointing. No one wants to invest his savings in an enterprise which is only breaking even. The investor, as opposed to the day-to-day trader, attaches less weight to the current situation than to the outlook for the long future. To the investor, the petroleum situation should look better than it did a year ago, even though earnings have fallen rapidly in the meantime. I consider the fundamentals in our business improved over conditions in the middle of 1929. Corrective measures of far-reaching influence are at work throughout the industry and are making for stabilization on the one hand, and progress on the other."

### *Too Much Gas*

"To understand why profits in this basic industry have gone a-glimmering, it may be pointed out that when it markets its products, the oil business has the same difficulties as other producers of commodities. It offers a wide-open field to competitive capital and competitive sales effort. In common with most other manufacturers, the petroleum industry has increased its facilities for production more rapidly than was warranted by consumption. Accordingly it has been engaged for some years in accumulating a growing surplus, of both the raw material and finished products, after satisfying the current demand. This surplus hangs over the market to prevent an early return to well-balanced conditions. Though the additional accumulation put into storage each year has amounted, in fact, to but a small percentage of that year's sales, the total reserve has now reached such proportions that it exerts undue pressure on the machinery of price making. We have in the United States at this writing about 40,000,000 barrels of gasoline and 693,000,000 barrels of crude oil and partly finished stocks.

"It logically follows that the hope for relief in such a situation lies with the crude-oil producer. If he can get his house in order so that the industry's raw material will flow on a carefully planned schedule to provide for known requirements, while at the same time allowing for a reasonable draft on previously accumulated stocks, every branch of the industry will be brought into balance.

"I find substantial ground for encouragement in the fact that it is toward this objective that the industry has definitely set its compass. If the same voluntary and compulsory measures of control now being followed are continued in practice until our abnormally large stocks have been materially reduced, the result should be a distinct improvement."

### *A Power in Power Speaks*

One of the outstanding developments of the past decade is in the use of electricity, which is linked with public-utility expansion. As chairman of the Commonwealth Edison Company of Chicago and executive head of utility corporations operating in thirty states, Samuel Insull is a power in power. His diagnosis of what this all-important activity faces is:

"Our business depression, which has lasted upward of a year, came upon us stealthily. Perhaps good times will come back in the same quiet way. We had a blind side in the summer of 1929 from gazing too intently upon our prosperity. Possibly we have a blind side now from staring too steadily into the gloom of depression.

"In planning extensions of, and additions to, permanent plant we operating people in the public-utility industry must look pretty far ahead. Therefore the figures showing our investment expenditures for this year and our estimates of such expenditures for next year may be taken as a reasonable indication of our faith in our country and in our business.

"At the White House conference late last year my figures showed that proposed capital expenditures by the so-called Insull group of public-utility companies were expected to run to upward of $198,000,000 in 1930. It is now estimated that such expenditures will be between $196,000,000 and $200,000,000 by the end of the year. This is significant, in view of the fact that in 1928 such capital expenditures were a little less than $147,000,000, and in 1929 a little more than that sum. For 1931 it is now estimated that our group will spend between $195,000,000 and $200,000,000 for additions to and extensions of permanent plant.

"These facts may be regarded as fairly good evidence, I think, that we regard the present depression in business as only temporary, and that over a term of years this depression will have relatively little effect upon the growth of our business. My experience

(Continued on Page 77)

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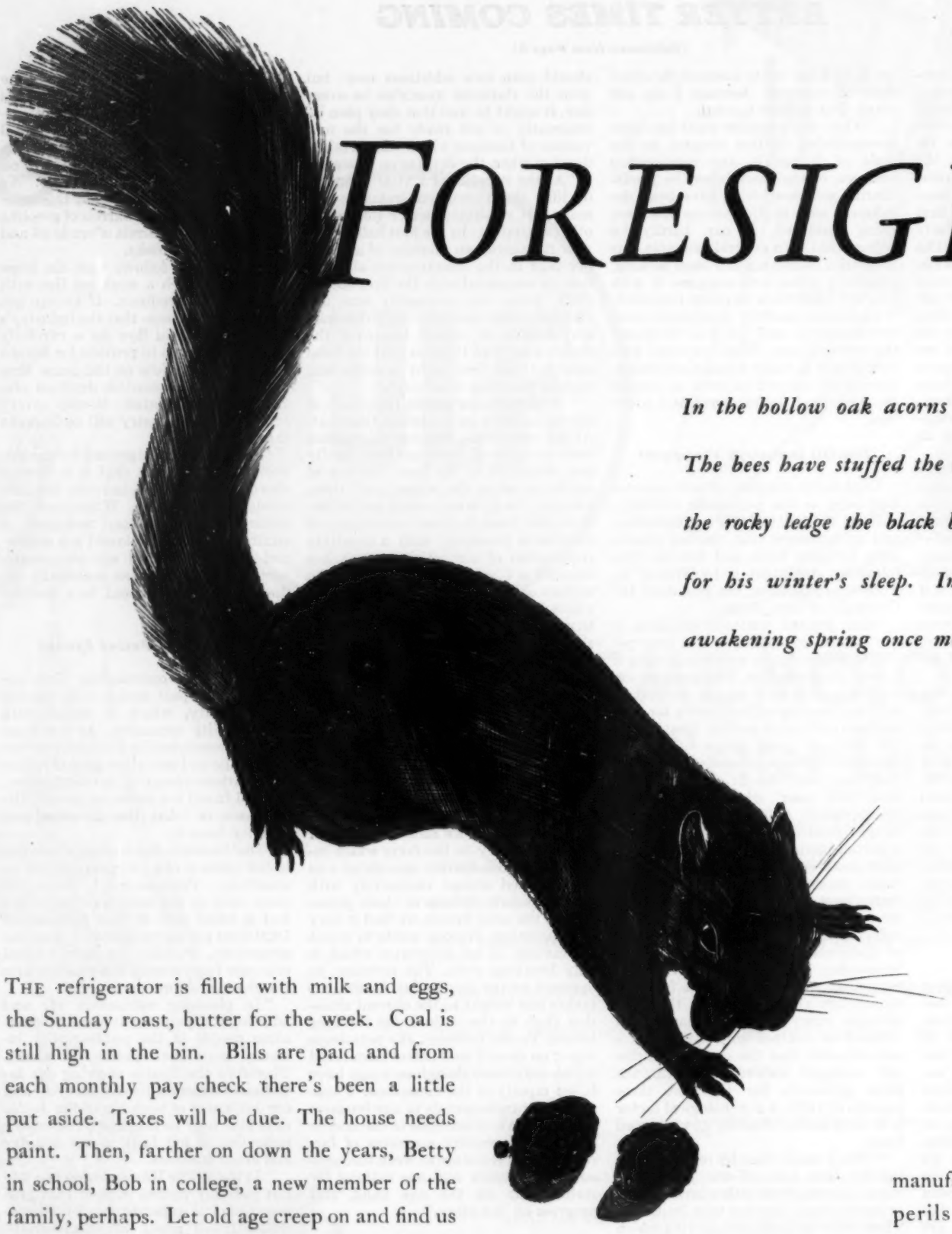

# FORESIGHT

*In the hollow oak acorns jam the squirrel's nest. The bees have stuffed the comb with honey. Under the rocky ledge the black bear is a ball of fur, fat for his winter's sleep. Instinct has provided till awakening spring once more supplies their wants.*

THE refrigerator is filled with milk and eggs, the Sunday roast, butter for the week. Coal is still high in the bin. Bills are paid and from each monthly pay check there's been a little put aside. Taxes will be due. The house needs paint. Then, farther on down the years, Betty in school, Bob in college, a new member of the family, perhaps. Let old age creep on and find us carefree and independent—if our plans work out.

All our dreams are based on our ability to make money. Income is essential. It must continue. It must grow. Through life insurance we can guarantee our earning capacity and project it even beyond our own lifetime.

Insurance offers us today the most modern means of protecting everything we own of value. We insure our home and our business against fire, our car against accident, our manufactured goods against the perils of transport. And life insurance guards the cause of all these property values—our life value as a wage earner.

Modern insurance is a scientific institution which maintains values by indemnifying losses and distributing equitably the costs of risk-bearing. Ætna, with gigantic resources, with 25,000 representatives in every section of the country, will be glad to advise you about your own program of insurance protection.

**ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, ÆTNA CASUALTY AND SURETY COMPANY, AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE COMPANY, STANDARD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, OF HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT**

ÆTNA

(Continued from Page 75)

to date this year has led me to the conclusion that the electricity-supply business has by no means reached the saturation point. Even during the present depression we have had a steady increase in the use of electricity for household purposes—an increase sufficient to compensate for the decreased use in the arts brought about by the depression. I believe that when the turn in business comes, the use of electrical energy in the arts will grow at a rate hitherto unknown. Times like these induce the manufacturer to seek means for reducing operating costs. Speaking from my own experience as utility operator, I have the greatest confidence that conservatively financed utilit es will weather the 1930 business depression with great credit to themselves and to the satisfaction of their owners.

"It would be idle to make predictions as to when the depression will end. Certainly there will be no abrupt change—a depression today and a boom tomorrow. Such a period as we are now passing through is not wholly without advantages, however. From 1914–15, with only a short respite, our people made and spent more money than ever before in our history. As a result, they got reckless and lost their sense of proportion. This depression has forced upon them a new conception of the value of money. From extravagant spending, the country has gone to the other extreme of husbanding its resources. The times have driven the manufacturer to a reduction of his production costs. They have given people of all classes the impulse to save. As savings pile up and as production costs are cut down, courage will return to the people and the spirit of business adventure will again assert itself. Money will find its way back to the channels which prospect the great undeveloped resources of this country. This will be done cautiously at first; but, because the public has a short memory for the lessons of experience, later on money will flow into development enterprises on a scale that will probably exceed anything we have hitherto known."

### *A Railroad Chief's Thought*

Since the railroad is an essential part of the economic fabric and touches all the people, the chief executive of a great system must keep his finger on the pulse of events. I, therefore, put the question: "Is business beginning to turn the corner?" to Paul Shoup, president of the Southern Pacific. His answer was:

"Business never turns at a definite point either toward adversity or prosperity. The turn is in the trend, and it comes when the sum of business activities definitely heads toward improvement. At this date, which is October thirteenth, railroad earnings indicate no corner one way or the other. Since shipments wait upon business activities, the railroads are perhaps in the rear of the procession.

"Judging from studies made of like recessions in 1907–08 and 1921–22, there should be a change for the better within the next few months. In 1921, for example, we had the same newspaper headlines about trouble abroad, depression in commodity prices, and all the other kindred economic ills that we now face. Then, as in every other national depression, we came through successfully.

"Today the same forces are at work in human enterprise. The only apparent difference is in the greater variety of channels and the higher intensity of action. The motives of mankind supply the identical forces. Likewise the problems facing the individual, or the individual in association with others, are the same as in former crises. In these settling-down and settling-up periods he has to meet and dispose of problems that arise from errors in judgment of both himself and his associates, and too often of other people and their associates."

### *Judging the Future by the Past*

"Instead of seeking panaceas, which are always dangerous, our people as a whole are looking backward over their personal performances of the past few years, correcting their own mistakes and vicariously taking care of the burdens created by others. This process of readjustment is essential before the forward march can begin anew. Emergency activities are useful only in that they give time and opportunity within which to turn around. Such adjustment, however, must be made only as necessary. Otherwise the forward movement cannot be taken successfully. Courage, resourcefulness, frugality, self-denial, self-discipline and coöperation with others will bring us to the turn in the road. We have had a century and a half of national life studded with recessions, and in every case the lesson of hardship has accentuated subsequent progress. If readjustment now requires the same time element as in the 1921–22 or, for that matter, the 1907–08 setback, then our trend toward greater business volume should become definite, as I have indicated, within the next few months.

"The National Government can contribute its share to revival by limiting the tax burdens as far as possible, by maintaining its present financial policy, and correcting the laws that are unnecessarily strangling business activities. One much-needed revision relates to our antitrust acts, because business has outgrown them. We must guard against the high fever of optimism and likewise keep our people from chasing rainbow ends and being robbed by unscrupulous promoters on the way.

"The railroads, which last year spent $13,000,000 a day, have problems of their own to be considered if they are to keep pace with the inevitable increase in business. These problems are the growing burdens of taxation largely incident to public improvement, the creation and maintenance of roadbeds for commercial competitors on the paved highways, the increasing severity of subsidized Panama Canal and inland-waterway competition, and the whittling of their rate structures."

Few onlookers appreciate how the shifts in American production affect the larger economic picture. Just how this transition contributed to the existing recession is explained by Henry M. Robinson, who helped to frame the Dawes Plan and who is chairman of the board of the Security-First National Bank of Los Angeles:

"Discussions between men of economic problems are generally closed, now as always, when some blacksmith economist pronounces in definite terms: 'You can't get away from the law of supply and demand.' Generally a discussion of this law does not follow. Nobody wants to get away from the law of supply and demand. It is a good law and doubtless will always obtain. This law does not change where, as I understand it, it is merely relating supply to demand. The demand end of the law does change.

"We are told that sixty years ago 65 per cent of the workers were engaged in producing foodstuffs and the products of the mine and forest, and 35 per cent were engaged in producing what was classified as semiluxuries and luxuries. Recent surveys indicate that 22½ per cent of workers are engaged in agricultural production. This would leave 77½ per cent engaged, first, in producing the needed raw materials of the mine and the forest, and the finishing of certain of these raw materials, and the balance in the field of semiluxuries and luxuries.

"Some important economists contend that the number of workers in semiluxuries and luxuries now considerably exceeds those engaged in necessary production. As science and machinery reduce the number of workers required to produce our necessities, the workers must go into the industries of expanding production of semiluxuries and luxuries. The greater the percentage of luxuries the more sensitive is demand.

"The theory and practice has been evolved that the worker should receive a greater percentage of the net capital earnings than would be obviously necessary to maintain a considerable demand for semiluxuries and luxuries, in order that those released through advancement in knowledge and practice in the production of necessities may be provided with gainful employment. In addition, in the last eight years there has been the extraordinary increase in the number of investors in shares.

"Because of all these changes the crash of 1929 was a shock to the confidence of more people actually, and more proportionately, than ever before, resulting in the complete reversal of the mental attitude in the matter of buying, especially nonessentials. Superimposed on this is the result of forced draft selling through the growth of installment sales, with consequent expanding of the inventory in the homes, difficult of measurement, but obviously existing. The man with a job is paying up his debts and not buying. The man without a job is doing the best he can.

"Most commodity prices are below the average cost of production. Retail prices have not as yet paralleled this change but are nearing it. Even this has not interested the buyer in the last few months. Today there are evidences of a quickening interest.

"With our credit machinery generally in excellent shape, it would seem as though some additional courage and confidence on the part of the average man will bring about a marked improvement. It would be foolish for me to assert that the improvement from now on will be continuous or rapid, but, as one who has faith in the courage and competence of the average man, I am not only hopeful but believe that we are on our way out of the present difficulty."

### *What the Manufacturers Say*

The United States contributes 40 per cent of the world's manufactures. Actual and prospective output, accordingly, affords an indication of what industry may expect. You have it in the appended interview with John E. Edgerton, president of the National Association of Manufacturers, an organization comprising 4000 producers throughout the United States:

"There is abundant evidence that the worst of the depression is back of us. This statement is not an effusion of optimistic hope. It is based on statistical reports which the National Association of Manufacturers received and tabulated between September twentieth and October first. These reports, which form the annual trade survey of the organization, were obtained from actual heads of companies employing hundreds of thousands of workers. The survey was made by means of a questionnaire sent to all members, embracing manufacturers of goods in twenty-five basic groupings, with an additional grouping for miscellaneous products. The questionnaire covered present and prospective trade, inventories, comparisons with last fall as to employment, labor supply, wages, production, sales quantities and sales prices, and labor conditions."

### *A Reassuring Check-Up*

"Though this survey reflected the business depression through which the country has been passing, it also revealed significant factors indicating that the low spot has been passed. Chief among the latter were that the wage scale generally is holding; that, with a great decrease in production, there is no considerable overstock of goods on hand; that, though sales have fallen off largely, the decrease in sales prices has not been in anything like the same ratio; that the outlook is preponderantly favorable in the varying degrees of 'excellent,' 'good,' and 'fair'; and that a condition of complete labor tranquillity prevails.

"Among the industries which, on the percentage showing of our responses, indicated the best state of present trade were cement, farm products, foodstuffs and petroleum and petroleum products. Similarly, the industries in which the outlook for winter trade seems brightest are glass, crockery and porcelain, jewelry, petroleum and rubber. Most of the replies reported normal inventories.

"Wages in a great majority of cases were shown as unchanged as compared with the fall of 1929. From ten of the groups we had statements that there had been an increase over a year ago. These groups were automobile accessories, clothing, electrical goods, iron foundries and machine shops, hardware and tools, machinery, metals, stationery and printing, textiles and miscellaneous. Increases in sales over the fall of 1929 were reported in automobiles, building, chemicals, electrical goods, farm products, iron foundries, iron and steel, machinery, paper and pulp, rubber, textiles and miscellaneous. Increases in sales prices, again as compared with late 1929, were revealed in the cement, clothing, iron foundries, hardware, iron and steel, stationery and miscellaneous groups. The lowest percentages in production were in farm products and petroleum.

"With all these generally favorable indications in front of us, I repeat that the surest way we all can express our faith in ourselves and our economic system is to buy normally and now."

There was a time, not so long ago, when both the film and the radio were regarded merely as diversions. Today they loom large in the nation-wide scheme of production. Hence, any survey of contemporary business must include them. Let us first take the film situation as revealed by Adolph Zukor, a pioneer in the business and president of the Paramount Publix Corporation:

"Our business shows definite improvement and our reports indicate that there will be a steady movement upward. Possibly the motion-picture

The PARKER GAMES

CAMELOT

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A GAME BY GEORGE S. PARKER

**A radical change in games—a new fascination—an intelligent delight!**

From out the glories of the past come forth the Knights of CAMELOT to fight their fields once more! Two forces of knights and men confront each other in the center of the board.

Jump, canter, capture, smash with a Knight's Charge, and clear the way through your opponent's forces to his goal!

**What Noted Experts Say of Camelot**

**Milton C. Work** pronounces Camelot "a brilliant game of extraordinary fascination—**one of the few really great games.**"

**E. V. Shepard** calls it "a masterpiece!—a new delight."

**Mrs. Prescott Warren** says, "It has added another pleasure to life."

**Elizabeth Clark Boyden** hails it as "America's contribution to the world's great games."

**CAMELOT** is far livelier and more interesting than checkers — immeasurably simpler and easier than chess. It is made in the following editions:

No. 96, Fine Edition, in rich binding .....Price, $10.00
No. 80, Lancelot Edition, heavy board.....Price, $3.00
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**ROOK—The Game of Games**

Quick climaxes, exciting moments. A charm all its own. With rules for all Rook games, including the fascinating new game DISCARD ROOK. The largest selling and most popular Home Game in the world. **Price, 75c at DEALERS'** or by mail.

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**PASTIME PICTURE PUZZLES**

**Absolutely fascinating!** These are the most finely made Picture Puzzles in the world. Beautiful, richly colored subjects. **A wonderful amusement and mind rest.** Exquisitely cut, finely finished, they are a delight to handle.

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**Other Famous PARKER GAMES: Touring, Ping-Pong, Pegity, Pollyanna, Lindy, Wings, Pit, Halma, Derby Day, etc.**

**"The Standard of Excellence in Games"**

PARKER BROTHERS INC
SALEM, MASS. U.S.A.


industry suffered less from general business depression than any of the nation's major businesses. Recreation, whether obtained from looking at a motion picture, listening to the radio or engaging in outdoor sports, is as much a necessity as food and clothing for the general well-being of the people. The fact that the American people during the last few months spent their normal quota on the form of recreation embodied in motion pictures indicates that there was no lack of money. This is further confirmed by the fact that, with the coming of winter and the release of bigger and better pictures, we have seen a sharp improvement in theater attendance."

### *Movies and Radio Look Ahead*

"Two factors have operated to stabilize this attendance at theaters. One is the attractions shown in theaters, which have constantly improved. The other is the quality and community standing of the motion-picture theaters themselves.

"In the last few years we have seen the motion-picture theater develop to the point where it is now one of the outstanding community enterprises in pretty nearly every town and city of any size in America. People take pride in them.

"These theaters are not only attractions in themselves but they also have proved to be definite assets to surrounding business. In small country towns we have received repeated proofs that the town with the best theater draws trade from the adjacent territory. In the bigger cities it is obvious that the comfortable, well-operated downtown theater is of value to the merchants in that neighborhood. From all this, therefore, it is apparent to us in the picture business that not only can we look forward to a general improvement but that we also are a very tangible help in bettering the general business situation."

The possibilities of the radio business may be gathered from this expression from Gen. J. G. Harbord, president of the Radio Corporation of America:

"Whether the duration of the present depression is measured by that of its predecessors, by some comparison worked out on recurring cycles or in the light of the international situation, there seems to be a fairly unanimous feeling in the air that we are at the turn in the tide.

"The psychological factor is, of course, an important one. Groups of people talking favorably can do as much good as similar huddles have done harm by talking hard times. More audible pessimism is heard in the neighborhood of the New York Stock Exchange than anywhere else in the world. Fluctuations in the prices of shares are by no means entirely due to hard times throughout the country. Little groups gathered around club tables in lower New York can almost convince one another that the present depression will be permanent. When the professional short seller of stocks gets trimmed he blames everybody but himself. If bear raids on the stock market can be curbed, legally or otherwise, we will make a big step toward general stabilization.

"In our particular business the market crash of last year coincided with an abnormal season of overproduction in radio merchandise. Some radio manufacturers, in an endeavor to establish a position in the industry which sound economics could not sustain, sold their merchandise below cost. Without regard to the stock market, the end of 1929 would still have seen the radio industry entering the new year overloaded with inventory. This was by no means due to diminished buying power from losses in the stock market. The radio inventories had to be moved before production of this year's lines could begin. The year 1930, therefore, had to be a poor year for radio.

"The people of America have become radio-minded. Radio sets and accessories have crossed the twilight zone between luxury and necessity, and are no longer luxuries. People will buy them heavily for the remainder of the year and next. I definitely believe prosperity is at the door of the radio industry."

### *The Department-Store Angle*

No index of the business situation is more accurate perhaps than is disclosed by merchandising, especially through the department store, whether large or small. What follows is the opinion of James Simpson, chairman of Marshall Field & Co.:

"I believe that the period of liquidation of merchandise stocks and commodity prices is about at an end. So-called distress merchandise has practically disappeared from the market. In a general way, there are no important accumulations of goods either in the hands of manufacturers or of wholesale distributors.

"Our own buyers have already discovered that manufacturers are late on deliveries because of shortage of raw goods for use in their mills. In some lines there is even a scarcity. Any improvement in the manufacturer's position will, of course, bring about increased employment, which, in turn, will mean enhanced spending power and that other and larger psychological result which is improvement in the public state of mind. The public has already begun to spend more freely than in the past six months. I believe that the people will demand more goods as soon as they are convinced that there is a stabilization of prices rather than a weakening.

"In our wholesale and manufacturing offices merchant buyers have been arriving in increasing numbers from all over the country, and they report a distinct change for the better. In fact, there is a vastly different atmosphere in wholesale merchandising than obtained in September.

"Impressive evidence has been accumulating that retail merchants generally throughout the country have been starving their stocks. The seasonal upturn has sent buyers scurrying to the markets, most of them with orders for goods for immediate delivery. As a matter of fact, big buyers are now beginning to be concerned about their ability to get all the goods they will need for the winter season in time for actual requirements. It is not improbable that many merchants will want goods quickly in quantities which will not be available.

"In our retail stores we are relatively in a much better position than in some months past. We are much encouraged and, therefore, look confidently for a continuing improvement. If the public will follow Mr. Coolidge's advice and spend sensibly, without hoarding, business ought to make a steady and certain recovery."

### *A Business Surveyor's Idea*

Finally, there is the new American opportunity linked with a fresh world responsibility as interpreted by Julius H. Barnes, chairman of the National Business Survey Conference:

"Today there is a discussion of overproduction and of depressing surpluses engendering discouragement and stagnation. Yet it is true that if the 400,000,000 of Europe would set the same table as the common standard of America, wear the same clothes and equip their houses with the same myriad electrical devices, these added requirements would absorb existing surpluses of wheat, meat, sugar, wool, silk, leather, tin, zinc and copper. Aside from the 500,000,000 of Europe and America, what of the other millions of human beings certain to advance fast or slow along the trail pioneered by the United States?

"As to America herself, it runs counter to economic history and violates fundamental individual human nature to doubt that a young and virile race, having once experienced what man may aspire to own and enjoy, will ever fail to maintain and advance its living standards. Periods of reduced activity should be periods of consolidated gains.

"It is right to labor ceaselessly to shorten the present distress of the 4,000,000 unemployed, but we must also justly value the real achievement of American industry, which today places 42,000,000 workers in orderly and productive employment as against 31,000,000 in 1921.

"Consolidation of position is going forward. Credit reservoirs are filling. Wastes are being remedied. Human energy is accumulating its restless urge. At some point the calendar period will prove outrun, and price levels, born of distress, will attract new ventures in enlarging enterprise. Governments will again inspire productive effort and facilitate the exchange of trade throughout the world. The forward march of human progress will quicken.

"In this resumption of business endeavor the world waits for leadership in America. Without artificial stimulation and with only an earlier appraisal of real forces and real conditions, we are reaching the time when America's economic initiative will show its confidence, courage and accurate judgment. Now, or soon, it is inevitable."

XUM

# 1/5 the Usual Time and Labor

## *to Serve this Ham of Finest Flavor*

You save 4/5 the time and labor because we do 4/5 the work for you. All you need do is heat and brown.

Just 30 minutes in a 375° oven. No boiling, simmering or preliminary cooking. Perhaps a moment or two garnishing with brown sugar and cloves before you put it in the oven, and three bastings while browning. Actually 2½ hours' work in 30 minutes.

You find new flavor in Hormel Flavor-Sealed Ham. Only the finest hams are selected for Flavor Sealed cooking. Each Ham is cooked in its own sealed container. Thus the natural flavors are cooked into the Ham, not out. Nothing is lost to the open air as in ordinary cooking.

Hormel Flavor-Sealed Ham is without bone, skin or surplus fat—while ordinary ham is about 1/4 such waste. And there is almost no cooking shrinkage in Hormel Ham, compared to a shrinkage of nearly 1/4 the weight in home cooked ham. Every morsel of Hormel Ham is usable and delicious. Even the juices are marvelous flavoring for soups, sauces and vegetables. Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.

*Distributors for British Isles,*
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★*Also* FLAVOR-SEALED CHICKEN (WHOLE AND HALF), BONELESS CHICKEN, CHICKEN A LA KING, SPICED HAM, PORK TONGUE AND LUNCHEON MEAT, are cooked like the Hormel Ham—in the sealed package. Fine flavors for appreciative palates, and hours of kitchen drudgery saved. Instantly ready food. Keep on hand.

*Please try Hormel Flavor-Sealed Ham at our risk. All leading food stores have it. If you are not satisfied just mail your purchase slip to us, tell us why and we will refund you what you paid for it.*

Hormel Radio Recipes by Ida Bailey Allen every Wednesday morning—11 E. T.—10 C. T.—12 M. T.—11 P. T. Columbia Broadcasting System

# HORMEL★ *Flavor Sealed* HAM

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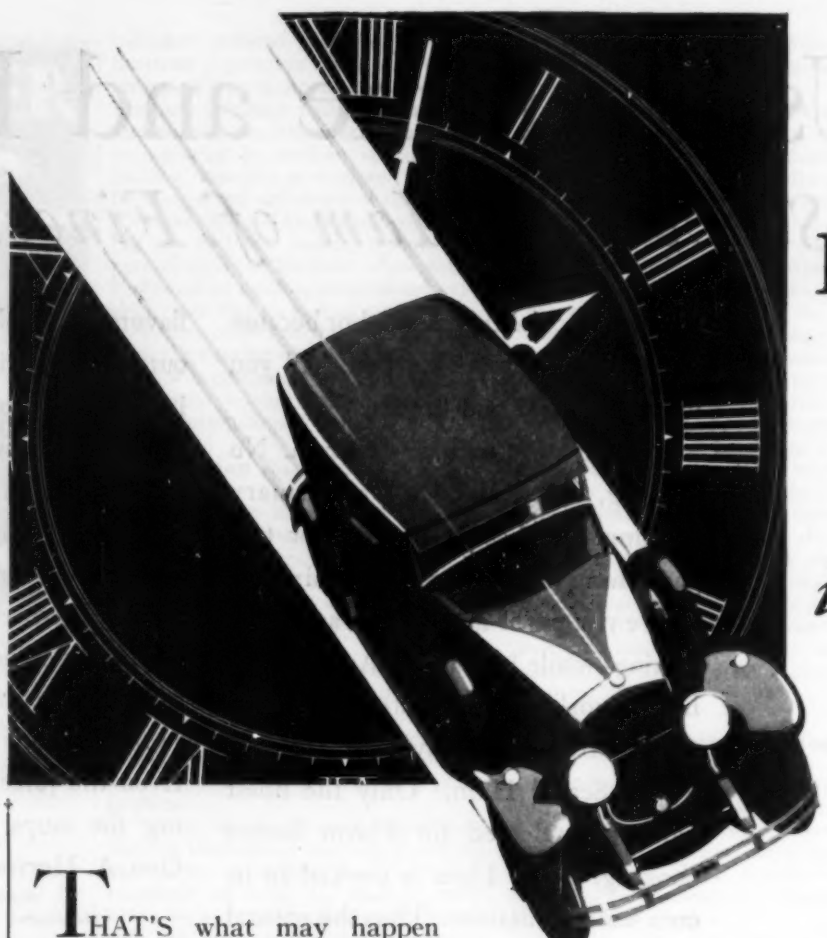

# TWO HUNDRED MILES' WEAR *in two minutes by the clock!*

THAT'S what may happen every time you "warm up" your automobile engine in cold weather. This costly damage is done because ordinary oil congeals when cold and will not flow in between tight fitting parts until it warms up. In the meantime, your engine is running practically without oil—metal to metal.

### New Lubricating Principle Safeguards Motor in Sub-Zero Weather

You can eliminate these destructive first two minutes by using *Springeezed* Oil (a blend of 25% Springeez Oil and 75% regular engine oil*) in your crank case. This revolutionary oil is so active that it will not congeal in severe sub-zero weather. It gives thorough lubrication to every moving part the moment your engine starts; replaces itself on cylinder walls many times faster than any other oil; penetrates to the tightest bearings, even when stone cold; reaches valve stems and out-of-the-way parts that ordinarily are not adequately lubricated. Enables new and reconditioned cars to be driven at normal speeds immediately.

*Under extreme conditions more than 25% Springeez Oil may be used.

### Insures Easy Starting—Protects Battery

Because it will not congeal in the coldest weather, *Springeezed* Oil will enable the battery to turn the engine over as easily in winter as in summer. This prevents the undue battery drain which, in winter, so often makes trouble.

### Makes Shifting Easy

A mixture of 25% Springeez Oil and 75% regular transmission lubricant will give you summer ease of shifting on the coldest winter days. Use Springeez Oil also in the differential to prevent gear hum and give perfect cold-weather protection to gears.

For greater motoring comfort and longer car life, have your car dealer, filling station, or garage man put *Springeezed* Oil in your crank case and add Springeez Oil to your transmission and differential—one pint of Springeez Oil with three pounds of transmission lubricant. This means, for most cars, one pint in transmission and one-half pint in differential. If he cannot supply you, send us his name and address.

SPRINGEEZ OIL
LUBRICANT SUPREME
Springeezed Oil gives lubrication that no car ever had before

HALSTEAD OIL COMPANY, Inc., 1407 Union Central Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio

**Car dealers and manufacturers recommend Springeezed Oil for "breaking-in" new and reconditioned cars as well as for continued use.**

We find that Springeez Oil permits easy gear shifting when used in the transmission, and easy starting of any engine when used in the crank case, on the coldest days in winter.

Kimball Chevrolet Company
Minneapolis, Minn.
Edwin J. Johnson

My past experience with Springeez Oil proves to me that adding 25% Springeez Oil in the crank case of every car we deliver, insures proper lubrication. In winter we add 25% Springeez Oil in the crank case, transmission, and differential for proper lubrication and easy starting and shifting.

The Baxter Company
*Studebaker Distributors*
Indianapolis, Indiana
Howard Smith, *Service Manager*

Before entering upon the distribution of this outstanding lubricant, I thoroughly investigated its merits, and by actual test found that 25% Springeez Oil added to regular engine oil in the crank case and to the grease in the transmission and differential, not only lends much greater activity and lubricating value the year round, but assures as easy starting and shifting in the coldest weather as in summer. The mixture also provides a high-speed lubricant, which is extremely necessary in the modern high-speed, high-compression engine.

Carl A. Burton Stations, Inc.
Kansas City, Mo.
D. L. Wilhelm, *Manager*
Gas and Lubricating Dept.

We consider Springeez Oil a wonderful help in the servicing of motor cars. We have used it for a number of years in the winter time in engine, transmission, rear ends, and steering gears with 100% satisfaction.

Boston Hupmobile Co., Inc.
Boston, Mass.
C. E. Stewart
*General Service Manager*

(*From Marmon Service Bulletin, issued by factory to distributors and dealers*)

In cold weather a mixture of 25% Springeez Oil with 75% regular lubricants used in crank case, transmission, and differential, will insure proper lubrication by preventing these lubricants from congealing in the coldest weather, thus making starting and gear shifting easy.

**Where to buy Springeez Oil**

In more than 3000 cities and towns Springeez Oil is on sale. Because of its widespread use as a breaking-in oil for new and reconditioned motors, thousands of car dealers and service garages have it. If yours does not, he can get it quickly from most any good jobber. In many places, Springeez Oil is sold at filling stations also, and their number is increasing daily. Insist on the genuine Springeez Oil. There is no other oil like it. Don't risk a substitute. We'll gladly give you the name of the nearest dealer.

**To Filling Stations, Car Dealers and Garages**

Take advantage of the big immediate demand for *Springeez* Oil. Order from your jobber. If he cannot supply you, send us his name.

CARE WILL SAVE YOUR CAR

How to use SPRINGEEZ OIL — One part Springeez Oil + Three parts regular oil = SPRINGEEZED OIL

Look for this signature
Griffin Halstead

# MANDALAY

***After the Western Spirit of Wayside Art Penetrates the Orient***

ON THE old Moulmein Pagoda,
lookin' westward from the sea,
There's a great big sign a-settin' advertisin' Goolong's Tea.
There's a thirty-foot-high teapot and its ten-foot letters say:

DRINK A HEALTHFUL PINT OF GOOLONG'S
IT IS GROWN IN MANDALAY

It is packed in Mandalay. Try a cup per meal per day.
It will stimulate digestion in a normal, pleasant way.

On the road to Mandalay,
Where the signs are on display
And cut off the view enti-er-ly of China 'crost the Bay,
All the lettering is yaller and the teapot's bilious green,
And atop the old Pagoda blaze the words:

USE MOTORINE

While the idol on the doorstep chews a whackin' white cheroot
With the line

SMOKE BURMA STOGIES

Plastered straight across the foot.
Bloomin' signboard made o' mud
That was once the great gawd Budd—
But 'e didn't draw no money like an advertisement wud
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the signs are on display,
And the billboards look like thunder, 'idin' China 'crost the Bay!

Ship me somewheres north of Greenland where the lonesome glaciers pile,
Where there ain't no starin' billboards and a man can see a mile;
For I hear the wastes a-callin' and the icebergs seem to say,
"Come you here, you blinkin' tourist, come you here from Mandalay!
Come you here from Mandalay,
Watch the seals and penguins play:
All you see is signboards stretchin' from Rangoon to Mandalay!
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the ads are on display
And cut off the view enti-er-ly of China 'crost the Bay!"

—BARON IRELAND.

# INTERNATIONAL

*(Continued from Page 9)*

up the treads, "did you really tell Elsa Pallent she's a bore? Oh, you angel! Michael's in convulsions! Did you really answer her back?"

"I'm sorry. She was awfully rude, Cousin Philadelphia."

"I'm so glad! Oh, I'm so glad! She's an international menace!"

"She's an awful bore," said Ailanthus. "I don't mind her criticizin' the United States. You get used to that. Got used to it on the boat comin' over. But I did mind her usin' all that stale stuff and—and actin' as though it was somethin' nobody'd ever said before. Dad says America'll have to do its own criticizin' for itself. It's no good foreigners tellin' us we never talk about anything but kitchens and plumbing. It's a lie, but it doesn't matter. She sprung that too. But who is this Mrs. Pallent, just? I'll want to tell dad about her."

Lady Sack touched her son's nose. "Go to bed, honey. You've been very good and useful. Mrs. Cooper-Copple says nobody'd think you're half American. That's a great compliment and I'm supposed to enjoy it lots. Go to bed, and remember your pill. Good night, bud."

She stared at her boy's movement up the stairs past a golden Hindu god and a Chinese woman of crystal. She then sat abruptly down and her voice went on:

"Mrs. Pallent's done very well for herself over here, until just lately. There's some talk. Let that be. Why, she's one of the stories that look so different back at home, where people like to believe that all foreigners are just crazy about American women. Wonder if it ever occurs to some of the patriots that twenty thousand American girls come over here every year, with plenty of dollars and a receptive smile, but that there aren't a hundred transatlantic romances a year?"

"M'm," said Ailanthus, "dad says that, Cousin Phil. Sally Warren, from home, 's been over here three years. Good-lookin' too. But nothin's happened yet."

Cousin Philadelphia chuckled. "Something did happen to Mrs. Renning. She'd divorced some man in the States before she came over. She was a newspaper girl. Called on me in '14 to ask how it felt to be married to a great English statesman. Great! Gil was in the room and nearly had a stroke. Then she got into war nursing at our hospital. She was stunning all in white! And she kidnaped Geoff Pallent on his deathbed. It wasn't pretty, 'Lanthus. Sweet kid, rather dull—he'd been gassed. He married her and died. Couldn't have been two days later. Heavens! I remember her standing with a parcel for him—to the Honorable Geoffrey Pallent—and asking straight through her nose: 'What's that "Honorable" mean, Lady Sack?' Old Lord Melwood—Geoff's father—was furious. But he settled something handsome on her—an income. The Pallents are richer than rich. So she got what she wanted. Then she went to work, and ——" The quick, light voice halted and resumed: "But you might like Exeter, 'Lanthus. It's really pretty. . . . Going to bed, Mr. Galloway?"

"Rather think so. Motoring does fag a man. We drove," he said, "clean from Fortune House to Southampton, and then back to your very hospitable roof. I say, your cook's immense! French, of course?"

"Sorry, Russian."

"Oh? Must ha' come from the old Czar's kitchens, then."

"Hardly. I've had Boris twenty-four years. My first husband set his leg in a hospital in New York. He's still grateful. . . . You've been stopping at Fortune House? How's Colonel Dumby?"

"Oh, very fit for an old chap. . . . Good night. . . . Good night," he said to Ailanthus.

Lady Sack ran a hand over her red Westlund curls and was silent on the step. The man's feet ascended, heavily tapping the bare wood. He was not drunk, but his eyes were funny and he had a flush. Ailanthus saw him pass along the last landing, before a leaden image of Queen Elizabeth which had scowled right there since 1591, and stumble on the two steps which brought him to the upper hall. He was walking slowly. Took him a whole minute to disappear. He went by the carved pillars, fifteen feet away, and once looked down across the heavy railing to the floor's chessboard of marbles.

"Very hospitable roof!" Cousin Philadelphia sniffed. "Rats!"

"Who's Colonel Dumby? Sort of familiar."

"Dumby's Domestic Cocoa, honey. Has a house the other side of Salisbury. He's an amusing old cuss."

"That's an awfully old brand, isn't it?"

"Oh, mossy! The colonel's father started it. He's magnificent about charities and things. Wonderfully generous. Told Gilbert that the income tax leaves him sixty thousand a year.... Let me finish about Mrs. Pallent. She went into retreat somewhere. Studied intensively. Next time I saw her she'd learned how to speak English. She can remember that 'schedule's' 'sheddule' over here, and she always gets the accent on the second syllable of 'laboratory.' And her books began. Needn't tell me that you never heard of Elsa Pallent. They're for British consumption. They're for middle-class consumption. You've met a duke, a duchess and a countess here, angel, and I call you to witness, sonny, that they behaved just like human beings!"

"Who's a countess?"

"Janet Sunborough. She lunched here Tuesday."

"That fat woman? The one talked to Kay about making marmalade?"

"She's a famous cook," said Lady Sack. "But they do behave like human beings, don't they? But not in Elsa Pallent's books! Ought to read her version of the Duchess of Stole, now you've met Moira."

"In one of her books? But isn't that kind of—of ——"

"Cheeky? Oh," said Lady Sack, "never you mind, 'Lanthus! Some of them don't object at all! Moira did. She hates clothes and never wears jewels, and Mrs. Pallent turned her out in hundred-pound frocks, dripping diamonds from every pore. The woman's a good-enough journalist to know what she's doing. Her stories have just one plot. They're about a nice girl who's very poor—been married to the wrong man usually too. And someone asks her to a house party and nice people take her up, and by and by—what d'you think?—why, she marries an earl! It's hardly believable, but it works still. She's been stopping with old Dumby this week. She'll marry a benevolent millionaire's son in the next one."


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"But it sounds pretty bad," said Ailanthus.

"It is pretty bad, 'Lanthus!"

An Irish voice said, "What's pretty bad, Phil?"

The Duchess of Stole and Stolehaven was standing between the pillars with her hands touching the rail of the upper hall. Two fair, curly boys flanked her, black and white beside her old green gown. She looked down across the space and smiled, and Ailanthus rose to grin comfortably at her.

"Tommy Peter's talked Mrs. Westlund asleep. She sat up in her pretty Chinese coat and was ever so docile and listened politely. And ——"

"We were being awfully bright and gay," said one youth.

"Oh, too frightfully! Told her all about rags at school and things. And then she brutally yawned and the *duquesa* ordered us out. She was quite duchessy about it. *Duquesa*, I would like to see you behave like a duchess," said the other. "Think you could sweep into a drawing-room? Do try! Come down and sweep into the drawing-room. Be regal!"

"Hold your tongue, Tommy," said the first twin. "You're bein' impertinent. Remember to be an English gentleman, and don't offend her, or we shan't be asked to Beausire Pride in August."

"You're always asked to Beausire Pride, you silly young cubs. And that's Mr. Westlund."

The twins came pattering down the steps and landings, and looked at Ailanthus with their blue eyes. They were just like yellow kittens in a box at the barn, restlessly interested in something bigger. Their ears and white ties and varnished shoes twitched.

"I say, is it true you've no sense of humor at all?"

"Not any," said Ailanthus. "I take after mamma. The Casses haven't any."

"But how do you get on?"

"Dunno. I just do."

"I expect he's joking, Peter. Yanks always have senses of humor. They keep telling one about it."

"Don't think so. He does look grave and broody. . . . Lady Sack, we thought you were our friend. We're orphans with nothin' but a grandfather to shelter us, and we ran off from him 'cause the house was all full of oid Elsa Pallent and that polo chap, and you let 'em in here!"

"Tommy, you mustn't blame me! Blame," said Cousin Philadelphia, "the grand old English tradition of making use of your friends—or acquaintances—when you need a night's lodging."

"Oh, that was a nasty, fast one! I say, Peter, we're failures this evenin'. We tried to amuse Mrs. Westlund with our racy chat and she asked us practical questions. We don't know how housemaids live. Ours always seem to marry the second gardener."

"We might take up the study of housemaids. We've got heaps at home. The colonel pays 'em off by squads. Ever seen him pay the servants, Lady Sack? He loves to! Pays 'em every week. Comes of havin' been paymaster or whatever it is in the factory when he was a young thing. The old dear goes into Salisbury on Fridays and comes back with awful quantities of notes and sits in the mornin' room Saturdays, and they all come in and he says, 'There y' are, Edwards. . . . There, my girl.' It's awfully impressive. He keeps so many of them. Doesn't think it's vul——"

"Tommy—I mean, Peter! Colonel Dumby keeps all that army because he thinks it's his duty to employ as many people as he can. Don't be stupid!" said Lady Sack.

"I was going to say just that," the boy drawled.

"I'm sorry, lamb."

"I forgive you," the other one said.

"It's not your turn to forgive anybody, you ass! You forgave grandfather last week when I said we could live within his income, and he said, 'You're a pestilential young idiot!' I am, and you forgave him for saying so. He ——"

A baffled young footman said, "Colonel Dumby's on the tellyphone, sir."

"Asking for which of us?"

"He said either or both, sir."

The kittens pattered down and vanished into a little room where the telephone sometimes buzzed. The duchess leaned over the thick rail and said, "But it's midnight, Phil! And their grandmother's been so ill. Oh ——"

"Has she?"

Lady Sack ran down the steps and her black skirt whipped across the marble. She closed the door behind her. And then nothing happened. Ailanthus thought. One of the cars could get the kittens to Salisbury in half an hour, driving fast. But his own bother swelled up, wide as a cloud, dark as a cloud. He glanced at the duchess and saw her looking at him. . . . Yes, even a kid like Cornwallis Sack knew he was mussed up inside. And she knew it.

"Come here."

He walked up the landings and took his hands out of his pockets. When you were away from her she looked like a kid; when you got close she was just beautiful and of no age. Her eldest son was twenty-two and one of the daughters had babies. Ailanthus grinned.

"What's wrong?"

"Nothin'."

"Silly! Your wife knew something was wrong when you came up after dinner for a handkerchief. Don't be idiotic, child. And don't go home next week breathing fire, either!"

"What about?"

"I could hear that woman at dinner, baiting you. Don't hate us because she's a swine."

"You're grand," he said. "You've been fine to Kay all week. The kid's homesicker'n I am. I'd—I'd give my shirt to get her on the boat from Southampton tomorrow, even with Mrs. Pallent on it. But you're fine. We think you're the best-lookin' woman we ever saw anywhere. But you're used to hearin' that kind of thing."

"D' you mind if I'm pleased, Ailanthus? How nice to be named for a tree. Why?"

"It was outside when I was gettin' born. Mamma's poetical."

His trouble blazed. She was fine, and she knew all this maze. She lived in a house like this. She would know what to do, or whether there wasn't anything to do. Try it!

"Look here! I haven't any more sense of humor than—than a pig has."

"I'd be glad to be rid of mine sometimes, especially at large dinners."

"But it must be nice. Dad's given up tryin' to make me see jokes. Said matrimony'd help me. Hasn't—not any—and we've been married seven months. I hate makin' anybody else ridiculous, see? My family or friends. I'd hate makin' Sir Gilbert and Cousin Phil ridiculous. It doesn't bother me any, bein' ridiculous. Used to it."

"You're quite wonderful. But now, tell me what's happened?"

It bogged in his throat, after four hours. And it was telling on a girl, in a kind of way. But he had to now, and she was a louse, anyhow.

"Do you—you like that Mrs. Pallent?"

"Do forget her! Nothing's so odious as these Yankee women who've learned to patronize ——"

"No, it's not that. I mean—guess I mean: Do you trust her?"

She drew black hair aside from her forehead and looked at him.

"Trust? Now, go on, child. No"—she must see into him—"you can't stop! Go on!"

"All right. Clock in our room's fast—twenty minutes. I came down for dinner lots too soon. Walked into the drawin'-room. That Galloway fella was holdin' her up by her legs. She was stickin' something up on that ledge—shelf—you know? On the fireplace, there. This end of the room. Must be ten feet up there. He said: 'Do be quick!' She said: 'You—you somethin' coward!'"

"I assume I know the adjective. I'm a soldier's daughter. Then?"

"Nothin'. I stepped back outa the room. And you and the duke came along pretty soon after that. We went back in. She'd begun playin' the piano ——"

Three ladies and the beautiful old man who looked like Judge Ransome at home were starting upstairs. One of the ladies had told Ailanthus at tea: "But all Yankee girls have their own

*(Continued on Page 84)*

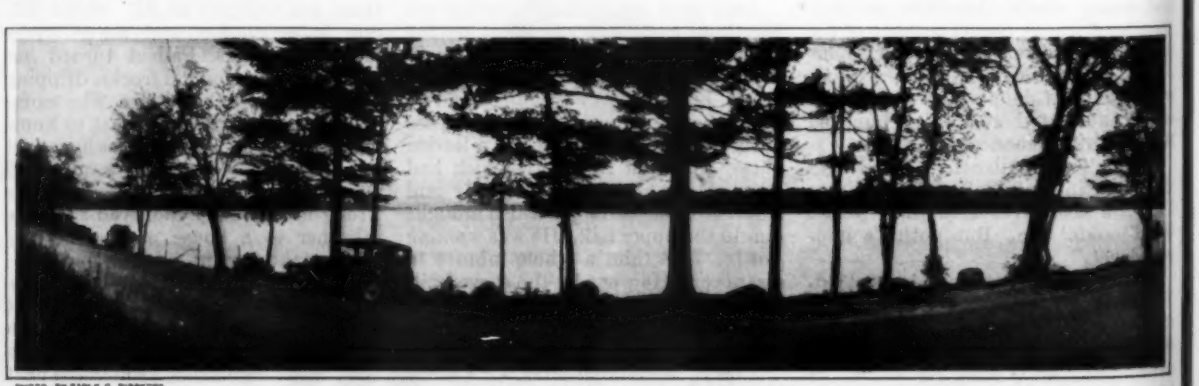

PHOTO. BY EMILE C. TISSETTO

*Lake Pennesseewassee, Norway, Maine*

# Science takes us behind the scenes of a great modern tragedy

IN MILLIONS of homes every day, a drama unfolds. The setting depicts comfort, cheerful surroundings, well-laden tables.

But science turns the spotlight behind the scenes, and there finds tragedy. Man is shown, trapped by the comforts which surround him. Enslaved by whims of taste and appetite! Deprived by these tastes of certain food factors, vital to his well-being! As a result of their loss . . . weakened, lacking in vitality, subject to ills!

The curtain has been raised on this tragedy of modern life by our new knowledge of the vitamins, important "life" factors which promote vitality and keep one in vigorous health.

Nature provided an adequate supply of vitamins in natural foods. But whims of taste and appetite have caused people to prefer foods which contain few of these vital factors.

The seeds of grain were intended to be wholly eaten, but modern taste prefers the appetizing starchy part and discards the other vitality-creating, health-protecting parts.

Fresh fruits, vegetables, and dairy products make up some of this lack of vitamins, but not enough; for there is a minimum below which our vitamin intake must not fall.

At first a shortage of vitamins may be so slight that the only sign is low vitality, listlessness, and lack of energy. But a profound influence over health itself is exerted by these valuable food elements.

A shortage of Vitamin A makes us particularly susceptible to colds and sinus troubles.

Vitamin B gives strength to the muscles of the intestinal tract. Lack of this vitamin delays digestion. Food remains too long in the intestine, and constipation sets in. Lack of Vitamin B might be said to be one of the reasons for the great need for laxatives.

There are two ways to get enough vitamins. Vigilant watching of one's diet—eating plenty of foods rich in vitamins. But one must become almost a student of the subject to choose the vitamin-rich foods.

Away from home or in restaurants it may be inconvenient to follow a correct diet. One may find it hard to give up favorite foods.

There is a quicker, easier way for us to obtain these factors. We can replenish our regular diet with the vitamins we need—by means of a diet-supplement.

E. R. Squibb & Sons have now made it possible for us to do this with Squibb Vitamin Products.

Squibb Vitamin Products are pleasant to use! They build up resistance, maintain vitality and strength.

All good druggists carry the following Squibb Vitamin Products. Each of these products, added to the regular diet, supplies a liberal excess of the vitamins.

## *These Squibb products will enrich your diet in vitamins*

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*Squibb Adex Tablets*—Now Squibb provides Vitamins A* and D*, the health-promoting factors of cod-liver oil, in new, concentrated form. Squibb Adex Tablets are for those who cannot take cod-liver oil. They are tasteless, easy to swallow. Use Squibb Adex Tablets regularly to help ward off colds and other infections this winter.

*Squibb Chocolate Vitavose*—A new, rich source of Vitamin B*. Promotes good digestion. Tones up the system. Keeps you "regular". Taken in milk Squibb Chocolate Vitavose makes a delicious drink.

FOR CHILDREN

*Squibb Mint-Flavored Cod-Liver Oil*—Abundant in Vitamins A and D, the factors needed by children for growth, and for the development of sound bones and teeth. The cool, pleasant flavor of mint makes it a great favorite.

*Squibb Chocolate Vitavose*—This rich source of Vitamin B stimulates the appetite and helps children to grow. Delicious in milk as a "between-meal" drink. Children love it, and it's wonderfully good for them.

FOR INFANTS

*Squibb Cod-Liver Oil*—Rich in Vitamin D, the bone-and-tooth building factor. Also rich in the growth and resistance promoting Vitamin A.

*Squibb Cod-Liver Oil with Viosterol-10 D*—A new product, greatly enriched in Vitamin D. It is for rapidly growing infants who need the extra Vitamin D and who also need Vitamin A.

*Squibb Vitavose and Dextro-Vitavose*—Two rich sources of Vitamin B and iron. Used to modify milk for infants.

*Mothers! The needs of infants vary greatly. Consult your physician before using Squibb Vitamin Products for your baby.*

*Vitamin A**—The factor which promotes growth, and builds up resistance to certain infections. People who need Vitamin A are susceptible to colds, tonsilitis, grippe, influenza, gland and sinus troubles, and skin infections.

*Vitamin B**—This vitamin gives tone to the digestive system, aids growth, and has an important effect on the nerves. A shortage leads to poor appetite, loss of weight, low vitality, irritability, digestive disorders and constipation.

*Vitamin D**—This is the factor which helps babies and children develop a strong, well-proportioned framework, and sound, even teeth. Too little Vitamin D results in soft, porous bones, rickets, and tooth decay.

*Squibb Chocolate Vitavose*
*Squibb Adex Tablets*
*Squibb Cod-Liver Oil with Viosterol-10D*
*Squibb Plain Cod-Liver Oil*

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(Continued from Page 82)

motor cars, of course," and hadn't believed when he said only three girls at home had their own cars.

"And, really, what is the loveliest place you've seen on this side?" the duchess said.

"Perugia; though Kay liked Florence more."

"Ah? We've never done Italy. Micky's so busy with his dairies. His dearest lady pig became a mother yesterday at Beausire Pride. The bailiff wrote. He's ever so happy. D'you go in for pigs, Ailanthus?"

"Sort of. Mamma objects."

"I'm keen on pigs. Runs in my blood."

The people on the stairs were interested, he could see, and one of the ladies wanted to stop and talk, but the duchess slumped on the railing, her elbows together and her chin in her hands, and spoke of pigs. The heels echoed off in the cavern sheathed with carved woods.

"Go on, child."

"But that's all. If it's silly to—to be bothered ——"

"No. I knew you were miserable when we came on you there in the hall, Micky noticed. No. That's extraordinary," she said. "If they were being hunted down ——"

It had been extraordinary. He saw the bronze gown high against the scrolls and dolphins and the man's arms black, and the stir of her hands, tucking something away. And Galloway was driving her on to the boat at Southampton in the morning. To sail at noon.

"How tall are you, child?"

"Five foot 'leven an' three-quarters. Couldn't reach. That shelf's ten feet up. I ——"

"We can manage, Ailanthus. . . . She's been trying to borrow of Melwood."

"Huh?"

"Lord Melwood. His wife's a cousin of ours. She was Kitty Beausire. Melwood's this woman's brother-in-law. People have been—what do you Yankees say?—trying to shake Mrs. Pallent. She clings, though. And that waster!"

"Mr. Galloway?"

She was smiling, very strangely. "I get ill, listening to it. They must have things! One has to have a proper maid. Ah! My three aunts in Dublin had a cook and a maid between them. Dad used to send me home to them from India. God knows how he found the money! They must have things. One's so poor since the war! They can't do without things—proper things. Not they! . . . There's Galloway! He's clever—vulgar and clever. He could sell motors, run things. No, not he! The lazy beggars! And some of them whine, you know, when the tax leaves them five thousand a year. Who can't live on five thousand a year?"

"Twenty-five thousand dollars? Anybody could!"

"Ah, not some of them, child! Ask Phil how much she's owed. Oh, it runs in your country too! They must have things. Saw a bit of it last summer, on Great Island—I beg its pardon—Long Island. They must have things—quite proper things. And a villa at Cannes thrown in. The vulgar lot of them! They're international—universal, I suppose. They must have things! But devil a hand would they turn to a bit of honest work! *Im Schweiss deines Angesichts sollst du dein Brot essen!* That's nothing to them, Ailanthus."

"Yeh. I know. Kay's uncle's lived on her family all his life."

"It's all one world, isn't it? . . . Come along."

"Where?"

She grinned like a kid, doing things to her hair. "I'm going to sweep into the drawing-room, old friend."

"But she's there!"

"It's such a big drawing-room, and so beastly cold in winter, my dear. Come along."

Something happened. She was not what she had been. Nothing happened, but something happened, and he could not see what it was. They were just walking down the stairs again, but a young man with scars on his face flattened against the wall and stared. She had turned into something. Some people on the lounge below the big picture by Canaletto stopped talking. A footman gaped in the door of the red billiard room and glasses rang together on his tray.

"Dearest Moira," a skinny woman said, "what a lovely frock! I've been adoring it all evening!"

"Found in a shop in New York for twelve pounds, Dodo."

"Oh, not really? Of course the chic of Yankee women is utterly fabulous. Always look as though it were their first decent dress. But they do ——"

"Their shops are amusing," the duchess said, and the lady drifted off.

She was going to do something. He licked his lips. She knew something. But this was like being taken to the principal's office when he and Red Ransome upset the green stuff in the chemistry class. He was scared of her now. She had stopped being just a nice woman. She seemed taller than the marble god at the door of the drawing-room. Mrs. Pallent's fingers slacked on the keys of a white piano starred with old gilt and then went on. But two men lifted heads and looked at the Duchess of Stole, sweeping into the room. Sir Gilbert Sack took down the yellow glass from his blind eye and put it back before he finished a rolling sentence to a gray, thin man.

"—— been out there so much. They'll have to take their own line, Ross. One can't expect them to adopt just our view of European affairs."

"But—of course I've not been out there—but, as the mother nation ——"

"We overdo that mother-nation pose," the duke said. "A congressman whose father emigrated from Sweden isn't, you know, much interested in the roast beef of old England or Westminster Abbey. I stopped a week in New York—the state, I mean, not the dreadful city—with a most amusin' family named Van Eck who've any quantity of French and Iroquois ancestors."

"But culturally they're derived from England," said Mr. Ross.

"Mostly, only their young people do sit about in Paris and one gets stumped at dinners out there, by females askin' what you think of German philosophers and these Italian dramatists. Don't go out there, Ross, and make the sublime mistake of assumin' they care very much about us, one way or the other. They're themselves, except when they're tryin' to be European, and they make the most awful mistakes when they try to do that. And I do assure you it's a terrible mistake to go out in summer. It's not the season, and—I say, Moira, why've you changed? That a new frock?"

"No. It's the same frock, my dear."

"See it is now. You"—he halted, and then said—"you've been hidden since dinner."

"I took Tommy Peter up to amuse Mrs. Westlund, and they did amuse her. We've been so middle-aged all week. Time she had some silly children to play with. We talked about housemaids and all sorts of nonsense."

"Housemaids," sighed Mr. Ross, "are not nonsense. They constitute a menace in an essayist's humble establishment. They mislay notes and stuff books in the wrong shelves."

"Mrs. Westlund," the duchess said, "was wondering about their manners and morals. I say, Gilbert, d'you suppose a housemaid ever would think of dusting that shelf up there? Can you reach?"

The giant laughed and turned against the dolphins and the wreaths of the mantel. But his hand would not reach that ledge. The music from the piano ran high and rhythmless for a moment. Ailanthus stiffened his face.

"How very badly," said Mr. Ross, "she plays. Who is that at the piano?"

"Mrs. Geoff Pallent."

"Oh? Quite lovely."

"Stand on a chair, Gil," said the duchess. "I'm really curious. It's my vulgar instinct for mere household management."

Mr. Ross smiled. "Have you vulgar instincts?"

"Being Irish, I must," she said lazily, "or one's constantly told so by very English people."

Sir Gilbert mounted a chair and examined the shelf with a finger, and musically grunted. "Mountains of pure grime, Moira. I must say that ——"

"Hallo," said the duke, in a little, "is it a mouse? Mummified, I hope, Gil?"

Mrs. Pallent had steadied at the piano and the music was crisp and delicate. She was talking against it, although her voice was loud, to come ten yards. "Paris? Think not. Might trot over after I'm home from the States. One needs some decent things for the summer."

Decent things! Proper things. One had to have things. Things. Things. Sir Gilbert was getting down with a thing in his hand—long thing, white thing. Envelope. There it was. There it was. And the piano stopped.

"Hooray," said the duke. "Astonishin' find at Sack End! Correspondence of Queen Elizabeth with Lionel Sack discovered after lapse of centuries. All theories of the queen's private life reversed. Clandestine marriage with Ivan the Terrible revealed. I say, Gil, what's in it?"

The giant was looking at the duchess. She still smiled. Then Ailanthus remembered what an old English lady had told Kay in Florence, at tea: "We're drilled, you know. We're taught not to explode as you Yankees do." But Sir Gilbert looked at his cousin's wife and his eye spoke.

"How very extraordinary," said Mr. Ross.

"I'm afraid this isn't an historical treasure trove, Ross. It's a new envelope. Most interesting."

The duke slid from the table. "Do open it, Gil."

"It's not sealed."

"But, I say, do see what's inside!"

The paper crackled. Sir Gilbert raised the thing, stared and lowered it suddenly. "Moira, this is full of money—of notes."

"How very amusing, Gil!"

"Do let's look, Gil," said the duke.

"Very well."

"What's wrong?"

"Michael, I don't at all understand how an envelope full of an enormous quantity of French money happens to be hidden in my house."

(Continued on Page 86)

XUM

# NO!

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(Continued from Page 84)

"French?" she gasped. "Oh, no!"

The duke's head was stooped. Ailanthus reached for a match on the table and found one. His fingers interested him by not shaking at all. Down the great room well-drilled people in tiny groups were pretending they did not care what happened at this end. But Mrs. Pallent's face was a triangle set with two bright points. He had not seen before how thin she was.

"Gil, there's at least a hundred thousand-franc notes in this, and I don't know how many five hundreds. It's—sixty, sixty-one —— What the devil d'you suppose ——"

"People are staring," said the giant, just moving his lips. "Moira?"

"I thought it would be English. Colonel Dumby's ——"

"Ah?"

They said nothing. Then Mr. Ross offered, murmuring, "Hadn't I best distract attention?"

"Please," said Sir Gilbert.

Ross strolled away. But Ailanthus was somewhere else, in a heat of American summer. His mind had split. He was not here at all. He was there, in the courtroom at Blandyburg, and he was small there, sitting beside his mother.

"Oh, nothing," Mr. Ross said rather loudly. "Someone's tossed an envelope up there. Nothing amusing."

An American voice rose: "Oh, I did hope it'd be some lost fam'ly papers—something historical and exciting!" But all the voices were American around him, in Blandyburg. Judge Ransome sat fingering those three amethysts in the chain of cheap silverwork, his elbows on the high desk. He spoke. His voice came back, pouring up a dark funnel from fifteen years ago: "Veronica, you've no excuse for this. You admit Mrs. Westlund is a kind employer and that Mr. Westlund has taught you to read and write since you've been living with them. Mr. Westlund has asked me to go easy because, in our country, men don't like to hurt women. I think his kindness is misplaced. You are just an ungrateful little thief. But you are a woman, and this is your first known offense. You are released on suspended sentence." And she sobbed then, out of her triangle of face with its bright eyes, with her hair shaking down.

"Gil, there's easily half a million francs in it," the duke whispered.

"Just drop it on the table, Micky," said his wife, trailing a finger on the table's corner.

On this table a silver clock struck once. And then, beyond the amber curtains and the gardens, the great clock of the red stables clanked. It was half-past twelve here, in England.

"Moira?"

"Nothing, Gil."

"This is my house, Moira. I can't merely let this—evaporate."

"Want a scandal at Sack End, Gil?"

"If it's necessary."

"But you shouldn't have scandals, Gilbert my dear. Some of the very best," she said tranquilly, "are stopping in your house. One mustn't have a nasty fuss over mere money. Only Yanks and foreigners do such things."

The duke said, always levelly: "Moira, don't be Irish." He shook a cigarette from an old leather case and lit it, leaning on the table. "Answer Gil, dearest. This is very serious. Might cause an international row. Somebody's looted a safe in France."

She did not speak. Over there at the piano, Mrs. Pallent slowly spoke to a man and tried not to look this way.

"It's in Mr. Westlund's hands, then. He saw the thing hidden. He's your one witness. If you must have a scandal, he can provide it. I know nothing."

"Don't be an ass, Moira! You know heaps. You thought it was old Dumby's money. Why?"

"He was telephoning just now. My mind worked in the wrong direction."

"Do stop laughing!"

"Smiling, dearest Micky. I'm most amused."

Lady Sack was on them, with a whirring of her black gown and a scent of orange from the handkerchief in her hand.

"Come, Gil! Colonel Dumby's phoned. The connection kept breaking. Took him half an hour to tell them. His wife's dying. Second stroke. I've ordered out a car. Come and say something decent to Tommy Peter. Hurry! . . . . What's happened?"

"Stay here," he said, stalking away.

Ailanthus blinked. The sobbing went on and on in his head. He wondered if the kittens would wail in the car rushing to Salisbury. Maybe they were too well drilled. Cousin Philadelphia was well drilled. She just stayed there and rolled the handkerchief in her hand.

"Phil, there's perhaps five thousand pounds in new French money behind Moira, there, in that envelope. Some swine hid it up on the mantelshelf. Westlund saw it done. Good idea, at that, in case of a search. Safe as though it were in a church—safer. Moira finds it very amusin'. I don't."

The duchess laughed, not so softly, in a long clear sound.

"Moira!"

"Micky darling, we must pretend to be just chatting pleasantly, mustn't we?"

"Quite right. Sorry, dearest. Of course, one does hate a beastly row," the duke muttered, staring at the fire. "Horrid! So many people here. . . . Thirty, isn't it? . . . Yes. One's own house. All that. And Gil shouldn't do anything hastily, of course. I was at Gorringe Park when that loathsome Yankee woman made a fuss and Eddie Gorringe had us all submit to be searched. And her infernal pearls had just slipped down inside her stays, you know, and fell out while the poor inspector was lookin' under things in the library."

"There must be five people in the house," Lady Sack remarked, "who've just come from the Riviera."

"Yes. Mrs. Chell's been at Antibes and young Galloway was in Cannes, he was sayin' before dinner. Gil won't pass it over, Phil. Right he shouldn't too. Can't have this sort of thing. Been too much of it. The income tax is no excuse."

"Dearest husband! Yes, the right people don't do such things. Galloway's father's an M.P. Old Mother Chell's an Honorable Mrs., dearest Micky!"

"Darling, it's not in the least funny. . . . Well, Westlund?"

They would put her somewhere—somewhere gray, like the little rooms in the jail at home when you crawled up to peep through the windows. Ailanthus shoved out a hand and found a dolphin on the mantel. Its curled tail looked like celery. English celery had no taste. They might dole it out in jails to the prisoners. Didn't cost much.

"You saw this, 'Lanthus?"

"Yeh."

"Well?"

"No."

"What's that mean?"

"I can't do it, Cousin Phil."

"Why not?"

"Dad wouldn't."

"Ah!" the duchess said.

"Don't be silly, 'Lanthus!"

"I can't do it."

"Why?"

"Told you."

Cousin Philadelphia said, "You must! Don't—don't be American! Don't come over here and get scared of being honest because it looks crude and ugly. There's a thief in the house! For the love of heaven don't get sentimental about poverty-stricken Europe. Last winter in New York I had the pleasure of watching a pair of my earrings walk into a restaurant. Not worth ten pounds, but I darned well know how they got to New York. The poor Russian aristocrats! A thief's a thief, 'Lanthus."

"No. And I'm certainly not sentimental about Europe. The only good times Kay and I've had over here were just lookin' at—at lovely surroundings, until we ran into you and you asked us here. Dad sent me over to get some experience. I'm gettin' it. Only, I remember things that happened at home. So, no."

Voices approached, rising syllable by syllable. He felt that people passed beyond the table. A woman said, "Good night, Michael. . . . Dearest Moira, how well you're looking, my dear. . . . Good night, Lady Sack. Such a pleasure to see Elsa Pallent here. I'm rather mad about her books. Such a nice feeling in them. Good night."

"Good night," said Lady Sack.

The duke was at his elbow. "Youngster, there's an old woman dyin'—Mrs. Dumby—who's been laughed at for years for being stiff and Victorian, and all that. But she was a good woman. One knew that! And the old cocoa chap's been a good man all the days of his life, and laughed at for not knowin' just which tie and which coat were right for a garden party. You know your own mind. If this is something you feel you can't do, why, that's very much that. If you're simply afraid of making a horrid row in the newspapers, that's very much something else. I've had to swallow witticisms about my dairies for ten years. We've asses over here, you know, who fancy a man in—in my shoes should sit on his strawberry leaves and suck his thumb, and be useless. Don't be afraid of bein' ——"

"I haven't got any position an' I don't care if I get laughed at. I just can't do this," said Ailanthus, "because!"

"Right, then. We've the money. I dare say the rest can be done by advertising in the French papers. . . . Let him alone, Phil. It's his affair."

The duchess said, "Micky, bring Mrs. Pallent here."

"Why? She's been beastly rude to the boy all evening. She can't persuade him."

"Bring her here, please."

Ailanthus jumped. She had ordered him to do something, in a cold murmur, and the duke was going to do it. He went away on that command. Cousin Philadelphia stirred and stirred. The dolphins and fat cherubim seemed to twist in the firelight. It would all crash now and the great house would be a flurrying hell, and somebody might faint.

"Mrs. Pallent," said the cool, swift whisper, "I've detested your silly books for years. They remind me of those very limp, moist sandwiches one gets at second-rate tea shops. I must tell you a story, and when you next feel that you're obliged to write a novel, write it. There was an odious woman on whom an old gentleman had settled an income for her life because she was his son's widow. And she had other means of making an honest living. Her novels, so her publisher tells me, sell very well. She had wit enough to flatter certain people by making them smarter, prettier and more subtle than they are, in her books. She pleased stupid people by despising her own country, and that paid her well enough. But she had to have things, you know. She was one of those vulgar people for whom objects have a holy charm that the rest of us don't understand. She must have French frocks, proper furs, a smart flat, a smart man to play with. You see, she could not marry again for fear of losing her income. She ——"

"If you knew the kind of town I lived in when I was a ——"

"Do not," said the Duchess of Stole and Stolehaven, "interrupt me, if you please! So she or her lover stole some money—a huge sum. And they hid it in a country house where they had intruded. They were seen and the money was recovered. But the boy who saw the money hidden was an American, and his father had taught him, in the States, that he must not hurt a woman. So he refused to be a witness against the woman and her ——"

"If you knew ——"

"They were let go, Mrs. Pallent. Good-by, you damned blackguard!"

Stuff trailed the rugs. Ailanthus had to turn. She was sweeping from the room. A man jerked up from a chair by the door and bowed. She went smiling through the tall doors into the corridor, and her husband looked after her, past the white woman who stood, pinching the bright chain in thin fingers. And now that he saw her, he saw that she was dead. She had died of something, there at the piano.

"Mrs. Pallent," the duke said, "to whom is this envelope to be returned, if you please?"

"To—to the Hotel Cyprienne. Cannes, you know."

"Very good. You're rather lucky, you know? I need not ask you to be sure that Mr. Galloway and yourself leave this house as early as possible in the morning. I think that is all. Good-by."

"Good ——"

Other people were drifting through the doors. She slipped along and was gone in the movement. Lady Sack lifted the handkerchief to her lips and sat down in a hurry on the low chair close to the fat cherub.

"Glory in Jerusalem, Mike!"

"I—I never saw her do that before. Don't think I care to again, either. She was rather wonderful, too, wasn't she? I say, she was wonderful!"

"And you," Cousin Philadelphia said to Ailanthus. "You're wonderful! Men are the most absolutely absurd animals on the face of the earth! Mustn't hurt a woman!"

"I couldn't do it an' tell dad."

"Of course not, sonny. How did Moira know that, though?"

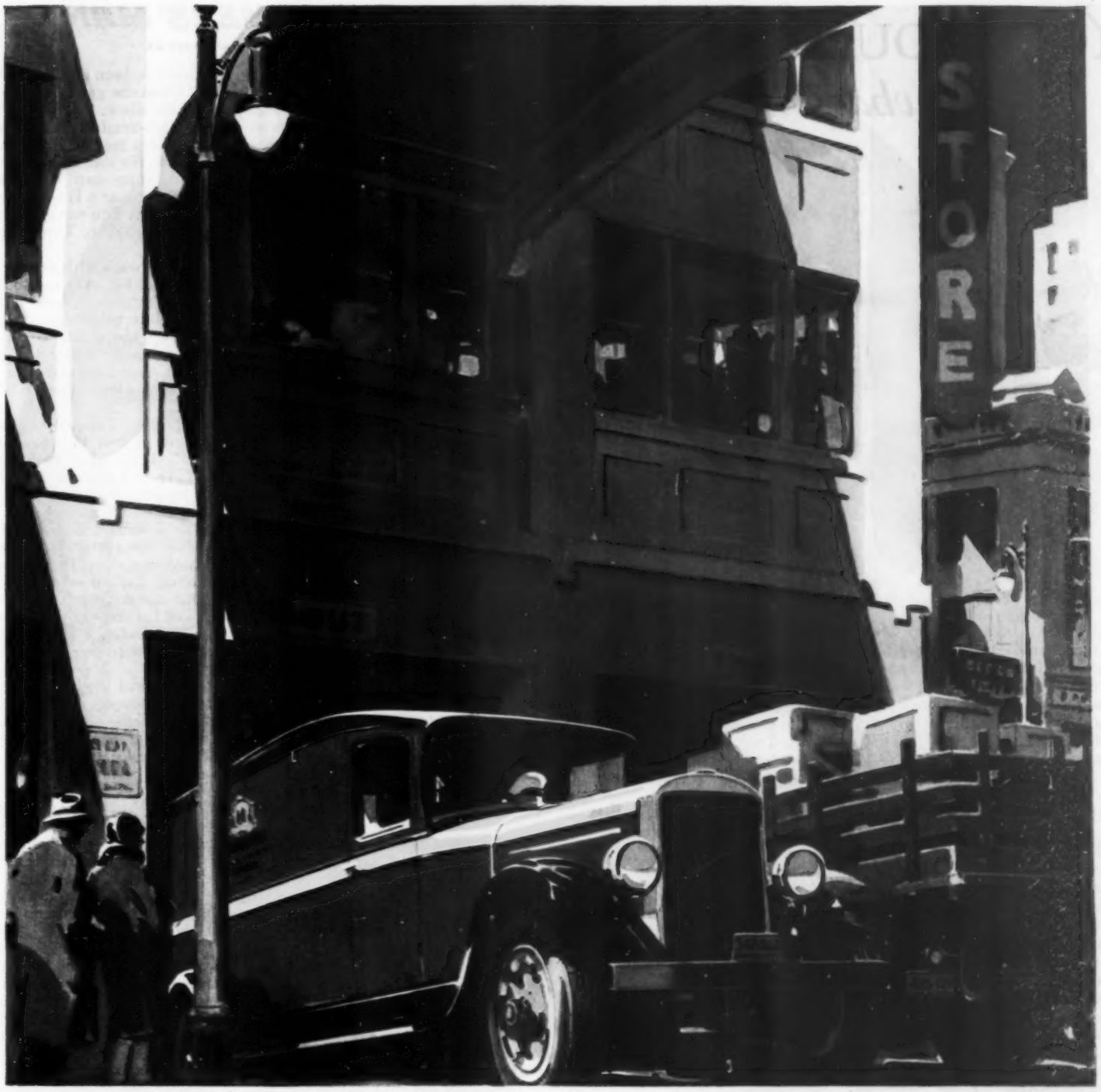
"Honest, I thought she could see through my back."

"Rats! She's been looking at your face all week, you awful kid. Go to bed. Michael and I will have to square this with Gil's social conscience."

"Who was it said that only two traits are international—common to all peoples?" the duke asked. "Greed and kindness? . . . Yes, do run along, youngster. And congratulate Mrs. Westlund for me!"

"What on, sir?"

"On her property. Good night."

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XUM

# "YOU SHOULD SEE *what has happened at our house!"*

I COULDN'T blame Eleanor. She had so many invitations to parties and dances, and the other girls always seemed to have new clothes to wear. She would come home and tell me about Janet Reed's new dinner dress, and Janet's new coat, and Janet's new sports clothes.

"But, Eleanor," I would say, "it must be that Janet can afford them, and you know we can't. Your father is doing the very best he can."

And then one night, just at dinner time, Eleanor came dashing madly in. I never saw her so excited. "Mother!" she exclaimed, "you'd never guess where I've been. Janet asked me to go down town with her this afternoon, and she took me to the most wonderful place. It's a school where they teach you in the simplest way to make your own clothes. Janet took the whole course. Can you imagine? She never bought those clothes at all. She made them herself."

"You don't mean it!" I said. "Why, they're lovely!"

"I know it," exclaimed Eleanor, "and she never knew how to sew until a few months ago. But you should see this adorable little shop. They have just everything to make sewing easy—cutting tables and mirrors—and, Mother, the most marvelous electric sewing machines you ever saw. I tried one, and it was the greatest fun, it ran so quiet and so fast. And there's a teacher who knows all the new, clever ways to make things. Mother, can't I go?"

Dear girl, she couldn't know how glad I was that she should want to learn. Father was as pleased as I was with the idea, and the very next day we made arrangements for her to start.

Well, it's the best thing that ever happened in our house. Of course, I have sewed all my life; but Eleanor learned the new, modern methods that make sewing so much easier. Her very first dress was a great success, because the teacher helped her every step, and since then she's been the busiest and happiest girl you ever saw. She's just finishing a new party dress now, and she's planning a tweed suit and an evening wrap. She will have them all for just about the cost of one nice dress ready-made. We are going to make some new draperies for the house, too; and Eleanor says, "Don't you worry, Mother, about your new dress for the holidays. There's a dressmaker in the house now—with some wonderful plans for Christmas!"

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# CUSTOMERS' MAN

(Continued from Page 26)

We had lost about two hundred and fifty accounts by the end of October, but our commissions that month were larger than for any previous month in our existence. We had been getting our part of the tremendous business caused by the break. Those big days, when the total sales had been greater than ever before in the history of the Exchange, were destroying old customers, but they were fat with commissions. A twelve-million-share day, followed by others of nine, sixteen, ten, and finally, seven million shares, was not devoid of profit for Dayton, Hamilton and Maxwell. Our total commissions for October were slightly more than a hundred and sixty thousand dollars.

The day I got my copy of the report on the month's business Frog braced me about Doc Henderson's account.

"The cream's nearly gone from his bottle," said Frog. "Any further movement downward and we'll be carrying him. He will have to put up more margin."

"That's a crime, Frog," I said. "If you had not put him into City Stations he would have been in good shape to ride through. Everything on his card is top-hole stuff. It will be the first to come back."

"A crime, is it?" Frog spoke more temperately than I expected. His nostrils flared and I saw the muscles ripple at his temples as he clicked his jaws. "Would it have been a crime if City Stations had gone up?"

I saw there was no use arguing with him then. "How much margin?"

"He ought to put fifteen dollars more behind every share. Make it ten, though, for the present. That's sixty-five thousand."

I told him I'd see what I could do. I had a yen to see Charlotte before I talked with Doc.

Since the break I had not been with her for more than fifteen minutes at a time, and we were set to be married in a little more than a month. She led me by the hand into the living room and sat with me on the bench in front of the piano.

"I couldn't sing for you if I was going to be shot," I said.

"You don't have to. I'm not a customer."

I know she did not mean to hurt me, but that got under my skin. "You ought to know why I've been working as a he-siren if anybody does," I said spitefully.

Charlotte looked at me for a minute. Then she said, "You hate it, don't you?"

"Yes," I said, "I do hate it and I'm beginning to hate myself. I feel like a bit of vermin, if you want the truth of it. It's not Wall Street. If I had the proper understanding, the temperament and some other qualities, I might love it. It's fascinating as a poker game when things go right; but nowadays it's like being first off in the boats when a ship is sinking. I feel as guilty right now as if I were caught pretending to be a doctor or a surgeon, and the people I had been treating were all dying or dead."

Then she said something so softly I had to ask her to repeat it. "I said, 'You can always quit.'"

"Maybe you hadn't heard," I said.

"What?"

"That I'm to be married on the tenth of next month."

"I've a faint recollection of something of the sort. It seems to me that is what I've been getting clothes ready for." Then she gave me a punch with her little elbow. "Now don't start in being high-minded. You made a promise to marry me and I'm going to hold you to it. We won't be penniless. I've got some of my own. We can open up a filling station or a hot-dog stand or go to Australia. You can go back to singing if you want to. I've finished interfering."

"I'm through with singing for a living," I told her after we stopped wrestling. "I'm going to sell; but what to sell is still to be decided."

"Why," she exclaimed in triumph, "that's exactly what dad said. He said you were a natural-born salesman and that you could make a living anywhere."

"All right," I said, feeling as if I had taken off a belt that was too tight. "Now tell me what to do about this one." Then I explained to her about Doc Henderson.

She asked me to wait then until she had fixed some tea things. I sat and watched her a while, but she did not say anything about Doc. Finally I had to go and I asked her again.

"Besides the pugnacious set of your ears and the color of your eyes and the way you sing, one of the things that attracted me to you was your sense of loyalty."

"But whom shall I be loyal to?"

"Who deserves your loyalty?"

"I guess that's the right answer," I told her and kissed her good-by.

I found Doc in bed. He was just swallowing a tiny cylinder of digitalis when I entered his bedroom.

"Don't excite the patient," he said in a tone of mock seriousness. I noticed that he kept opening his mouth as if to gulp air more swiftly than he could get it through his nostrils.

"Not planning to start out on a party, are you?" I tried to be cheerful with him.

"That party you fellows have been having in the market has just about finished me. I suppose you noticed that I stopped asking for prices about six days ago. As the best heart specialist in town I just ordered myself to bed with further instructions not to talk about it. I haven't looked at a paper. I suppose I have something left or I'd have heard from you."

"Oh, sure," I said. "You are still one of us, still a customer." I certainly felt low.

"There was no use in my worrying about margin," said Doc. "Without hocking my office equipment I couldn't raise enough to matter."

That was a surprise. Before I could ask him about the paper I knew he had tucked away in his deposit box he began to explain that he had undertaken to acquire his private hospital. This was a scheme close to his heart. I knew about it, but I had not dreamed he had started to carry it out. I felt as sick as he looked when he told me he had bought the building and signed contracts for the physical alterations and furnishings that would transform it into a hospital.

"I guess I'm more of a physician than I realized," he said, speaking with an effort. "I talk hard-boiled words and sound like a quack, but deep down I know all the time that I'm as soft-hearted as my father was when there is healing to be done. Anyway, I'm going to have that hospital. I've spent what

(Continued on Page 90)

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XUM

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(Continued from Page 88)

I had in the vault and if Dayton, Hamilton and Maxwell don't sell me out I can make it the best institution of its kind this side of the Atlantic."

After that I just kept my mouth shut until Doc asked me to sing. He told me to help myself to a drink. He had a guitar and I began to feel better. Before I left he was sitting up, sucking an empty cigarette holder.

"One thing," I told him as I was leaving: "You don't need to put up any margin. I'm a partner and I'm telling you. Regardless of that card you signed and regardless of any messages that may be sent to you from the office you won't have to put up any dough—at least not for a couple of days after you get a margin call. Now, don't worry."

"I'm relieved, Bob," he said in a whisper. "I'm relieved."

The astounding thing to me during the tail end of October and throughout November was the flood of new customers who came pouring into the market, the vast majority of them bargain hunters. Envious ones who had been sold out for want of margin likened them to wreckers coming to a beach where a ship was breaking up. It was a poor simile, for God alone knows what might have happened without the cash they brought to buttress the stock list. A banking pool gave emergency support to stocks. But the Rockefeller and Morgan purchases were as rockets flaring a signal to tens of thousands of investors throughout the country. It was the sum of their money that saved us from a wilder panic.

Some that I dealt with had lists made out when they came into the offices. On these lists they had written opposite the names of railroads, of oils, of mining companies and good old industrials, the prices which they were willing to pay. These lists they handed in as limited buying orders, and when you sought to learn how they had arrived at the prices they were willing to pay, you discovered they were calculating in terms of return on investment, of dividends. Their favorite ratio seemed to be one to ten, but many succeeded in buying on a basis that promised higher returns, as much as 13 and 14 per cent. We had cash orders for as few as three shares and were glad, even delighted, to get them.

The odd-lot buyers in the mass brought more strength into the market than could have been mustered by forty Morgans. On many of those bleak November days the total transactions in less-than-hundred-share lots amounted to more than a quarter of the entire business of the Stock Exchange. One day it was nearly half the total, and it was stock that vanished from the market.

We lost about two hundred accounts in October and November, practically every one a customer who had to be sold out because of inability to produce margin; but we gained about six hundred and fifty new cash accounts and a hundred and seventy-nine new trading accounts. In spite of this additional business Dayton, Hamilton and Maxwell's commissions for November were approximately ninety-nine thousand dollars. Our old customers were buying little, selling when they had to and complaining constantly. The new ones were active buyers, but with the decline commissions too had shrunk, by about half their former proportions. Stocks which had formerly meant twenty-five cents a share whenever we bought or sold them were now selling at a price that fixed our commissions at a lower scale, fifteen cents and less. This meant that we had to do nearly twice as much business as formerly to earn the same amount, and there was not that much business to be had.

"We are in for a lean year," predicted Flicker.

"Aren't you the cunning detective!" said Frog. "Don't wait for the first of the year. Can everyone you don't absolutely need. All of us have got to take 10 per cent cut in salaries. You can see that, can't you?"

Frog was talking to Flicker then and not to me, though I was present. He had not spoken to me since the thirteenth of November, when we had to toss twenty-five customers overboard. The row would have come earlier if Doc Henderson's stocks had not rallied in the interval since Frog first instructed me to demand margin from Doc. His whole line had picked up a few points, and one of his stocks was up eight points above its low. Because of that improvement in the condition of Doc's account, Frog had finally quit woofing about getting margin from him. I'll give him credit for not wishing to sell Henderson out before it became absolutely necessary. Besides, I had enlisted Flicker's sympathy.

"If we sell him out," I told him, "we'll kill him. His heart is on the bum. I know that isn't our fault, but putting him into City Stations was our fault."

"You are young," said Flicker. "Doc Henderson bought that stuff with his eyes open. He knew he was taking a chance and did not expect us to risk our money to support his account."

"I'm not asking that he be carried after his equity is wiped out, Flicker," I pleaded. "All I want is to have him carried down to a one or two point margin. Just give him a break. His stuff is sure to come back strong. Every share he owns is a bargain at today's prices."

"True enough," conceded Flicker, "but where would we be if we had treated all our customers on that basis in October? We would have failed for a couple of million. The Exchange properly will not stand for a commission house's taking such chances. We are in pretty good shape right now only because we were strict about margin. Right now we ought to have two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars more margin than we have. In times like these we have to be more strict, rather than less. I'm not enjoying this any more than you are."

I kept on talking and pleading and Flicker finally nodded.

"You mean you won't sell him out?" I persisted.

"Not until we have to," he said. "You got to remember you can't hold that market when it starts to run away. It may swoop down fast. When his equity goes you want to remember that what begins to vanish then is the money of this firm."

Before the market opened on the morning of the thirteenth, Frog nailed me at my desk.

"What about Henderson's margin?" he asked. His bony hands were thinner than ever and there were liver splotches on the tight skin of his face, but his eyes did not blink as he fastened his gaze on me.

"He can't put up a dollar, Frog," I said. "He has assets he can't realize on. He is sick. He is ——"

"For —— sake sell him out then."

I stood up. I'm a lot bigger than Frog and younger. "You sell him out,"

(Continued on Page 93)

XUM

# *To those fathers and husbands who want this Christmas to be the best of all!*

## *Here's the surprise-present you've been looking for...*

How often have you tried to outwit Christmas expectation . . . how often have you sought for something thrilling, yet worthwhile and lasting, that would take each member of the family by surprise?

This year there's one short, happy end to seeking! California offers you the present you've been looking for . . . A thrilling trip to a famous land *in the summer that's coming next year!*

Let us send you a book full of pictures and story about this greatest vacation land . . . let us tell you of days above the world at high Lake Tahoe and in Yosemite Valley. Days in the giant Redwood Empire; days filled with the romance of the sunny sea at Monterey, Del Monte, Santa Cruz. Days of golf and riding and days beside this northern California's flashing mountain streams . . . Days, and nights, in the cool and fascinating San Francisco, where through the Golden Gate there come the flavors of the other storied cities of the world . . .

This is one trip no dimming memory ever dulled. A Christmas present that will last when every other one is gone!

And we've made it easy for you, too. No need to bother now about your dates (or cash tied up in tickets). Just write for the illustrated book that will help you plan this summer-Christmas present. With it we'll send a card, like the one above, to make known your intention.

Christmas·1930

To *the whole family*

*This certificate will be exchanged on or before July 30 1931, for a real vacation in the fascinating California centered by San Francisco!*

Date

*Dad*

*A December day at Del Monte. Here it is always spring . . . near San Francisco, America's coolest summer city!*

### *Your vacation in California need cost no more than an ordinary vacation*

Great hotels and modest, economical inns await you everywhere in California. Rates for excellent accommodations are varied as the things you'll see and do.

Beginning May 15, low roundtrip fares will be in effect to San Francisco on all railroads. The Victory and Lincoln highways will be in good condition. Or you can come by air—or by steamship through the Panama Canal.

Send the coupon now!

# SAN FRANCISCO

## IN CALIFORNIA—"WHERE LIFE IS BETTER"

CALIFORNIANS INC., Dept. 211, 703 Market Street, San Francisco

I would like the Christmas card and the book "California Vacations" without obligation, of course.

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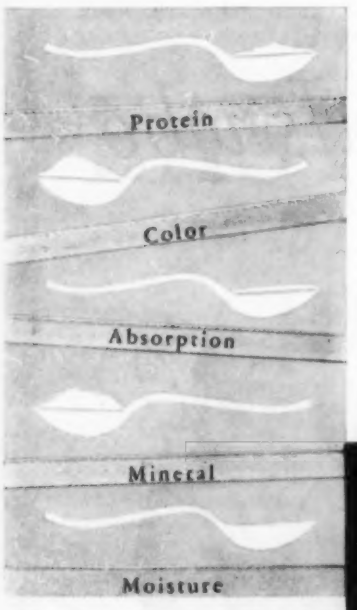
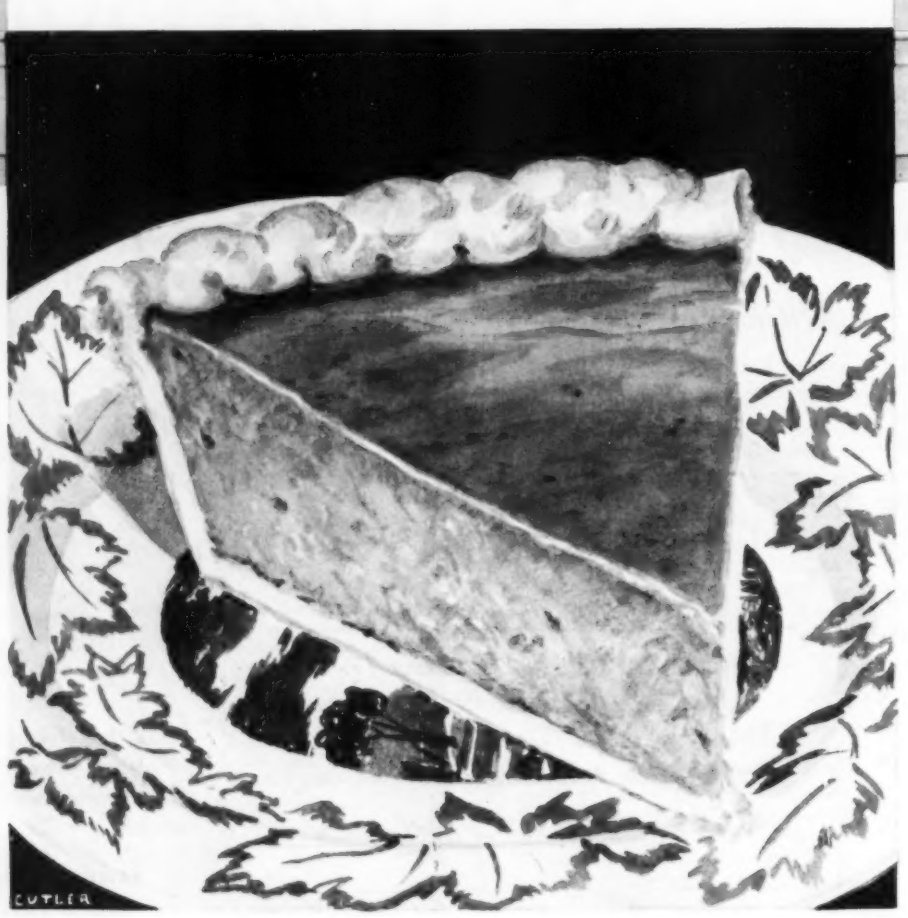
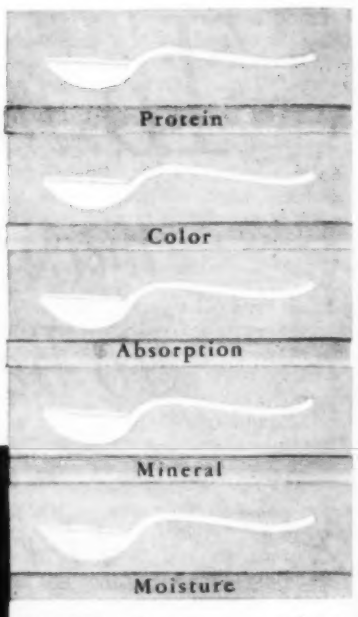



# You need perfect "balance" in your recipes— and you need it in your flour!




## "Unbalanced"

All these different substances are found in wheat when it is harvested. But they're not properly "balanced" for baking. No *single* variety of wheat contains these things in just the right quantities to make the finest all-purpose flour.

## "Balanced"

The Pillsbury "balancing" process mixes as many as sixteen different types of the finest wheats. The result is a flour which contains just the right amounts of protein, mineral, moisture, etc. — a flour perfectly "balanced" for all kinds of baking.

You know what happens when by accident you use a little too much baking powder. Or not quite enough shortening — or yeast that is too weak. The success of a recipe depends on *perfect balance* between all ingredients.

The same is true of flour. Flour is made of wheat, and wheat is made up of many things — protein, mineral, moisture, etc. But no single variety of wheat contains these things in just the right quantities for all baking. Some types of wheat have too much of one thing — others have too little of something else. Pillsbury blends different types of the finest wheat according to a scientific combination used only by Pillsbury. The result is Pillsbury's Best Flour — perfectly "balanced" for all your baking.

Try Pillsbury's Best — you'll see that it is different from other flour. Everything you bake — bread, biscuits, or pastry — turns out better. Everything has a delicate, unmistakably richer flavor. You'll discover how *good* baking can become really *perfect* baking when you use this scientifically "balanced" flour. It's worth while to get it. All good grocers have Pillsbury's Best — ask for it by name.

**Pillsbury's "balanced" for Best Flour perfect baking**

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY General Offices: Minneapolis, Minnesota

Pillsbury's Best Flour, Pancake Flour, Wheat Bran, Farina, Cake Flour, Rye, Graham and Durum Flours

(Continued from Page 90)

I said quietly. "Put the order in now before you go over to the Exchange. You can do it. Flicker can do it. But it will cost you money."

"What do you mean? It will save us money."

"No, it won't. I'm a partner even if only a two per cent partner. I ought to swing a little more weight than a mere customers' man. I told Doc he did not have to put up any more margin. What do you think of that? Not only that, but I'll go on the stand in court and swear to anything his lawyers ask me to. If you sell him out today I'll say I told him the margin would not be needed for another twenty-four hours."

Frog's eyes seemed to protrude like a crab's.

"You ——"

"Don't say it, Frog. You got a hard day ahead of you."

"All right, Benedict Arnold," he said, and his tone was mild.

I was not sure even then that the thing was settled. It was half-past nine, though, and with a glance at his wrist Frog hurried out of the door. I know he called Flicker from the floor inside of an hour.

"I think you made a mistake," Flicker said to me in a kind tone that made me feel like a yellow dog.

"It will be a bigger mistake to sell Doc Henderson's stock," I said.

"This will finish you in the Street, you know."

"I'm washed up now, Flicker. I don't want any more of it."

That was a long day and a tough one. Doc's stuff stood the pounding better than most of the list, but it sagged a little in the forenoon and more in the afternoon. The palms of my hands were moist and so was my forehead. My stomach felt as if it contained a toy balloon that had been inflated. I was thinking less of Doc's money, even Doc's life, than I was of my own self-respect. I dreaded to think what the world would be like after I should tell him that he was cleaned out.

At a quarter to three Flicker came to me again. "It looks like Doc rides through," he said.

Frog came in at four and ignored me.

In the days that followed he continued to ignore me, but I no longer had to worry about Doc Henderson. His stocks were the kind the bargain hunters were looking for, and by Thanksgiving he was well in the clear. Flicker spoke about it just one other time.

"This is under your hat," he said, "but I just wanted you to know that when Frog called me from the floor that day he said he was not bluffed by your threat. He said he felt deeply guilty about Doc's situation. Then he put it up to me. He said if I was willing to take a chance, he was. I just wanted you to know Frog is not as hard as he sounds."

We had a tough time with an Exchange Committee. Young Glaser and one other of our customers' men were called over there. Glaser was questioned about Plymouth Supply. The other man's trouble had been caused by ordinary, squarehead dumbness. Instructions were given by the Exchange Committee to fire both of them and the firm was told to make good the losses of the complaining customers. That took thirty-nine thousand dollars out of the year's profits.

We had not heard the last of young Glaser's transactions. I got the full story sometime afterward, but this is a good place to tell it.

Young Glaser's name appeared on Welch's check book. He had received eighteen hundred dollars for recommending the pool stock to his customers and to other customers' men. Other names were on the stub sheets of that check book.

It was surely not the only stock operation in which men of Harrison Welch's type found it profitable to influence customers' men to betray those who had faith in them. I have no doubt now that some of the hot tips I passed along with phony enthusiasm to my customers were given to me by men who were secretly working for the operators of a pool. Certainly I repeated many things to my customers that had been, in turn, repeated to me by other customers' men.

Dayton, Hamilton and Maxwell began to operate under a new partnership agreement after December 1, 1929. I was out; so was Madison. They handed me a check for twenty-seven thousand six hundred dollars.

"It ought to be thirty thousand one hundred," I protested to Flicker.

"Oh, oh," he exclaimed as one chiding an infant, "you are sharing the losses this year as well as the profits."

"But we made money. The profit was seven hundred and fifty-five thousand dollars, and two per cent of that is fifteen thousand one hundred. Add my fifteen thousand of the firm's capital."

"Right as an adding machine," said Flicker. "But we have a debit balance on the books of one hundred twenty-five thousand dollars. That represents money lost on customers whose equity was wiped out before we could close them out. Their cream went and so did some of our milk, as you know. That will give you a feeble idea of what would have happened to us if we had not been as strict as we were about margin requirements."

"But they owe you the money, Flicker."

"Sure they owe it to us. They'd rather owe it to us than beat us out of it. We'd have a fine time trying to collect it with the aid of a jury, too."

"Some of them are too honorable to welsh."

"Quite right, Bob. And if any of them pay up you will get two per cent of what they pay when we divide up next year."

I felt pretty sour about it, but there was no use arguing. Besides, I had to buy the steamer tickets, get passports, a marriage license and attend to about fifty other chores.

Charlotte and I did not return to the United States until February, when I went to work for Arthur Watkins finding tenants for his new skyscraper. My work was in the financial district and I continued to hear a lot about customers' men as I roved from office to office trying to induce some of my old friends, or any new ones I could make, to move uptown where rents were less and buildings newer and bigger. That was how I happened to walk in on Bessellieu Baxter one afternoon after the market closed. I had a tip from the Watkins renting organization that Baxter was planning to open a midtown branch. Baxter is a governor of the Stock Exchange and his firm is an old one established by his grandfather.

I had to wait for him nearly an hour. In that interval I feasted my eyes on the old familiar apparatus, stock tickers, news tickers and the half-portion roll-top desks that they give to customers' men. I was interested in a new gadget, an automatic, electrically operated quotation board,

(Continued on Page 95)

*The world's biggest* **RAIN BARREL**

*In today's laundries . . . millions of gallons of rainsoft water are used every hour!*

SOFT and gentle as Springtime rain! This describes the water with which the present-day laundry washes your clothes. You know what rich suds rainwater makes; how delightful it is for a shampoo because of its freedom from harsh minerals. The present-day laundry uses only *rainsoft water* from which every trace of hardness has been removed. Millions of gallons are used every hour!

From 7 to 11 complete changes of rainsoft water are required for the *multiple-suds method*, recommended as standard practice by the American Institute of Laundering—the "proving ground" where improved washday methods are studied. Safely, surely, your clothes are freed of even the stubbornest hidden dirt. This new way assures hygienic cleanness, plus added wear.

Washday worries are now so needless—so easily banished. Just call a present-day laundry in your community. Ask about the different types of service, to suit every purpose. Enjoy the leisure this service makes possible. Start with this week's washing!

*Sponsored by the Laundryowners National Association of the United States and Canada.*

*Snowy sheets and pillowcases—the present-day laundry way. Rainsoft water and the "multiple-suds" method give you cleaner, whiter clothes, free from hidden dirt. No wonder 8 million women are now laundry customers!*

*Let the* **LAUNDRY** *do it!*

*(Above)—The million-dollar "proving ground" of the Laundry Industry, Joliet, Illinois*

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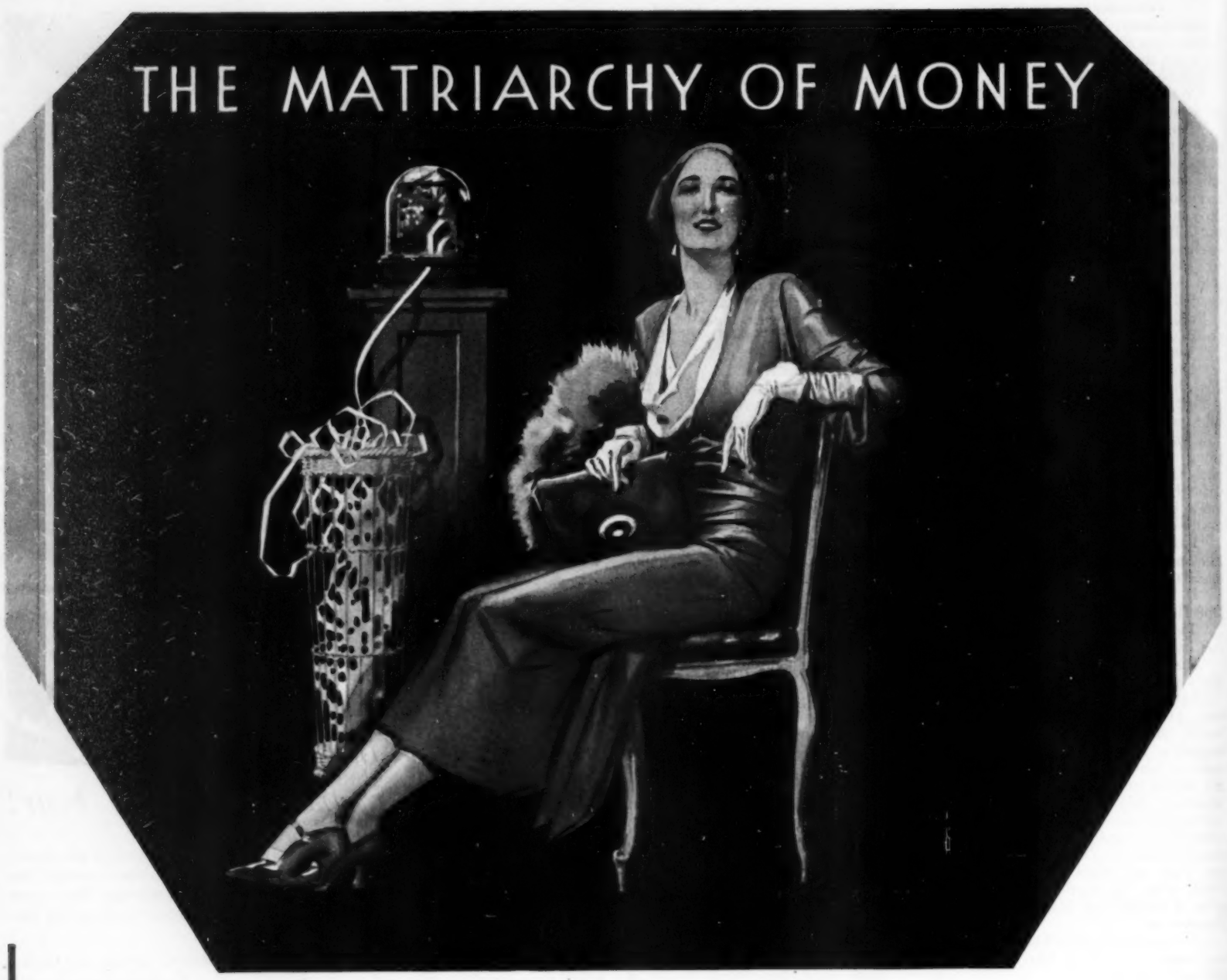
# THE MATRIARCHY OF MONEY



IN 1929 there were 139 women who had incomes of more than $500,000. • • • • • • • • • • • • • There were 44 women who had incomes in excess of $1,000,000. • • • • • • • • • • • • • There were three women who had incomes of $4,000,000 to $5,000,000. • • • • • • • • • • • • • Women own 54 per cent of American Telephone and Telegraph stock; 52 per cent of Westinghouse stock; 46 per cent of Pullman stock; 50 per cent of Pennsylvania Railroad stock; 47 per cent of General Electric stock. • • • • • In 1929 there were 251,000 women stockholders in American Telephone and Telegraph. • • There were 21,900 women stockholders in Standard Oil of New Jersey. • • • • But it is a significant fact that whatever their spending capacity, American women are becoming more and more careful buyers. • • • • • • • • • • • • In particular they demand quality—and the means of distinguishing quality. • • • • • • • • • • • • It is to assist the woman buyer to recognize quality—as well as to assist the manufacturer who has quality to sell—that the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL has inaugurated its Clearing House of Consumer Information, with an expanding list of valuable leaflets which are distributed as a part of its reader service. • • • • • •

LEADING WOMEN EVERYWHERE READ THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

(Continued from Page 93)

controlled from the same building where prices are made. I was looking at it when Baxter's secretary gave me the high sign. I followed her through the narrow chamber where the bookkeepers were at work on high stools into the totally different atmosphere of Bessellieu Baxter's office.

There was not a thing in there to suggest the stock market or commissions or customers' men. It was paneled to the ceiling with dark, somber mahogany. On the walls were etchings of hounds in the field. A wormy refectory table was in the center of the room and Baxter himself was writing checks at an ancient desk. What caught my eye was an old Irish harp in the corner.

I was looking at it when Baxter finished. That started us off. He was a nut about old instruments. In twenty minutes we were friends. I mentioned my recent partnership with Dayton, Hamilton and Maxwell and he began to unload. He told some stories about customers' men.

"Sure there are good, decent ones," he said; "lots of them. From now on they got to be decent or out they go. Just about all the complaints that we listened to after the panic—and we had plenty—pointed to the customers' man as the blameworthy agency in the disputes.

"For one thing, no man or woman can be employed in the future in the capacity of customers' man unless they have had some experience on the lower rungs of the ladder. No house hereafter will be allowed to take a football player, a great golfer or some other person of the sort and overnight transform them into advisers of their customers. You, for example, if you were starting now, green, might have to work six months as a clerk before we would allow you to be hired as a customers' man.

"Another thing: Only a partner may exercise discretionary power over a customer's account. If the partner wants to delegate his authority to an employe he has to do so in writing, but the firm cannot shirk its responsibility for what is done with that account. It is also forbidden now for any customers' man to take a cut of the profits in return for his trading advice. If he does not like that restriction he can stop being a customers' man. If he tries to cheat he will be fired out of the Street for keeps. If his firm connives with him its floor member will be suspended and its ticker taken away. The most drastic change of all goes into effect a few months from now. It will require every person who aspires to employment as a customers' man or customers' woman to fill out an application for approval of that employment by a committee of the Exchange.

"When you fill one out you have to tell your right name. You have to give a complete, consecutive record of your past and present employment since leaving school or college. You have to give enough other information about yourself to make it easy for our investigators to check up and see whether you are telling the truth when you say you have never been indicted for a criminal offense, never taken advantage of the bankruptcy act, or never were refused a bond by a surety company.

"Then if we decide to allow you to be hired by the firm that submits your application, your salary cannot be raised oftener than every six months."

"Ah," I said, "but the bonus."

"Ah, indeed," said Baxter. "They can give a bonus, but no longer will they be allowed to adjust the bonus to the amount of business produced by an individual. It must be a bonus based on salary and length of service."

Well, all those restrictions did not mean any skin off my nose. If they enforce them, much good should be accomplished. They had a rule during my days as a customers' man, an old rule, too, that compensation should not vary with the business. They had the rule, but I got my 25 per cent.

I was telling Charlotte about Bessellieu Baxter the other night. She was lying on a couch and I was singing to her.

"I'm going to get a fat commission when I lease Baxter half a floor in the Watkins Building," I told her.

"How are you going to sell him," she asked.

"He likes music," I said, "so I'm going to sing for him. He's giving a party."

After all, Wall Street did not invent the customers' man.

(THE END)

# HOME-TOWN LAUGHTER

(Continued from Page 15)

and drops it on the desk. 'There you are! A hundred on account, and there's more where that came from. This roll ain't nothing for me—just a little expense money for traveling out here where you can't spend much. Not more'n twenty-five or thirty grand in it.' Then he grins at me real proud and struts out the door to get in his big yellow car and drive the fifty yards down street to the Bon Ton Rest'rant.

"I sat there behind the desk, looking at that hundred-dollar bill. It was only the second or third I'd ever seen, and Benny Brunson had tossed it over like I would a nickel or a dime. I got to wondering how much there really was in the rest of that roll of bills. I don't know what Benny meant when he said 'twenty-five or thirty grand,' but later on, when we came to count it, it ran better'n thirteen thousand dollars!"

Jim Holliday paused and cocked his head to one side, as if to observe my reaction to his last statement.

"Thirteen thousand dollars in his pocket!" I gasped. "Why, no one but a fool would carry that much loose money! No one but a fool or a ——" I stopped and gasped once more. "Just what did this fellow Brunson look like, anyway?" I asked, trying to keep my voice steady.

Jim Holliday's brown forehead wrinkled as I watched him in the faint light of the lobby lamp. "Well, he wasn't no ways handsome," he said reflectively. "And he wasn't downright ugly, either. He was a little, slim fellow; wiry-looking, but without much strength to him. He was pretty dark-complected, and he didn't have an awful lot of chin. The only thing about Benny that anybody'd look at twice was his eyes. They were set mighty close together, and I never could make up my mind whether they were black or brown. They were kind of snaky, Benny's eyes; like he'd be a real mean one if he had the nerve. Sometimes, when the light hit 'em just right, they looked—well, kind of hot—hot and smoky."

I drew in a deep breath. Jim Holliday's last words had been the reagent needed to precipitate my cloudy recollections. "Hot and smoky," he had said; "steaming hot" had been the words Nick Plummer had used that evening eighteen months before, in a city fifteen hundred miles away.

Nick Plummer, who works on a Chicago newspaper, had volunteered to show me the town. On that particular evening I was being shown the portion of it which was visible through the smoke-filled atmosphere of a little, overdecorated night club where, according to Nick Plummer, big shots of the underworld could occasionally be seen.

"Take a good look at that fellow coming in," Plummer had whispered suddenly. "No, the little dark one with the blond girl. You wanted to see one of our twentieth-century bad men—a killer—didn't you? Well, you're getting your wish. That's Benny Brunson!"

Earlier that day Nick Plummer had pointed out a mayor, an ex-governor and a United States senator with three casual jerks of his thumb and no trace of excitement in his voice. I wondered at the tensity of its present tone.

There was not at first sight anything extraordinary about the slight, wiry man who was moving across the noisy room to a table near ours, followed by a docile, carelessly painted girl. A swarthy, perfectly barbered face, a tight-lipped, emotionless mouth above a slack chin, close-set, brooding dark eyes—that was Benny Brunson.

"You say he's a—a killer?" I asked, a little incredulously.

Plummer nodded quickly. "Bank bandit," he whispered. "And about the best in the world in his line too. Hard, and smart, and cold-blooded. Daylight jobs, with fast cars and machine guns, you know." There was hushed admiration in Plummer's voice—the admiration which the comparatively law-abiding always seem to feel for the entirely lawless.

"One of your Chicago gangsters that we read so much about, eh?" I asked.

Plummer shook his head. "No, he's not exactly a local product. Nobody knows an awful lot about him. He's smart enough to keep his mouth shut. But I've heard he came from somewhere out West originally. See those steaming hot eyes of his? Killer's eyes! He'd shoot a man as soon as look at him."

I was more than a little skeptical. I was a stranger in the city—and Plummer's sense of humor was notorious. Perhaps this little dark man was some harmless drug clerk, out for the evening with a suburban sweetheart. But it was hard to doubt the reality of the excitement in Plummer's eyes. I turned my head for a closer look at the man who had inspired it.

Brunson had been seated at a table only a few feet from our own, and a strangely deferential waiter had already placed a glass before him. He did not touch the highball, then or later, though the blond girl drank hers eagerly. His dark young face was impassive, inscrutable. He seemed insulated against emotion; and his indifference was, in a sense, the indifference so often seen upon the faces of the wealthy or the great. But as I studied the dark mask of his face I began to wonder just how much of this indifference was genuine, how much was a part of a carefully maintained pose.

"Watch the way some of the rest of the people here—the wise ones—are looking at him," Plummer commanded. "And notice the way these hard-boiled waiters treat him. They know him, and they know he's dynamite!"

Plummer was not exaggerating. Slim, immaculate youngsters whom he had earlier indicated as minor members of the local underworld were staring at Benny Brunson, awed admiration in their eyes. It was obvious even to me that they felt themselves to be neophytes in the presence of a master of their craft. The burly, hard-faced waiters, too, hovered about Brunson's table with a deference they had extended to no one else.

"Notice those smooth, soft hands of his?" Plummer asked. "Three or four rings—big diamonds—on his left hand; none on his right. That's his gun hand! I don't know how many men he's bumped off."

Still I could hardly believe. It seemed inconceivable that this quiet little man with the perfectly fitted dinner jacket could be what Plummer had so casually dubbed him—a killer. I could readily imagine myself feeling sorry for Benny Brunson; I could not imagine myself fearing him. But almost within the minute I had proof that he was feared.

Something about the room or its occupants seemed to displease Benny Brunson. Perhaps he had come there hoping or expecting to meet someone, and was disappointed; perhaps he was merely restless. In any event, after sitting at his table for no more than fifteen minutes, he rose abruptly, dropped a yellow-backed bill beside his untouched glass and turned toward the door. The doll-faced blonde rose without a word and followed him. I looked after them, still a little curious and more than a little unbelieving. My eyes were on Benny Brunson's black-coated back when he was jostled.

A dapper, hard-faced youngster was crossing the room from one convivial table to another. A little the worse for the raw whisky he had consumed, he stumbled and lurched against Benny Brunson from behind. Brunson turned as a cat might, and the other man moved back two staggering strides. I saw both their faces.

Benny Brunson's eyes were expressionless and the wooden mask of his face was undisturbed. His ringless right hand was at the left lapel of his dinner jacket, its smooth fingers coiled around the butt of a half-drawn automatic. For an instant he stood thus, ready and waiting.

The other man flung out both hands, spreading them empty before him in an imploring gesture as he took another unsteady backward step. The blood had left his smooth young face, and his eyes were pits of sheer terror.

"It was an accident! Honest to God! An accident! I didn't go to do it!" His shaking voice trailed off into a broken, frightened whisper.

For a long moment Brunson did not move. His hot dark eyes hung searchingly upon the other man's ashen face. There was no anger in Brunson's eyes, no anger in the unchanging lines of his face; only a sort of impersonal, probing curiosity. Then he returned the half-drawn gun to its holster under his arm, nodded curtly and turned again

XUM

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toward the door. The other man stood motionless for a minute, as if almost unable to believe that he had been spared; then he stumbled blindly to his table, sank into a chair and covered his bloodless face with twitching fingers.

Plummer touched my arm. His face was white, but he was grinning triumphantly. "See that little act?" he demanded. "That boy's considered a hard one himself—but he's wise too. And he knows Benny Brunson."

"And it was like that every day of the time he stayed in Marmot," Jim Holliday was saying. "Benny just hung around the street, talking to everybody he met just as long as they'd stand hitched, and shaking hands with all them as didn't keep their hands tight in their pockets. He always had a pocketful of cigars, and he passed 'em out to everybody he could get to take 'em. 'Cept that his cigars was lots better, he really acted pretty much the way our congressman does when he comes round just before election—sort of lofty and patronizing and condescending, but wanting to be friendly just the same.

"We couldn't figure out just what was behind it. I suppose, though, like you said, that he really came back thinking we'd all just sit round with our mouths open, admiring his fancy clothes and his yellow car and his big roll of bills, and listening to his long-winded lies 'bout what a well-known fellow he was in the cities back East. I guess Benny never was very smart or he'd 've known better 'n that. Marmot ain't built along those lines. Shucks! We'd known him all his life!

"Benny spent quite a lot of his time round the hotel here, keeping me informed about all the money—'big money,' he called it—that he'd made and spent back East. He hung round the pool room some, too; and he took all his meals, same as you're doing, down at the Bon Ton Rest'rant. Nobody ever asked him home to supper, though likely enough he was expecting 'em to."

"Didn't he ever give you any idea as to how he made his money?" I asked curiously.

"No, you couldn't hardly say he did," Jim Holliday replied meditatively. "'Course, he made a lot of bragging talk, but there wasn't nothing def'nite about it. Nothing you could tie to; nothing we could've believed even if we hadn't known that Benny would tell a lie when the truth'd sound better. One time he mentioned, sort of offhand and casual, 'bout being in with a lot of other fellows in the importing business—whatever that is—back round Chicago and Detroit; and another time he talked about having done a lot of business with big city banks back East. 'High-pressure deals,' he called 'em. But it was all just bragging talk, of course. What banker'd have anything to do with a critter like Benny Brunson?

"Of course we didn't give Benny the satisfaction of asking him many questions. But it would've been more'n human nature if we hadn't done some speculating 'bout Benny and all his fancy belongings.

"I had the idea for a couple of days that Benny was a crooked gambler, though I couldn't figure out where he'd ever get the nerve to palm a card in a big game. Reckon it was those soft, quick-moving hands of his that gave me the idea. But some of the boys got him into a little game down at the pool room one night, and they all give out that he couldn't play poker enough to do any real good for himself.

"No, sir, it's always been a puzzle to me 'bout that money Benny had. If it 'd been counterfeit, now—but it was all just as good as wheat. It's a cinch he never worked to earn it; and none of us that'd known him ever since he was born could imagine Benny having nerve enough to steal anything more important than a chicken or a sack of apples."

Jim Holliday turned a questioning face toward me. "You're a city man, now," he said. "Can you think of any way a worthless little fellow like this Benny Brunson I been telling you about could've come by all that money? Any way at all, honest or dishonest?"

I hesitated. It was beginning to dawn upon me that my side of Benny Brunson's story would be hard, if not impossible, for Jim Holliday or anyone else in Marmot to believe. And I did not care to leave the little town with the reputation of being a liar second only to Benny himself. I shook my head firmly.

"No, I can't," I lied. "I haven't the faintest idea."

"'Course, now, he might've won the capital prize in some big foreign lottery," Jim Holliday mused. "Such things have happened. I dunno. And Benny was such an all-fired liar that nobody could get very far toward figuring out where he'd been and what he'd been doing. The things he'd say and expect a man to believe!

"I remember one afternoon he was sitting right where you're sitting now, and I got to talking about the old days in the West. I did quite a bit of roaming round when I was young and footloose, and I've seen tough towns and hard characters a plenty. 'Twasn't nothing out of the ordinary, those days, for a town to have its corpse for breakfast regular; and robbing banks and standing up the stage was pretty popular sports. I was telling Benny some of the things I'd seen when I was a youngster—'bout the old-time outlaws and killers. Most young fellows like to hear about the old days. But Benny laughs at me—that mean, barking laugh of his.

"'Say, when I think what you don't know about hard guys and killers!' he says. 'Those old-timers of yours prob'ly did their best, and they was big shots in their day, but they wouldn't be deuces in the deck right now. Why, there's guys in Chi—yes, and in St. Looey and Cleveland and the Big Town—that'd have your Wild Bills and Wyatt Earps and Billy the Kids climbing trees to get out of range! Hard guys! Killers! Some of you old mossbacks wouldn't know a killer if one was to walk up on the porch and sit down alongside you!' And he laughs again, real sour, and gets up and walks away.

"Benny'd been back in town a couple or three weeks by then, and he didn't show no signs of moving on. Maybe he was having a good time, but I'm not so sure. Sometimes there'd be a sort of a puzzled, hurt look in his eyes, specially after somebody had walked away from him while he was still talking. And folks was getting so they did that more and more. Benny was getting to be a real downright nuisance. But he kept right on buttonholing folks on the street, just like they'd all been bosom friends of his for the last twenty years. Why, he even used to tackle old Major Calhoun that way!"

Jim Holliday paused and glanced across at me. "The major runs the bank, you know, and owns two or three ranches and a lot of mining stock. He's the big man around here, so you can imagine how much time he had for Benny. But you've met him, ain't you?"

I nodded. I had gone into the tiny brick bank to cash a check that morning, and the white-haired little banker, almost incredibly withered and frail, but with the bright, clear eyes of a boy looking out of his wrinkled face, had stumped to the wicket on his carefully polished wooden leg to accommodate me. Except for a single clerk, almost equally ancient, though with two sound legs, old Major Calhoun had been alone in the little building.

"Now, there's a real old-timer," Jim Holliday drawled. "Me, I'm just a colt alongside the major. I don't know how old he is—nobody does—I reckon he's forgotten himself. But he came out into this country from Kentucky—that's why folks got to calling him 'major'—back in the days when a man in the cattle business had to sleep with one eye open if he wanted to keep his cows, or his health, or his hair. He fought the Injuns and the rustlers for upwards of thirty years, not taking any the worst of it; and in all that time he never got a scratch. And then, after the Injuns was all killed off or on the reservation, and rustling had just about gone out of fashion, a colt he was gentling fell with him, and it ends up with his losing his leg. It was after that he set up for a banker.

"Naturally, Benny Brunson doesn't get very far trying to honey up to a man like the old major, or, for that matter, with anybody else round here. Reckon I put up with more of Benny's bragging talk than anybody else in town; I had to, kind of, with him stopping at the hotel. No, I don't reckon Benny was really enjoying himself much. Just the same, he doesn't show no signs of being ready to pull out, right up to that last night."

Jim Holliday was silent for several moments. He pulled a big-bowled wooden pipe from his pocket, filled it carefully and used two matches to get it drawing to his satisfaction. Then he hoisted his small feet—the feet of a man who has spent most of his youth on horseback—to the wide porch railing. When he spoke again, the words came as a distinct surprise.

"You've seen little Myra McClelland, of course. She waits tables at the Bon Ton, where you've been eating. Her folks moved in here and started dry-farming it a couple of miles down the road, and Myra took the job to help 'em out a bit. Right nice little girl—Myra."

I wondered just what the little waitress at the town's single restaurant might have to do with the story of Benny Brunson's return to Marmot, but I nodded in ready agreement with Jim Holliday's last words. The quiet-voiced, brown-haired waitress had been the first young girl I had seen in years to whom the adjective "demure" could fairly have been applied. She would, I thought, have looked and felt perfectly at home in a sunbonnet.

"Yes, sir, she's a nice, homy little girl, Myra is," Jim Holliday went on. "Make some man a good wife, she will. Not like most of these joy-riding young flibbertigibbets you see nowadays. Pretty, too, Myra is. And I reckon Benny Brunson got to thinking so. 'Course a girl waiting tables has to figure on standing for about so much funning from the customers. I don't think Myra ever minded that, though she never had much to say back to 'em. But even the Smart-Aleck salesmen that come through here have sense enough to see that Myra's a nice girl. I reckon Benny Brunson didn't.

"'Course nobody ever knew exactly what Benny said or done. Naturally not. Myra ain't the kind to talk about a thing like that. But we'd all noticed that Benny was spending more time over his meals every day. Some days he'd drive that big yellow car down to the Bon Ton for a snack and a cup of coffee every two or three hours. Whatever it was he did or said that last time he was in there must've been plenty; but all I know about it is what happened that night—the night Benny left town again.

"There must've been eight or ten of us loafing around out here on the porch that evening, just when it was getting dusk. Benny'd got him a traveling salesman cornered and was telling him how much those diamond rings had cost, talking loud enough so's the rest of us'd be sure to hear, when Steve McClelland, Myra's brother, came walking down the street.

"Steve McClelland was one of these big, slow-moving, easy-going fellows. He was usually grinning, and he didn't talk much. This night, though, he looked different. He was walking fast and looking straight ahead of him, and he wasn't grinning one bit. Soon as I saw his face I knew there was something in the wind, though I didn't know what. A couple of us spoke to him when he came up the steps, but he didn't answer us. He walked right over to where Benny was leaning up against one of the porch pillars, and when Benny saw him coming he stepped clear of the rail, so he didn't have nothing behind him.

"'Brunson, I want you to stay away from my sister!' Steve says, talking way back behind his teeth. 'If I ever hear of your being within fifty feet of her again, I'll break every bone in your mis'rable body!'

"I was looking at Benny. I thought he'd be scared. Most men would be, with a fellow Steve's size looking and talking the way he was. But somehow Benny didn't seem one bit afraid. Those funny eyes of his were looking right into Steve's and shining like some kind of an animal's, but his queer, wooden face didn't change any. He moved back another step, but it wasn't like he was getting ready to run. He was moving slow and steady and kind of graceful, like a cat; as if he knew just what he was doing.

"'And suppose I don't see it that way?' he says. His voice was sort of low and sneering, and it wasn't shaking any.

"'If you want your licking now, you can have it!' Steve snaps, and he takes a step toward Benny.

"I saw Benny's hand fly up across his chest and Steve's go out to meet it. That was the first I knew Benny was packing a gun. Kind of surprised me first-off, but when I came to think it over, why, it was just the sort of thing Benny'd think was smart. He went for it pretty quick, too; reckon he'd been practicing in front of the mirror. But a shoulder holster's a poor rig for a quick draw and Steve was right on top of him.

"Steve's fingers clamped around Benny's wrist before the gun was much more 'n out from under his arm. Steve could move fast when he wanted to, all right. He gives a little twist and a jerk, and the gun drops to the floor. Steve kicks it off the porch on to the ground. It was one of them flat little hide-out automatics that you'd have to shoot a man with twice before he knew you meant it.

"'Why, you dirty little rat!' Steve says, kind of surprised. Benny doesn't say anything.

"Then Steve shifts his hand to Benny's collar and starts shaking him. Steve was pretty mad, but I guess he couldn't quite bring himself to hit a little fellow like Benny with his fist. He slaps him a couple of times with his open hand, and then he stops and looks at him. Understand, Benny was struggling and hitting out the best he could, but he might just as well have tried to break loose from a grizzly. Steve just holds him out at the end of one of his long arms and studies him for a minute.

"'There ain't enough of him to lick,' Steve says, kind of disgusted. Then all at once he grins, contemptuouslike, and grabs Benny with both hands. Before anybody knew what was in his mind, Steve was sitting down on the porch railing and had Benny turned over his knee. Then he lifts up one of them big hands of his and starts in.

"Benny kept squirming and twisting round all he could, but he couldn't break loose. I reckon he tried to keep from bawling, but Steve was bringing that big, hard palm of his down with a bang you could've heard a quarter mile off. It wasn't more'n a couple of minutes till Benny was crying and begging just like any spanked kid. Finally Steve spins him into a corner of the porch, and he lies there all bunched up, mopping the tears out of his eyes with the sleeve of one of his fancy tailor-made suits.

"'You be out of town in an hour!' Steve says, talking soft and level, but plenty positive. And then, a little louder: 'You hear me?' Benny doesn't answer right away, and Steve takes a step toward him. Benny scrouges a little farther into his corner.

"'I hear you,' he chokes out, still wiping at his eyes.

"'That's good,' Steve says. 'And you mind what I say!' Then Steve

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turns and nods to the rest of us and starts for the steps. 'Ev'ning, gents,' he says. And, 'Sorry, Jim,' to me. He goes down the steps and picks up Benny's little gun and throws it hard as he can off into the brush behind the hotel. Kids looked for it all the rest of that summer, but they never did find it.

"We all sat there looking at Benny. Nobody said anything. He doesn't move for a long time; just lies there all bunched up, sort of sniffling and choking and wiping his eyes on his sleeve. Then he gets up, real slow, and starts into the hotel, walking with his head down and one arm still half covering his face.

"I reckon it wasn't more'n ten minutes till he comes back down with the two big suitcases that was his baggage. He'd washed his face, and it looked just like always—sort of a wooden mask that you couldn't see behind. He walks past us without saying a word, goes down the steps and loads his suitcases into the back of the big yellow car.

"I don't know why, but just for a minute I felt sort of sorry for the little fellow." Jim Holliday's slow drawl was thoughtful and a little puzzled. "'Course I knew he had that paddling coming to him, all right, or Steve wouldn't have done it; and I knew he was plumb worthless and no-account. But all the same I felt sort of sorry for him. Just for a minute, of course!

"I goes over to the porch railing and calls to him just as he was opening the door of the car. 'You've got a rebate coming on that room rent you paid me, Benny,' I says. 'If you'll wait a minute I'll figure it out and give it to you.'

"He turns round and looks up at me, and that was the other time I saw Benny's face when the wooden-Injun mask wasn't working. His face was like a hydrophoby coyote's I saw one time caught in a trap, and his eyes looked like they were burning up—sort of red in the dark, you know.

"'To hell with your rebates, and to hell with you!' he says. 'You and all the rest of the hicks in this burg!' His voice was high and quivering, like a woman's gets when she's just about ready to bust out crying. 'You don't know who you've been monkeying with,' he says. 'But you'll find out some day! I'll show you! I'll find a way to show you the kind of a guy Benny Brunson is!'

"I don't say anything, and he opens the door and slides under the wheel and sits down. Then he gives a little yelp and half jumps up again. Steve's got a heavy hand, and I reckon Benny's rear was smarting some. It was funny. I couldn't have helped laughing if I'd wanted to. None of us could. We were still laughing when Benny got the big car started and headed down the road. I reckon us laughing at him was the last thing Benny heard going out of town."

Jim Holliday chuckled reminiscently and was still. I, too, was silent. I was thinking, with mixed emotions, of Benny Brunson, the feared and fearless outlaw whom I had once seen among his own kind, and who had been swept out of the town of his birth upon the wings of a gale of ironic, mocking, home-town laughter. What must his thoughts have been? What mad plans for a public and terrible vengeance must not his twisted, criminal brain have harbored?

"But you said he came back again—a second time!" I cried. "What happened then? What did he do?"

Jim Holliday knocked out his pipe against the arm of his chair.

"Yes, he came back again, all right. Just a couple of days later, it was. He drove in bold as brass one fine morning, all by his lonesome, and tries to rob the bank!

"First off we thought he'd lost his money somehow, or else he hadn't had such an awful lot after all. Most of that big roll of bills could've been stage money for all we knew, you see. But it wasn't long till we found out he still had more'n thirteen thousand in his pants. And that was four or five times as much cash as old Major Calhoun ever keeps around the bank. It was a queer stunt, even for Benny. 'Twasn't as if he knew anything 'bout holding up a bank, either. The way he went at it showed that clear enough." Jim Holliday's tone was more than a little disgusted.

"I saw the whole thing. I'd gone down to the bank to talk to the major about a mortgage of mine that was coming due, and I was sitting there with him when Benny's big yellow car pulled up outside.

"A minute later Benny walks in and stands looking at us. He'd got the wooden-Injun face to working again and was grinning on one side, just the way he used to. He looks around the place for a minute, sort of sizing things up, and then he pulls out another of those little flat automatics that he must have bought somewhere and says 'Stick 'em up, hicks!'

"There was just the three of us in the bank—me, and the major, and Cass Fleming, the major's old bookkeeper. We all gets our hands up quick. Even those little automatics can make a nasty hole in a man.

"None of us was carrying a gun. I ain't worn one in years myself. And if I'd had one I wouldn't 've made a move. It wasn't worth it; I knew Benny couldn't get away—leastwise, he couldn't get far. Robbing banks stopped being a paying business in this country right after they started spraddling telephone lines all over creation. If Benny'd had a lick of sense he'd have thought of that.

"Benny just stands there grinning at us, proud as a peacock, for a couple of minutes. Then he herds us all into a corner, pulls a sack out from under his coat and starts going through the cage and the vault for cash. He went at that part of it right businesslike. Reckon he must've read a story or seen a movie sometime that showed how it was done. He didn't act the least bit nervous or scared, either.

"When he'd got all the currency in his sack—there wasn't more'n a couple of thousand dollars—he makes Cass Fleming carry it, and herds us all out to the street ahead of him. The bank's right on the edge of town, you know, and there ain't ever many people on the street here mornings, so nobody noticed what was coming off. Benny has Cass put the money sack on the seat of the car, and he keeps us all standing with our hands up while he gets in. He'd left the motor running.

"'Well, I guess you hicks are beginning to get some kind of an idea what sort of a guy I am,' Benny says, sitting there behind the wheel and swinging that little gun to cover us all. 'And I guess the old town won't forget Benny Brunson for a while after this!' There was a sort of a happy ring to his voice that I'd never heard before, even when he was bragging the loudest.

"'But this ain't all I come back to do,' Benny goes on. 'You don't need to think I've forgotten that big McClelland ape. I seen him when I drove by his place—plowing right alongside the road. I'll slow down and knock him off on my way back. That big farmer's on the spot right now, if he only knew it!'

"If I'd had a gun I'd 've taken a chance then. I knew Benny wouldn't get very far, but I couldn't see no way on earth to keep him from making the two miles to Steve's place and emptying that little gun into Steve. I guess Benny could see what was going through my head, 'cause he looked right at me with those funny hot eyes and laughed that short, yapping laugh of his. Then he shoved the big car into gear and jumped it away from the bank.

"I just stood goggling after the big yellow car. I didn't see old Cass Fleming move. I didn't know he had moved till he came scrambling back out of the bank with the rifle. Come to find out, him and the major'd kept it hid back in the vault for years, figuring on something like this.

"It was the gun the major used to use in the old days out here—one of those big old .50 caliber Sharps, built for putting buffalo down to stay. Man, there's a gun! And old Cass gallops down the steps and shoves it at the major.

"The major grabs it and flops down on his belly in the dust, with his shiny old peg leg sticking out behind.

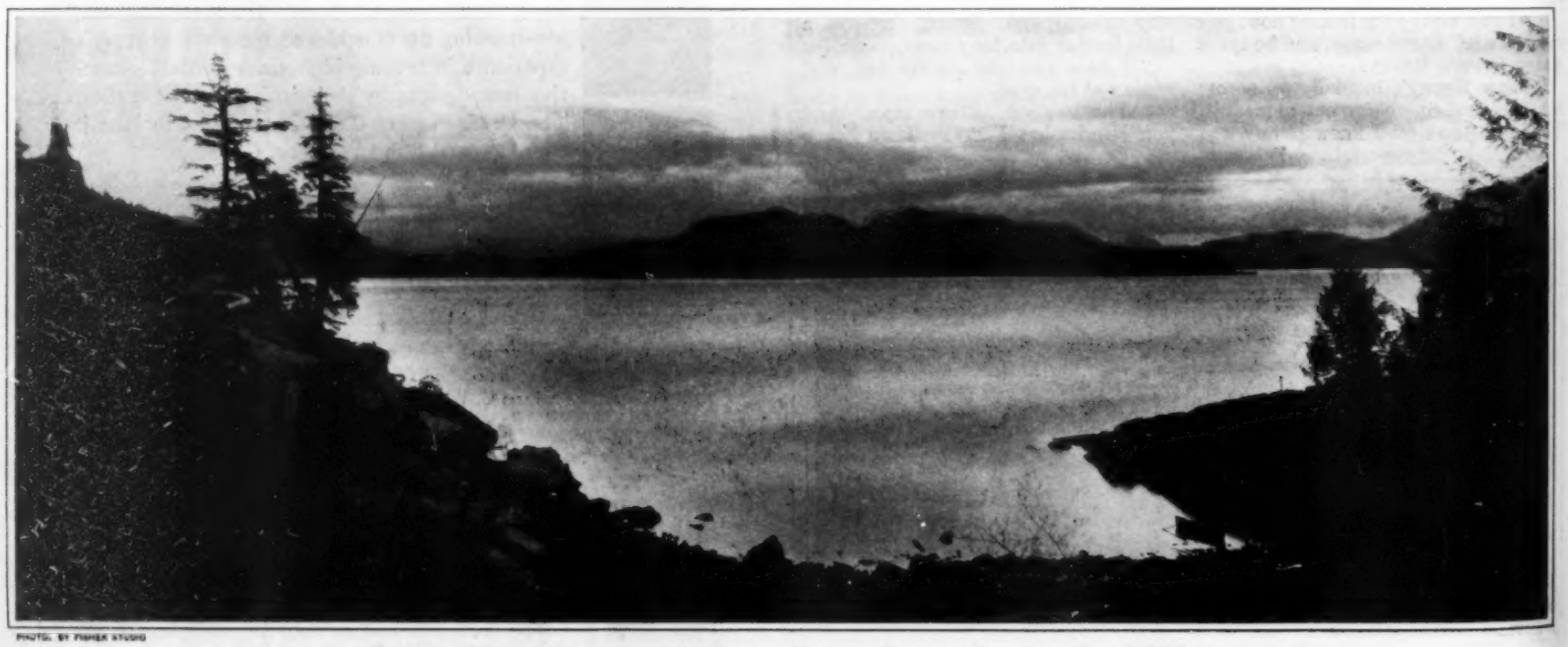
"Benny must've been better'n two hundred yards out of town, and picking up speed all the time, when the major gets his bead and squeezes the trigger and that big old cannon booms.

"For a minute I think he's missed. Then the yellow car begins to wabble. It drifts from one side of the road to the other a couple of times; then one front wheel drops into the ditch and the big car goes end over end, mighty like a horse that's put a forefoot in a hole.

"It turned over four times, like a big yellow pin wheel. And then it came down with a crash that everybody in town heard. And that was the end of Benny Brunson."

For several minutes Jim Holliday was silent, his eyes on the faint summer stars. Then he yawned loudly, dropped his feet from the porch rail to the floor, and began to scramble out of his big rocker.

"But there's one thing I've never been able to figure out," he muttered sleepily. "And that's what in the world ever gave that no-account kid the idea he was a bad man."



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*George and Carroll Inlets, From the Tongass National Highway, Near Ketchikan, Alaska*

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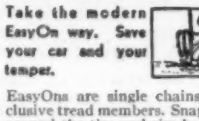

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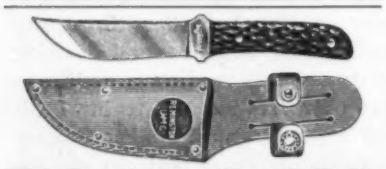

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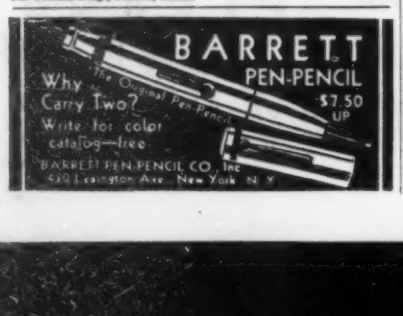


# BLACK AND WHITE

(Continued from Page 21)

with the toes of his other bare foot if the word was hard to spell. This black boy taught the first Negro school in our neighborhood in a little one-room log cabin on the plantation. Years afterward he was recognized as one of the distinguished educators of his race.

All this is an old tale, a scrap of color torn from the archaic past lost now out of life and literature, but it must serve here as part of the background for the study in black and white that follows. Behind it in the deeper shadows of time lies the less colorful explanation of the whole situation developed by the two races in this country.

I am the descendant of white men—blue-eyed people for ten generations, never a black hair on our heads, and very few white ones until we are coming on seventy years. But after sixty years of my own I seem to see what we are more clearly than when I was a younger chip off the old block.

My prejudices have died down and my Nordic conceit is fading out. I am no more than one of God's milder creatures with no crow to pick. I am tired of making enemies. They are expensive to keep when you get anxious about the final harvest of your own virtues. I am tired of wisdom too. What I desire above everything is the quietness and peace of understanding. I do not care much about being superior to other people of other races, having discovered that social equality is not a question of justice but a matter of taste. The most intelligent people who advocate social equality, I find, have the strongest personal antipathies toward blacks. They are altruistic, but not truthful. The blacks in their secret hearts are even more antipathetic toward whites. If they demand social equality, it is only as women made such a fuss about suffrage. The great majority of us do not really want the ballot; we only demanded it in order to make sure we could vote if we wanted to do so.

### *The White Man's Burden*

One of the dominant characteristics of the white man is his missionary instinct toward other men. It is inspired both by religion and cupidity. He wants to impose his creed for conscience's sake. And in exchange for the benefits of a Christian civilization, he desires to extend his commercial markets, which, not to speak sarcastically, but truthfully, in the terms of human nature, was a fact always recognized in the Old Testament without reproach.

But whether he has any religious faith at all, he baptizes himself in his own conceit and regards himself as the priest of mankind. Bleached by his own invincible aspirations, whether they are religious, cultural or commercial, he accomplishes the incredible from age to age and drags the world after him, being careful at the same time to preserve his past in Iliads, histories and epitaphs.

It follows, as the tail follows the kite, that he has a genius for producing mass problems simply by thinking in terms of his own greatness. He could no more survive in a civilization not stirred by vital problems than he could endure weather without wind or seasons. He is a man with a peafowl soul, given to experimental idealism by way of proving his own good intentions, without ever solving a single problem. He leaves them like war debts behind him for the next generation to solve. But he keeps sane and healthily hopeful, working through the algebraic science of mankind's unknown quantities toward a perception of higher things in human perversities. He is the one man on earth who must be balanced, soothed and saved by his discontents and overwhelming responsibilities. This country is completely indexed with problems he has worked up without the almightiness to work any of them out. The one that engages him assiduously is the black man, because it appeals most to his sentimentality. Whenever a white man of any country can lay his hands on a race of different manners, morals and religion, and especially of a darker color, he employs all the agencies of his civilization—educational, spiritual and commercial—to make those people over in his own image. Sounds all right, but never has turned out as he desired or expected.

### *The Dark Secret of the Ages*

I am not criticizing him; on the contrary, I embrace him and adore him with all the ardor of my old hero-worshiping heart as the noblest man of mankind, but I am endeavoring to indicate as delicately as possible, and without too broad a grin, that he is not God—and does not know it.

He did not create the Negro, for example, and does not even suspect the formula of a man so completely original. He is himself probably a synthetic product composed of the more excellent extracts of a thousand races that have already passed from this earth, put together by degrees, shaken up and welded into the mettle of a man by a Power older than all the ages. I do not speak, of course, in the fabulous term of ethnological science, but with proper poetic license which may be equally fabulous, but is more pleasing to the imagination.

However, long before he existed, or Abraham was born, or Buddha discovered the soul of the Chinese, or the Sphinx lifted her head above the green meadows of what is now a desert, and before the brown men of India built their first temple, there was probably a black man in Africa who had no such energy or conceit. He built nothing that could last long enough to betray his past even to an archæologist. He kept far off in his own dark shadow when the rest of mankind were juggling with the treachery of alphabets, and has therefore written no boastful histories of himself. He antedates the relatively modern understanding of the past ten thousand years. And to this day keeps the secret to himself. We may govern his conduct, treat him with injustice or generosity, but we cannot figure out his strangely elusive mental processes.

The difference between us is this: The white man is the multiple man, progressive in his forms of worship—no god is god enough, once his oracles fail. He was the first discoverer of the one almighty God whose will cannot be divined by speculations in oracles; and he was not the spiritual courtier of demons like other primitive races, but some kind of savage believer in honor and goodness from the beginning. An idealist and propagandist who the more civilized he is, the more diabolical he becomes in war. Always being changed by his faiths and aspirations, a greater man in misfortune than in times of prosperity. Frequently deleted or added to by one system of philosophy or another; always in danger of being tampered with by his own rational faculties; forever sharpened by his wits and exalted by his aspirations. Whereas the black is the one man singular that God made him, an original script of human nature laid away in the dark archives of a man.

The contrasts between these two types are more interesting and not so frequently discussed as the problems we make of them. For the latter are really no more than the notches we cut in our civilization to fit the Negro's case, which he destroys with amiable alacrity faster than we can cut them.

I am, therefore, conceding that the criminal black exists, but that he does not belong to the race which produces the most accomplished criminals. As I remember the Negro of my youth, he was at least a merry rogue—nothing vicious in him, much that was romantic and witty. Something of a savage, to be sure, in the fights for love or gain he had with members of his own race, but withal a man turned upon the lathe of happiness and an erratic good conscience—never the one to abuse himself for his peccadillos. How many artless thieves I have known among them who were delightfully and sincerely religious. If you are a child of God, why not enjoy the security of that relationship, even if you are a sinner, as saints do?—was the way he looked at it. Something fallacious but radiant in that doctrine, and it fitted the soul of the black man then as well as some of our more sinister fallacies in morals fit the white man's. Besides, he has an excuse for his private levies on the white man's substance. The latter owed him back wages for all those years he and his forefathers served as slaves! I am not excusing his faults, but merely contending that he was for a very long time the most honest rogue among us, and showed a sort of medieval gayety which has ceased to illumine the crimes of the white rogues of romance since the seventeenth century. And if his criminal manifestations have taken on a somber hue, it is because he begins to imitate our own criminals, who are surly, greedy fellows, viciously intelligent, totally lacking in the wit and virtues that were formerly characteristic of hero highwaymen.

### *Black Robin Hood*

How well I remember Uncle Stephen, who was the gnarled, scrawny, old, black Robin Hood of our plantation. He stole everything from cotton to chickens—not much, but enough to exchange for the necessities of his own family. And it was his invariable custom to divide with the sick and poor among his black neighbors. He had a wonderful countenance, neither noble nor honest, but cheerful, shrewd and kind, like that of a man who knew many things of good report about himself. As near as I can interpret, the impression I have of him is that he looked like the very gnome of a philanthropist doing a small but thrifty business in good deeds. My father, who lost many a night's sleep striving in vain to catch Uncle Stephen stealing cotton, loved him, and loaned him a mule to ride away one dark night into South Carolina when he had made the mistake of

stealing corn from the wrong white man and the sheriff was hot on his trail. Father was wrong, of course. But he had his own theory about dealing with Negroes—never had one arrested, but made him pay for what he had stolen. This was the rule among planters. The ignoble crime of holding Negroes in peonage or double charging them for supplies is a later development, practiced by meaner, thriftier breeds of our race.

Likewise, I am conceding the educated black man, as one admits a masterpiece retouched by a skillful artist, but whose varnishings cover much of the mystery and strange charm of the original. For the educated Negro at his best is no more than a heroic plagiarism on the white man's culture. Else he could not be educated from our point of view. But in the process he surrenders the puissant genius of his own race, which is unique, strangely alluring and altogether worthy of preservation. The trouble is we have no form of culture adequate to its preservation. We have only our own hand-picked forms of culture, and nothing stable in them.

He is the greatest of all the primitive wise men. In many ways his philosophy is superior to ours. Never tends downward, as his religious superstitions frequently do. For it is founded on the scriptures of the man himself, brightened with the pigment of a humor that has the sunlight of strictly human wit. No false mechanics of arbitrary thinking in it. Derived, not as we teach the dull stuff from books written by men who never really lived beyond the realms of their own minds, but from life itself, like the very A B C's of wisdom. Life is really simple, never meant to be the conundrum we have madeit,is a truth he still perceives.

His gift for music belongs to him alone. No other man possesses the peculiar timbre of his voice, or the tragic loveliness of his singing rhythm. They cannot even imitate it as they do his dialect. What I mean, then, by the educated black is that he quotes Kant and forgets his own native wisdom, which was as spontaneous in his fathers as the inspirations of a poet. And he endeavors to sing his spirituals after the musical manner of white men. Both are sacrifices too great to make to another race's culture.

### *A Faith That Fits*

As a naked primitive inadequately defended against the beast and reptile life of the jungles and the terrific phenomena of Nature and weather in a tropical country, he acquired a catastrophic creed, with a ritual of superstitions according to which he lived in fear and trembling. Probably the greatest benefit he has had from us is our religion, which affords the protection of an almighty God against misfortune, abuse, and especially his own terrible imagination. No missionary effort was necessary to convert him; only a section was set aside for him in every white man's church before the Civil War. He made haste to attend divine worship there. During the period of slavery he found his one safe and unrepressed emotional outlet through our faith. Jesus Christ became more particularly his Jesus, who was also a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief. Our God was more particularly his God. Never has any man luxuriated so quickly and happily in another man's faith. He has outstripped us at this business. He is God's child and believes as firmly as ever David did that the Lord will confound his enemies. He also believes in ghosts, but Sir Oliver Lodge himself could not convert him to spiritism or convince him of the possibility of communicating with the dead. "They may walk around—I ain't saying they don't—but the dead ought to stop talkin'!" is his point of view about that.

Speaking in the terms of ethics, he is a trifle to the leeward of righteousness, but in so far as religion is to be accepted as a blessing designed to bring joy to the man that claims the experience, he is a better spiritual economist then we are, hag-ridden by outraged conscience and by our missionary responsibilities to other men. The white man falls from time to time into his own hands, which is to commit himself mentally and morally to the most variable of all tyrants. Thus he analyzes and studies the phenomena of himself until he loses his liberty, his faith and the happier illusion of himself. The black commits no such folly. He is not introspective. He does not study God; he simply believes in God.

### *Out of Bondage*

When the white man brought him to this country and sold him as a slave, he was a faithful and obedient slave. When the same whites perceived that slavery was a crime and they took five years' time off to engage in a Civil War to deliver him from bondage, he waited, devotedly attached to his masters, until he was freed. Very few races in history have obtained their freedom without putting up a fight for it. He was still poor and illiterate. But his wage scale was fixed for him then, and has been raised ever since, not only because he is the merriest of all laborers and is capable of performing harder work than other men but because he is the most popular man in the country with white men. He had no property to be taxed for schools, yet his children have had schools out of the common-school tax. Colleges and universities have been provided for him. If the great majority of his race has remained poor, that is not his fault, but his nature. He is rich in nature, and does not require so many luxuries as the white man does who has lost his sense of the simpler joys of living and requires artificial surroundings to distract his thoughts from his real poverty.

He received the right of suffrage along with his freedom. As it turned out, this was no more than a complimentary calling card handed him, because his gratitude constrained him to affiliate with the political party of the whites who fought for his freedom. But this is the wrong party in the South. Matters were soon adjusted, however, so as to relieve him of the responsibility and embarrassment of voting against his white neighbors here, except in elections such as the presidential election, where it does not count. This was the kind and graceful thing to do, and the Negro accepted it with the same amiability with which he accepted the complimentary ballot bestowed upon him by the party of the first part. Gandhi has nothing on the American Negro, with his policy of passive disobedience. The latter has accomplished more with his policy of passive obedience, which is not due to any remnant of the slave left in him but to a private practical theory he has of government, quaint and effective. He is not by nature a politician, but every one of them is an arch diplomat in his dealings with white men. He is in the foreign service of his own race. And, observe, although

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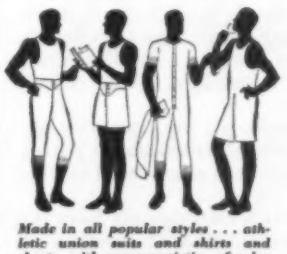

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he does not enjoy the freedom of the press for the peculiar benefits he desires for his people, no man in this country has the press so completely subsidized in his favor. This is through the influence he obtained over the whites, their affections and sympathies. If any group or individual of that race wrongs him, a wave of indignation runs through the country, more publicity than would be given a foreign war. Even if he has committed a crime, it is forgotten in the sentiment of the nation to protect his constitutional rights. Never in the history of civilized nations has there been a diplomat or statesman among us who commanded so constantly and completely the power of public sentiment in his favor—and that without lifting his finger.

What is true of him as a citizen of the country at large is also true of him in private. Leave a black man and a white man together, interdependent upon each other long enough, and the black will invariably obtain his own advantage. The white may abuse him, cheat him of his earnings, but in the end he will become completely dependent upon the black man. He has been weakened, made incompetent by the very manners and services of the black, and must yield every point he makes in order to keep his own egotism flattered by these manners and his weakness so efficiently ministered to by the witty black.

This is one of the dropped stitches in the white man's scheme of things, due to the personal note of imperialism in his sense of himself—that in the end the man who serves commands the situation. The moment a nation advances far enough beyond the strengthening and growing pioneer period of poverty to create a laboring class to do the work formerly performed by all its citizens, disintegration begins, even if capital increases.

But through all his vicissitudes from slavery to the present time, the black man has held his enchantment over us. He can claim the distinction of being the most romantic figure in the American Iliad without ever having written a notable history or an epic of himself. Once, at least—after Thomas Nelson Page's stories featured him—he suffered a sort of dialectic eclipse in current fiction. But this was due to the fact that Page inadvertently founded a school of amateur writers who did not comprehend that the Negro's adaptation of the white man's speech is a standardized language, and cannot be invented merely by bad spelling. But this was only a momentary fade-out. He has reappeared with "rainbows around his shoulders," the most veracious ready-made character among us by which to interpret the primitive modern mind concerning love, marriage and the free-will doctrines of sex—not because the Negro is immoral but because he is more happily unmoral than whites can ever be, after the thousands of years of training they have given themselves in the piety of chastity. His mind is not eruptive along these lines, and if his nature is, he sees no reason for reducing it to a philosophical formula. He is more innocent of himself than these modern disciples are of their lower nature.

In dealing with the white man, his discretion frequently amounts to deception, not because he is any more of a liar than the "all men" mentioned in the Scriptures, but over and above this his experience proves to him the advantage of not tipping off the white man. He keeps the truth to himself like a bit of private property. This is one of his most skillful methods of preserving his own entity. For, if you are a black man, any kind of colored man, once you let a white man into your confidence he begins to reform you. And the black man does not want to be reformed. He desires only to improve and strengthen his position among us, if he desires any change at all.

### *Black David and Goliath*

The interesting thing is that he is as frank as a relative in dealing with members of his own race face to face, critical to the very bone of them, and surpasses any white in his boasted superiority—a circumstance which accounts for the furies and fights that enliven his social life. Whoever thinks the Negro is a coward does not know him. Give him a razor, or even a stone, and he can meet his Goliath more than halfway. He is only afraid of what is not familiar to him. Thus he is not familiar with the modern diableries of white men in warfare. The French understood this and provided their Senegalese shock troops with long, pointed knives in addition to the regular arms of a soldier. These were a certain breed of Negroes who wore blue balmoral breeches and a ferocious expression. The knives helped, speaking in the terms of psychology. Without them, the Senegalese could not have been so effective as shock troops.

In view of the vast literature we have written about the Negro, the study we have devoted to his problems, education and welfare, it is an even more interesting circumstance that he writes so little about himself for our particular enlightenment.

What he does write along that line is copied from our point of view, as if he held a mirror up to our minds. The same is true of Southern whites who write for Northern readers. We cannot afford to give a veracious impression of our lives, minds or wits, but must always color the composition with that legendary Southerner who, if he ever existed at all, faded out fifty years ago.

But the fact that the Negro never reveals himself is much more mysterious. He cannot do it. Many centuries passed before the white man acquired the literary art of revealing himself. The black man has had more centuries in living than we have had, in all probability, but a relatively short time has passed since he acquired the use of a pen. He remains, therefore, what Joel Chandler Harris called him—"the most secret man on earth."

Still he studies us. He majors in white-skinned human nature. He knows us, stripped of all our vanities, virtues and ideals. He can know a white man, not by looking up his record but simply by looking at him. One time a famous novelist was made editor of a famous magazine. The first morning he appeared at the office of his publication the old Negro janitor, who had never seen him before, took one look at him, shook his head and said, "He won't last long"—and he didn't!

Lately, here in the South, there has been a regrettable renaissance of lynchings, due to one circumstance which this writer is too polite to mention. One morning I motored into town to attend church service. We passed in sight of the jail and saw a great crowd gathered about it. This meant that a desperate Negro murderer had been captured. A curious silence lay in the town, more significant than the soft, bell-ringing quietness of an amiable Sabbath day.

This was my first sight of a mob, even at a respectful distance. But it steadily massed until, when we left town after the services at the church, there were half a thousand men around the jail. I expressed my anxiety. But my chauffeur, who is a black man, grinned. "Mis'," he said, "you don't have to worry. Them folks ain't going to lynch that Nigger."

"How do you know?" I asked.

"When white folks takes a notion to lynch a Nigger, they does it quick as a flash. Nothin' don't stop 'em. But if you see 'em stomping around the jail, smoking and spitting tobacco juice, they don't mean no harm. They come for cur'osity, just to see if anything is going to happen—same as a heap of folks go to a man's funeral they never heard of, jest to view the remains and hear the mourners moan."

### *A Biography to Come*

Nothing did happen, though every law-abiding white man was alarmed for the honor of the town. How did the black man know that nothing would happen? Because he had studied white people all his life—not what we do but what we are—quietly, in the shadow of himself, until he knew us individually and collectively like a sum in temper and temperament he had worked out a thousand times.

The black man may be a joke the white man has played on himself; a lien he has given on his affection and prosperity, never to be paid off, but one thing is certain—if he ever lets go and writes the biography of a white man, it will be the most revealing, veracious, entertaining interpretation ever written. If he uses any of the material he has on hand, it will be wittier and wiser stuff than we ever collect about ourselves. He will not need to be accusative or abusive to make his points, because there is a good-tempered point to the humor of a black man keener than a rapier's thrust, which leaves his victim grinning instead of wounded—as illustrated by the reply of the old Negro man who, having listened respectfully to his white neighbors' plans for bringing a colony of whites to take up more of the farm land, was asked what he thought of the idea: "I dunno, boss, but hit looks to me lak de Niggers is got about all de white folks in here now dey kin support."

## OLD MAN RIVER'S STEPCHILD

(Continued from Page 13)

We are in receipt of a report from Operative Schemm, at River Bluff, as follows:

"Young Seabury got licked. Black eye—left—bloody nose—not broken—split upper lip, bruises on head, but not serious. Youngster put up good fight. His chief trouble was trying to rush a slugger who outweighed him. The Rollins kid saved him from a worse licking by socking Aswell on the head with an oar. Scott wouldn't be such a bad scrapper if he'd keep his head and remember to use science instead of wading in and trying to slug. We expect a return fight any day, unless Scott's father decides we should break it up."

Operative O'Fallon, who works on the same dredge-boat shift as your son, has become quite friendly with him. He appends the following recommendation to Operative Schemm's report:

"Don't let Scott's father get worried about him. He's been working with me and some of the boys on the dredger and has a long right jab that's a dandy. When he gets his timing down smoother and learns to go back on his heels before he starts his left hook, he'll make a monkey of the Aswell hick."

Nevertheless, we are frank to say that the general situation at River Bluff has only been aggravated by this fight.

The Shanty Town element have established the C. B. & Q. tracks as a deadline and have warned the young bloods of the village not to cross. There is strong likelihood of a free-for-all fight in which your son is certain to participate. Moreover, his friendship with the Rollins girl has reached a stage not altogether platonic.

These menaces have developed so rapidly that we thought it wise to send two more operatives to the scene. One of them—Mr. Albert James—is a shorthand expert and our most accomplished shadower. We are forwarding shorthand transcription of numerous conversations between your son and Eloise Rollins.

The most significant and informative of these conversations is appended herewith:

TIME: *6:47* P.M. *to 7:13* P.M. *June 29, 1930.*

PLACE: *A bluff called* LOVER'S LEAP, *at* RIVER BLUFF, MISSOURI.

PRINCIPALS: SCOTT SEABURY *and* ELOISE ROLLINS.

ELOISE: I can't stay up here very long. I've got to clean those fish. Ugh. How I hate to clean fish—especially catfish.

SCOTT: I'll help you.

ELOISE: You're a nice boy, but when it comes to cleaning fish you're a wash-out. Besides, I'll get through quicker if you're not around.

SCOTT *(laughing):* Do I really take your mind off catfish occasionally?

ELOISE: You needn't be so snooty. I sold eighteen dollars and sixty-five cents' worth last week.

SCOTT: I wasn't being snooty. I think you're just grand, and you know I do.

ELOISE: Oh, yes; I'm just part of the local color. Huck Finn's kid sister. You think we're all terribly picturesque ——

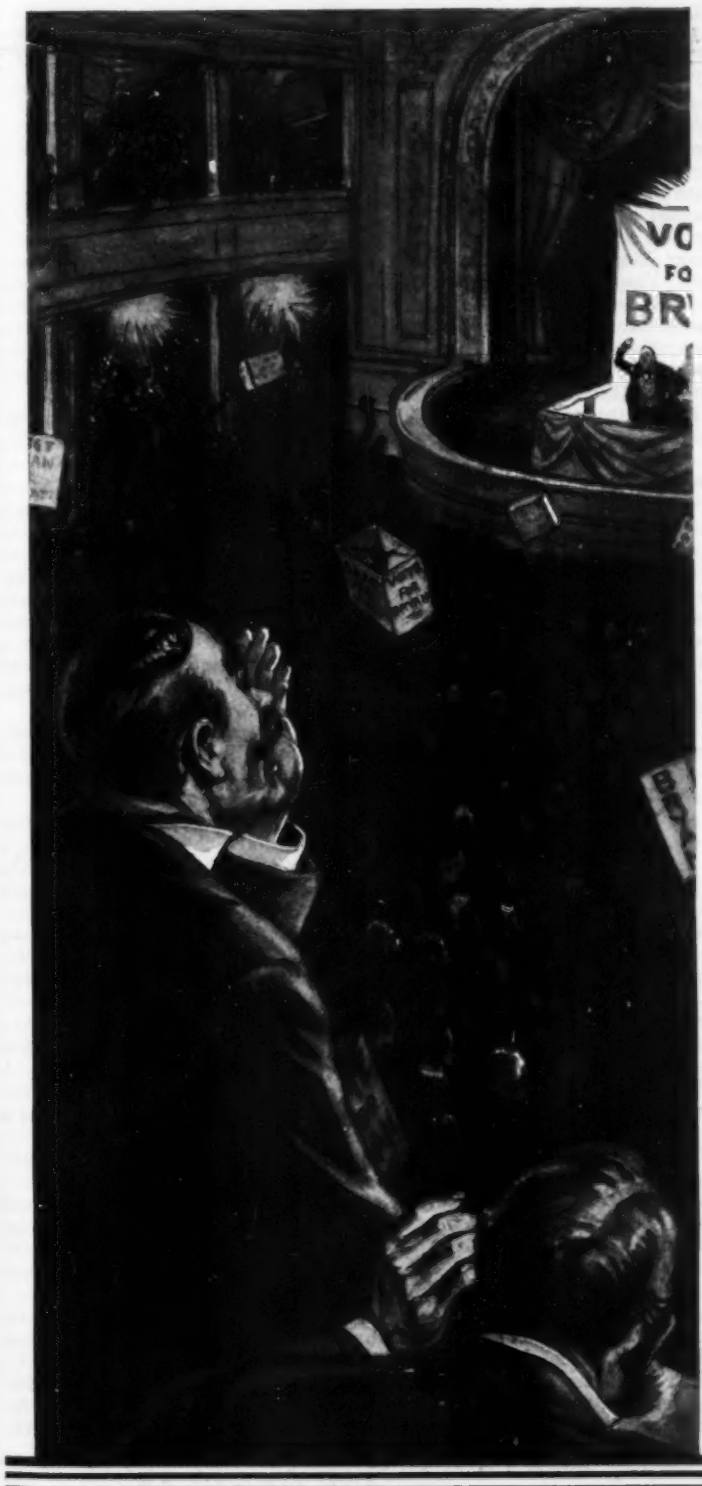
SCOTT: Now you're putting a chip on your shoulder again. I never saw a girl who liked to fight so much.

ELOISE: Well, it's the truth. I watched you this evening when grandfather was telling about the Natches and the Robert E. Lee. You just sat there and grinned. You were thinking: "Poor old man. Isn't he quaint?" You ——

SCOTT: I wasn't thinking anything like that at all. The fact is—if you really want to know—I wasn't even listening. I was watching you.

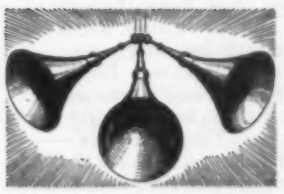
(Continued on Page 104)

XUM



# "Louder... louder!"

## --- a cry of the past—



Straining forward to hear the speaker they were all ears and he was all lungs—but still they couldn't understand him. No wonder "louder please"—and remarks less courteous —were bywords at those old time gatherings.

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*(Continued from Page 102)*

ELOISE: Oh, you big liar. I guess I'd have known it if you were watching me, wouldn't I? You didn't look at me once.

SCOTT: I can watch you without looking at you. I can shut my eyes this minute and see you just as clearly. Your hair has tumbled over your left eye and you've got a smudge on your nose, and your mouth twists up a little at the right side when you smile and ——

ELOISE: Oh, cut it out. There's no use arguing with a silly like you. Shut up and look at the river.

SCOTT: I have to look at the river all day. I'm going to keep on looking at you.

ELOISE: Suit yourself, mister.

[*Silence, forty-seven seconds.*

ELOISE: It always makes me sad. I try to think how the steamboats must have looked, and how much softer the light must have been on the river in those days, and how the mournful old whistles echoed from the bluffs. Oh, why did I have to be born after it was all gone?

SCOTT: I'm glad you were. It would be terrible to have met you when you were a granny.

ELOISE: See? There you go. You just don't get it at all. You don't understand how I feel about the river. You don't understand how I feel about Shanty Town. You think it's silly of grandfather and me to stick ourselves in that filthy little hole and ——

SCOTT: Whoa! Hold on! Don't get me wrong. I never said it was wrong. I only said it was too bad a girl like you had to stay there. You belong in a ——

ELOISE: I belong in Shanty Town. I belong with grandfather and Uncle Everett and Buttin'-Head and all the rest of 'em. They're sticking by the river—even if their boats are gone—and I'm sticking by them. They're real men; and as old as they are, they're a darn sight better lot than that snooty pack in the village. Why, listen, those River Bluffers are afraid of the river. They're afraid to stick a skiff in channel water. The river's too big for 'em. That's why they hate us folks in Shanty Town. River Bluff used to amount to something when the river men were here. They know that, and they're taking out their spite on the few who are left.

SCOTT: I know, but you shouldn't take it so seriously, Eloise. After all ——

ELOISE: There you go again. Of course, it's nothing to you. We're just a lot of river rats in your opinion. Our miserable little quarrels, our pride ——

SCOTT: I fought for your side, didn't I? I fought for your side, didn't I?

ELOISE: Ye-es, you did, but ——

SCOTT: And I'm going to fight for your side again. As soon as I get my knuckles toughened up I'm going to knock Jack Aswell's block off. You wait. You just wait.

ELOISE: I don't want you to fight him any more.

SCOTT: You're saying that because you're afraid he'll lick me again. But he won't. You wait and see.

ELOISE: That isn't it. I don't want you to fight, because you're not fighting for Shanty Town. You're fighting because you think you like me.

SCOTT: So I only think I like you? Huh. See here, woman; that's one thing you're going to get me right about ——

ELOISE: Scott, stop it!

[*Words were muffled at this point and the operative was unable to distinguish sentences.* MR. SCOTT *and the girl scuffled. Apparently he was trying to kiss her, for she said whispered words like "No"; "Stop"; "I won't let you." He let her go without kissing her, as the conversation, once more audible, indicates.*

SCOTT: I'm sorry. But that's how I feel.

ELOISE: You'd better go back home to your dad.

SCOTT: Is that so?

ELOISE: Yes, that's so. Your dad was right. You do need a nurse.

SCOTT: When I go home, you're going with me.

ELOISE: You think so?

SCOTT: I know it. Even if you don't love me now, I'll make you love me before I leave this town.

ELOISE: Ho-ho, so the noble young lord is out to make conquests among the wenches of the provinces?

SCOTT: I'm going to marry you.

ELOISE: Now, isn't that silly? Even to say such a thing?

SCOTT: Why is it silly? I'm free, white and twenty-one.

ELOISE: You're not a day more than nineteen, and you act about twelve. Come on, let's go clean the catfish. . . . Wish I knew where your father lived. I'd write him to come and take you home.

SCOTT: Just for that I'm going to ——

ELOISE: If you do I'll never speak to you again.

SCOTT: Hey, wait! I didn't kiss you. . . . Don't be like that, Eloise. I was just kidding. Come on; let's watch the sunset. I promise I won't get mushy any more.

ELOISE: No. I prefer the catfish.

[*She walked off in the direction of the path leading down the bluff to* SHANTY TOWN. *He followed, catching up with her beyond earshot of the operative, who was obliged to remain in his place of concealment. The descent of the bluff occupied from 7:01* P.M. *until 7:13* P.M., *at which time they were joined by* OPERATIVE O'FALLON.

We believe that this data has obvious indications of serious trouble for your son. We are confident you will acknowledge the wisdom of strengthening the field force at River Bluff.

Though it would certainly be to our interests to prolong the situation, that is not the way we do business. We want satisfied clients and feel deeply the responsibility you have intrusted to us. We are, therefore, recommending that your son be removed from River Bluff, believing that his continued stay there will be seriously detrimental to his physical and moral welfare.

Respectfully,
GOOD DETECTIVES, INC.
By David Broone,
*Chief Field Agent, St. Louis District.*

ALVIN J SEABURY 1930 JUL 2 10 59 A M
BOSTON MASS
NO SCOTT HAS NOT FOUGHT ASWELL AGAIN STOP OPERATIVES REPORT HIS BOXING GREATLY IMPROVED STOP NO IMMEDIATE DANGER OF ELOPEMENT STOP COULD BLOCK ANY SUCH DEVELOPMENT AT ONCE STOP WILL CONTINUE HANDS OFF POLICY AS YOU REQUEST BROONE

ALVIN J SEABURY 1930 JUL 4 2 32 P M
BOSTON MASS
SCOTT UNDER ARREST AT RIVER BLUFF FOLLOWING RIOT STOP CHARGED WITH PEACE DISTURBANCE MAYHEM AND INCITING RIOT STOP TROUBLE STARTED AT INDEPENDENCE DAY PICNIC STOP HAVE ARRANGED BOND FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS STOP SHALL OPERATIVES MAKE THEMSELVES KNOWN AND REMOVE SCOTT FROM TOWN
BROONE

ALVIN J SEABURY 1930 JUL 4 5 56 P M
BOSTON MASS
YOUR WIRE RECEIVED STOP DELAY CAUSED BY BAD SERVICE AT RIVER BLUFF STOP YES SCOTT DEFEATED ASWELL AFTER HARD BATTLE STOP LATER ENGAGED IN FREE FOR ALL STOP RELEASED ON BOND STOP HAVE FOLLOWED INSTRUCTIONS AND AM CONTINUING SURVEILLANCE AS BEFORE STOP AM AIR MAILING DETAILED REPORT TONIGHT
BROONE

GOOD DETECTIVES, INC.
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI,
July 6, 1930.

ALVIN J. SEABURY,
SEABURY & CO.,
BOSTON, MASS.

*DEAR SIR*: Amplifying our hasty report of the fourth inst. we wish to advise you that matters at River Bluff have been adjusted. Your son paid a fine of twenty-five dollars and costs on a charge of peace disturbance. Other charges were dropped.

Our operatives have agreed on the essential details of the Fourth of July disturbance. It started when a crowd of village cut-ups led by young Aswell made a number of sneering remarks about the friendship between Scott and the Rollins girl. A Shanty Towner named Buckley chanced to be present in the drug store and heard the talk. He objected and was threatened. Scott and the girl had gone upriver in her boat to fish and swim, accompanied by Operative O'Fallon and a Mr. and Mrs. Purdy.

Upon their return about noon, Buckley told Scott of the remarks. The Rollins girl knew nothing of the incident.

Scott was advised by Operatives O'Fallon and Schemm not to pick a quarrel with Aswell. However, he went at once to the old fairgrounds where Aswell was attending a picnic. A number of Shanty Towners and dredge-boat men accompanied him for the purpose of seeing that it was a fair fight, so they said.

Your son knocked Aswell out after a brief exchange of punches. Whereupon several villagers pitched into Scott. A free-for-all fight developed. This was broken up by the town marshal and a number of older men.

The affair has had two serious consequences:

1. Members of the village council have voted to institute proceedings against all Shanty Town residents with a view to dispossessing them as squatters and public nuisances.

2. A definite attachment has developed between your son and the Rollins girl.

Operative James obtained the following verbatim report of a conversation between Scott and Eloise on the fifth inst.:

TIME: *8:42 to 8:57* P.M.
PLACE: *Porch of* JARED ROLLINS' *houseboat.*

ELOISE: What would your father say if he knew you were mixing in common brawls over a female river rat?

SCOTT: There you go; trying to start another fight. You know you're not a river rat and you know I don't care a hang what dad thinks.

ELOISE: You ought to go home, Scott. You don't belong here.

SCOTT: Home is just where I don't belong. Whew! You should see the pills dad picks out to be my friends.

ELOISE: I don't think you and your father understand each other very well.

SCOTT: It's his fault.

ELOISE: No. It's your fault. He's probably a busy man and he can't drop everything to study out all the crazy notions you hatch. I'll bet you sprung different ideas of what you wanted to do three times a day. The plain truth is, your father spoiled you outrageously and then tried to put the brakes on when it was too late.

XUM

SCOTT: Is that so? Lot you know about it.

ELOISE: I know you, mister.

SCOTT: That's right. I'm a heel. Just a no-good bum.

ELOISE: Aw, now, is the little boy feeling all sorry for his little self?

SCOTT: Go on. Kid me. I'm a sap. I know it.

ELOISE: Oh, I wouldn't go that strong.

SCOTT: You're right. I haven't any business here. Why, I can't even row a skiff, can I? I don't know a backlash from a log eddy. I can't tell you why the Belle of Memphis was faster than the Vicksburg. I'm just a dumb-bell.

ELOISE: You're learning, though. You can skin a catfish without getting horned.

SCOTT: Thanks for the sarcasm. Well, I see it's no use. You don't want me hanging around. I'd better be leaving.

ELOISE: It's early yet.

SCOTT: I'll need time to pack, I guess.

ELOISE: Pack? Why, Scott, where you ——

SCOTT: Oh, I don't know. I'll go some place. I've still got a lot of the world to see.

ELOISE: You mean you're leaving River Bluff? For good?

SCOTT: Sure—uh—well, I guess I better tell you good-by.

ELOISE: Scott, you're—you're kidding. Aren't you kidding?

SCOTT: Nope. I never kid women. They kid me, but I play it straight with them. Uh—well, good-by.

ELOISE: Couldn't—couldn't you stay here just a little while longer? I thought maybe you'd like to go on the excursion next week. You've never been on a steamboat, and so ——

SCOTT: No, I guess I better be going, Eloise. It's been awfully good to know you. Uh—you're a mighty nice kid even if—well, even if ——

ELOISE: Oh, Scott, don't go. Why, I won't have anybody if you go. You don't have to go. Why do you have to go?

SCOTT: Eloise, you look so darn queer. What's the matter? Don't you want me to go?

ELOISE *(sobbing)*: No, never!

SCOTT: Like me?

ELOISE: Yes.

SCOTT: I knew it. Come here.

[*They embraced and kissed and talked in undertones which the operative was unable to distinguish. This period lasted from 8:51 to 8:57* P.M., *at which time* JARED ROLLINS *returned from* RIVER BLUFF *and the operative was obliged to withdraw to prevent discovery.*

It is evident from the above that matters are rapidly approaching a crisis. All reports concerning the girl tend to show that she is essentially virtuous and idealistic. It would be unfair to anticipate a deliberate effort on her part to lead your son astray. Operatives Schemm and O'Fallon, who are closest to Scott, believe he is planning an elopement. He has steadfastly maintained he is of legal age and has never indicated to the Rollins girl his true position, either socially or financially. She has taken for granted that he comes of a good family in comfortable circumstances, but does not realize the breadth of the gulf between them.

Our operatives at River Bluff seem agreed that they can effectually block an elopement. We have assigned Schemm and O'Fallon to accompany the excursion steamboat Cornflower, when it takes an all-day excursion out of River Bluff next Saturday. There is a chance that the young people may be planning to get married when the boat stops at Quincy, Illinois.

However, it occurs to us that the mere thwarting of an attempted elopement will not put a satisfactory end to your son's love affair. We take the liberty of suggesting that circumstances might be arranged by our operatives to disillusion Scott with his choice. If this is your own thought in the matter, kindly advise by telegram and we will take the necessary steps.

Respectfully,
GOOD DETECTIVES, INC.
By David Broone,
*Chief Field Agent, St. Louis District.*

ALVIN J SEABURY 1930 Jul 8 1 46 P M
BOSTON MASS

AM AIR MAILING TODAY SNAPSHOTS AS REQUESTED STOP ALSO TRANSCRIPT OF FURTHER CONVERSATIONS STOP SHE HAS THUS FAR REFUSED TO ELOPE SAYING SHE MUST STAY WITH OLD MAN ROLLINS STOP ON YOUR RESPONSIBILITY AM CONTINUING HANDS OFF POLICY

BROONE

GOOD DETECTIVES, INC.
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI,
July 11, 1930.

ALVIN J. SEABURY, ESQ.,
SEABURY & CO.,
BOSTON, MASS.

*DEAR SIR:* Herewith you will find stenographic report by our Mr. James, of conversation between your son and the Rollins girl which should be of aid to you in deciding whether the affair should be ended immediately.

TIME: *4:32 to 4:40* P.M.

PLACE: *Hillside above entrance* MARK TWAIN CAVE, *near* HANNIBAL, MISSOURI.

ELOISE: Now, stop talking about it. I won't, and that's that.

SCOTT: If you loved me you'd want to marry me.

ELOISE: Oh, Scott, be sensible. You've got another year in school and a career to start. I've got my grandfather to take care of.

SCOTT: He could live with us.

ELOISE: On what and where?

SCOTT: I'll get a good job somewhere.

ELOISE: It's no use. You couldn't even come and live with us. Those River Bluffers are going to sick the sheriff on us. By August there won't be any Shanty Town. When I think of it I could just ——

SCOTT: Don't think about it. Think about marrying me. You never belonged in Shanty Town and you don't belong there now. I tell you I've got it all doped out. We'll go to Quincy with the excursion, leave the boat there and get married. Then ——

ELOISE: Yes, go on?

SCOTT: We'll get along all right. I'll bet you I can find a job in Quincy.

ELOISE: What do you suppose your father would think about all this?

SCOTT: I don't care what he thinks. I love you.

ELOISE: Well, I care. If I ever do marry you, it'll be after he knows all about it.

SCOTT: I'll write and tell him—no, I'll wire him after we're married Saturday.

ELOISE: We're not going to be married Saturday. As a matter of fact, I don't think I'll go on the excursion.

SCOTT: Huh. You're afraid I'll persuade you.

ELOISE: I don't like that boat. It was all right last year, when the Owens had it, but they've sold it to a carnival man. Uncle Everett knows him. Fellow named Jim Bloss. Granddad heard down at Clarksville that it's a madhouse. Bloss has a pilot who never should have been licensed. He's a


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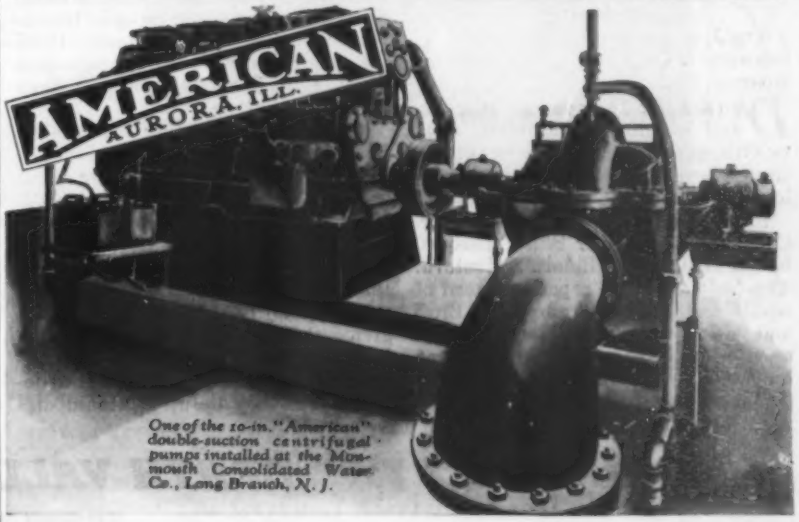

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booze fighter and the captain had a bad name on the Ohio ——

SCOTT: You're just trying to change the subject. You can't make me believe you're afraid to ride on an old slowpoke excursion boat.

ELOISE: Who said I was afraid? But granddad may not want me to go. He had to pull people out of the river near Memphis once when a panic started on The Fairyland. You get an excursion boat overcrowded and a pack of misfits in command, and anything can happen.

SCOTT: Your grandfather and old man Judd and the rest of 'em in Shanty Town are always croaking about the new crop of rivermen.

ELOISE: Don't call Jim Bloss a riverman. He's nothing but a cheap crook.

SCOTT: Have it your own way, woman. All I say is, you're going on that excursion and you're going to marry me in Quincy.

ELOISE: That's enough. I'm going home before I get angry.

SCOTT: A kiss, first.

ELOISE: No.

SCOTT: Yes.

ELOISE: Scott, don't ——

[*He kissed her and they walked off toward the river at 4:40 P.M., where they were picked up by* OPERATIVES O'FALLON *and* CLANCY.

We await your further instructions.

Respectfully,
GOOD DETECTIVES, INC.
By David Broone,
*Chief Field Agent, St. Louis District.*

ALVIN J SEABURY 1930 JUL 13 8 43 A M
BOSTON MASS
NEWSPAPER REPORTS SOMEWHAT GARBLED BUT ESSENTIALLY CORRECT STOP AM AIR MAILING FULL DETAILS
BROONE

GOOD DETECTIVES, INC.
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI,
July 14, 1930.

ALVIN J. SEABURY, ESQ.,
SEABURY & CO.,
BOSTON, MASS.

*DEAR SIR:* The events of the day and evening of Saturday, July twelfth, as substantiated by our operatives, all eyewitnesses, follow in chronological order:

9:06 A.M. The excursion steamer, Cornflower, left River Bluff, Missouri, bound for Quincy, Illinois, and return. The boat carried a capacity crowd of adults and children from River Bluff and vicinity. Owner Bloss afterward asserted that the total number was only 456, but Operatives O'Fallon and Schemm estimate at least 600. Your son, accompanied by Eloise Rollins and under the surveillance of the two agents mentioned, was aboard.

12:21 P.M. Boat touched at Hannibal to take on supplies. Operative Schemm telephoned Operative McGinnis at River Bluff that your son and the girl had passed the time dancing or talking on the pilot deck. He mentioned that officers and crew appeared to have been drinking, but were not drunk.

4:16 P.M. Boat reached Quincy for twenty-minute stop. All passengers ashore. Operative O'Fallon reported to Operative McGinnis that he and Schemm trailed Scott and Eloise to ice-cream parlor on the Square. Your son was arguing vehemently while they ate, the girl only shaking her head. They then went to corner two blocks from river. Your son pointed up a street. The girl refused to accompany him. Pulled away and walked back to boat. Your son walked moodily up street half a block. Then, when he heard warning whistle, he turned about and sprinted for boat. He rejoined girl, who was weeping on corner of dance saloon. She stopped weeping.

4:38 P.M. Boat left Quincy for River Bluff.

4:50 P.M. Your son had conversation with Operative O'Fallon in which he remarked that Pilot Lemkuemiller was tipsy and Captain Le Cois in no better shape. He said Eloise was worried. The sky to the south and east was heavily overcast. It looked like a thunderstorm.

5:17 P.M. A strong wind was blowing and it began to rain. The boat was about an hour from Hannibal. Operatives observed your son and Eloise in conversation with captain. He seemed much amused by what was said and walked away. Operative Schemm asked Scott if the boat would tie up at Hannibal. He replied: "His nibs doesn't think it's going to storm. I told Eloise to pipe down. She's learned this croaking from Shanty Town."

6:10 P.M. It had stopped raining, but sky was still heavily clouded. The crowd was dancing and moving about on deck. Boat about half a mile from Hannibal. Eloise and Scott had argument in hearing of Operative Schemm. She said: "That pilot isn't fit to run this boat any farther. He nearly had us on a sand bar. Right now he isn't giving the right steerage to clear the bridge. We're going to have a cloudburst in another hour. We ought to demand that they tie up at Hannibal." Your son replied: "We haven't any business demanding that. It's their boat. They'd just laugh at us."

6:48 P.M. The storm struck. High wind, lightning and heavy rain. Two and a half hours out of River Bluff. The crowd was getting restless. Officers ordered everyone into evenly divided groups on dance floor. There were excited demands that the boat tie up. Men shouted: "Put in to shore and let us off of here." Women began yelling for their youngsters. There was much milling about, despite efforts of officers and crew to keep everybody quiet.

7 P.M. Storm increased to cloudburst. Boat was sagging dangerously to starboard. Pilot and officers made an attempt to tie up to Missouri shore near cement plant. Scott and Eloise conferred with Operative O'Fallon. The girl said: "They'll never get a line to hold, and if they ground her she'll turn over. This crowd is crazy and they'll rush to one side. Somebody has to go overboard and get granddaddy and Uncle Everett." Your son volunteered to go, but insisted that she'd have to go with him. It was only a moderate swim to the Missouri bank as the boat maneuvered. The girl said: "No. I've got to stay here. They hate these people in Shanty Town. You don't know how they hate 'em. If they know I'm safe they may refuse to help. My being on this boat will make it sure granddad and Uncle Everett will come."

7:03 P.M. Scott and Operative O'Fallon went over the side. Operative Schemm stayed with the girl on board.

7:15 P.M. Captain Le Cois abandoned effort to tie up and decided to run through for River Bluff. The storm had subsided somewhat. Crowd getting steadily more hysterical and unruly.

8:07 P.M. Your son and Operative O'Fallon arrived at River Bluff in borrowed auto. Explained situation to Jared Rollins. Great excitement on levee. Relatives of excursionists had phoned to Hannibal and learned boat was not tied up there.

8:19 P.M. Two motorboats carrying Jared Rollins, Milk-Eye Judd, Professor De Taille, Sticker Johansen, Buttin'-Head Trilby, Lawlor Davis, Scott Seabury and Operative O'Fallon started upriver to the Cornflower.

9:14 P.M. The rescue party boarded her eleven miles north of River Bluff. She was holding mid-channel and backing water against the current. Terrifying confusion on board. Captain and pilot had lost their nerve completely. The storm, after a lull, reached its highest point. Realizing that a desperate emergency had arisen, Operatives Schemm and O'Fallon placed the boat's officers under arrest. Jared Rollins took charge of the pilot house and Milk-Eye Judd became acting engineer. The other Shanty Towners formed the active crew.

9:30 P.M. Storm began to subside. Passengers, informed that Shanty Town men had charge of boat, became tractable. Cornflower making steady progress.

9:37 P.M. A final emergency arose. Storm had wrecked power line feeding lights on highway bridge above River Bluff. Deep channel with strong shifting current under bridge due to recent dredging. Old Man Rollins dubious about proceeding without flare. No one on levee waiting for boat had presence of mind to run lights across bridge, apparently.

9:42 P.M. Your son, accompanied by Buttin'-Head Trilby, shoved off in motorboat towing lifeboat filled with oil. This was ignited and lifeboat cut adrift ahead of Cornflower.

10:05 P.M. Steamboat tied up at River Bluff with all hands safe. Much emotion among relatives of passengers on levee. Loud cheering for Old Man Rollins. He walked down the gangplank and said: "H'mph. You folks ought to stay off this river after night. Next time thar mightn't be any river men to help ye. We're dyin' fast."

We might add that everyone was tremendously impressed with the courageous behavior of your son throughout the emergency.

He of course realizes now that from the inception of his stay at River Bluff he has been under the surveillance of our operatives. He has stated the following to Operative O'Fallon:

"I guess you'll go ahead and pinch me and send me back home. But it won't do any good. Just as soon as I'm of age next spring I'm coming back to River Bluff and marry Eloise."

We await your instructions in this matter.

Respectfully,
GOOD DETECTIVES, INC.
By David Broone,
*Chief Field Agent, St. Louis District.*

ALVIN J SEABURY 1930 JUL 16 11 28 A M
BOSTON MASS
CONTINUING HANDS OFF POLICY AS DIRECTED BY YOU OUR OPERATIVES TODAY WITNESSED WEDDING OF YOUR SON SCOTT AND MISS ELOISE ROLLINS STOP THEY HAVE AGREED TO POSTPONE HONEYMOON TRIP UNTIL YOUR ARRIVAL IN RIVER BLUFF FRIDAY BROONE

## DEATH VALLEY SCOTTY

(Continued from Page 11)

Walter Scott's Death Valley mine was no ordinary gold mine either. Mr. Scott's Death Valley mine was even better than the Mexico property of Mr. Harris. Shorty mined gold pieces; Scotty, so far as curious miners could determine, mined greenbacks; and Scotty's mine still exists.

In the last twenty years Scotty has spent three million dollars, according to popular report. If his secret mine ran a consistent ten thousand dollars to the ton of ore, it was a comparatively rich gold mine. At ten thousand dollars a ton Scotty packed out three hundred tons of ore in acquiring three millions of spending money. Fifteen tons a year—say a ton a month to allow for spots of high grade which sweetened the ten-thousand-dollar, run-of-the-mine ore. Two thousand pounds of ore every thirty days for twenty years is a very creditable amount of packing for one man. Only a resourceful and clever hillman could pack three hundred tons of any ore across the face of naked country secretly and without leaving a trace of a trail or a hole in the ground.

Scotty has never filed on his treasure lode. Not long ago he said, "'Course I haven't located my mine. Once I recorded its location the whole secret would be off."

In the old days when Tonopah and Goldfield and Rhyolite knew Scotty, the mystery man from Death Valley alternated between a condition of great affluence and one of dire distress. Transition from either condition to the other was always accompanied by public and repetitious descriptions of the state of the Scott finances. Scotty went broke many times in Nevada and California. It was a device he employed to winnow his friends from the surging throngs which surrounded him voicing assurance of a great and abiding regard for Scotty.

Scotty told me: "Every time the word got around that I was broke, the men I expected to leave me left me. They left me like beef steers going for a water hole on a hot day."

Also, upon occasion, Walter Scott has assumed his pauper's rôle for more obscure reasons.

In 1908, Scotty entered Los Angeles with electrifying news. The time had come when he must share his secret mine with everyone. He was without funds; so thoroughly impoverished that he could not even finance an expedition into Death Valley to unveil his mystery mine. No longer able to work his mine unaided, Scotty asked for financial backing. Los Angeles thrilled to the news. Men stood in knots around the hitching rails outside the Nadeau Hotel and hung over the Hollenbeck Bar in excited groups, discussing Scotty and his mine. It was a good thing to get in on. You don't get a chance like this often.

Rol King, who owned the Hollenbeck Bar, offered to assist Scotty. Al Meyers had sold his holdings in the great Mohawk Mine in Goldfield. Al agreed to finance the outfit for an expedition which Scotty promised to lead to riches in Death Valley, and a party was formed to enter the valley and examine Scotty's mine. This was the Death Valley Party of 1908. The party consisted of Walter Scott; his wife, Jackie; his older brother, Bill; Rol King, Al Meyers, and Sidney Norman,

(Continued on Page 108)

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*(Continued from Page 106)*

a newspaperman. They struck out from Barstow on June third and headed north with four four-mule teams and wagons. They drove along a pair of snaking wheel tracks which crossed the desert between Barstow on the railroad and the town of Ballarat on the east edge of Panamint Valley, under the gigantic bluffs of the Panamint Range. Scotty's party followed this old freight road as far as Wingate Pass and there turned east to descend the Panamints into Death Valley.

Three days were required to reach Wingate Pass. June was blowing a hot breath across the desert. The road stretched through desert waste, past tumbled ranges, across baking, dry lakes, wound around the foothills of high mountains, climbed heavy grades up the washes. The mules hauled hot explorers and heavy loads of food, feed and water along hard miles of rough road. The first night's camp was made at Indian Spring, hidden among the bowlders on the south slope of Eagle Crags. The second day brought Scotty's personally conducted tourists up the grades of the wash formed between the Quail Mountain and the southern tip of the Panamint Range. They camped at the good water of Hidden Spring, concealed in a gulch upon a knee of Quail Mountain. Roots of willows lie in Hidden Spring and the trees are pleasantly green and coolly shade the spring. Indian trails and game trails radiate from the spring into the sheltered hills which surround it. Quail whistled in the brush and came in to water.

Scotty and his party were enjoying a pleasant desert adventure. On the third day the expedition jounced down the road from Hidden Spring into Wingate Pass. The next water hole was at Bennett's Well in Death Valley. Bennett's Well was not to be reached in a single day's travel behind mules. The road through Wingate Pass drops sharply downward through the scars and litter of cloudbursts. Haste in any degree down Wingate Pass is dangerous. The Scott party made camp about halfway down the canyon on the east side of the pass. It was a dry camp. It drew heavily upon the supply of water in the wagons. In the morning they would have to push on to water at Bennett's Well.

### *A Warm Welcome*

The morning was hot. Breakfast exhausted the water. As the party broke camp and dropped down into Death Valley from the higher slopes of the pass the morning grew hotter. When Scotty and his friends left the shelter of the Panamints and emerged into the full sunlight of high noon on a Death Valley day in June, heat enshrouded them in a hot, shriveling grasp. Death Valley welcomed Scotty home with a furnace blast of heat. The members of the expedition, without water, anxiously urged the mules forward toward Bennett's Well.

Scotty alone was physically hard. His companions quickly became very thirsty, and a few hours of travel through the summer heat of the glowing valley made exhausting demands upon their strength. Through the stifling hours of midday they belabored the mules, hurrying them along. They must get to Bennett's Well and water.

Early in the afternoon, when several members of the party were already dizzy with exhaustion, the explorers arrived at Bennett's Well. Bennett's Well was foul with carrion and vermin. Where is the next water hole? The nearest water hole is at the abandoned Eagle Borax Works, five miles away. Five miles. Five miles behind tired mules. Five miles through a long blast furnace. Five Death Valley summer miles without water; a short tour of hell.

The Death Valley Party of 1908 licked dry lips with rasping tongues and started the weary mules forward into the long miles of Death Valley's worst stretch of road. Those mules had no enthusiasm for more sand and heat and heavy hauling. They soon decided they would go no farther. The men beat the mules. Reluctantly the mules went forward through clinging silt and hot light to the Eagle Borax Works and brackish water.

Scotty's party had been half a summer day in Death Valley without water. Their throats were dry, their mouths and lips and nasal passages were dry and dusty, their entire bodies thirsted. They swilled the brackish water at the Eagle Borax Works. The deluge of water poured into their hot stomachs completed the physical collapse begun by heat and thirst. Their stomachs revolted. All strength departed.

### *Fools Rush In*

The weak and nauseated members of Scotty's party were lying in the region where the gold-hungry emigrants of the Death Valley Party of 1849 had camped and died just sixty years before them. For the Forty-niners there was some excuse; they were not desert wise. For Scotty, Al Meyers and Sidney Norman, there was no excuse. Scotty had practically invented Death Valley; Al Meyers had crisscrossed the Nevada deserts as a prospector; Sidney Norman had known desert mining camps and was at home in the Death Valley country. To what had their massed desert wisdom led them? The men of the Death Valley Party of 1908 weakly cussed themselves for their idiocy.

They had left the shelter of the Panamints to enter Death Valley when the sun was overhead—on a June day! They had not questioned the presence of water at Bennett's Well. Had they never heard of a dry or foul water hole? Of course they had. And what had they done when they found Bennett's Well foul? Stampeded like tenderfeet for the next hole! There they drank like elephants. And now they were weak and sick. They sat in the heat and spoke feelingly. They were surprised they could act like such fools. Other surprises were in store for them.

They watered the mules and turned them loose in the mesquite thickets. The poor, hard-working mules deserved a rest. So did Scotty's tourists. The party crawled in under the mesquite and found what shade they could. They slapped at the horseflies and tried to rest while the sun swept west in a fiery arc and began to slide down behind the high Panamint Range. Scotty was the first to move restlessly around the impromptu camp. He circled the mesquite, looking for the mules. No one had thought to tie up the mules after they were watered. Scotty loped back into the midst of his loafing friends with news that the mules had all departed. New strength was shocked into wabbling legs, and still-rebellious stomachs became quiet. Determined search verified Scotty's report. Only one old mule was found.

Scotty said, "I'll take this mule and round up the strays. If I don't find them I'll fetch some others. I don't mind the heat as much as you fellows." They let Scotty ride away. It was one hundred and twenty-five in the shade and the Death Valley Party of 1908 had to build what shade they could with mesquite shelters. The baking camp was made miserable by insects and snakes. The men had lost their tobacco in the stampede for water. But they had food and were camped at water. If necessary, they could wait ten days for more animals. Scotty, debonair master of the secret desert trails, would surely not be gone ten days. He should be back within thirty-six hours with a troop of United States Cavalry at his heels, guidons whipping in the shimmering hot air. No one in the forced camp was worried. They were all uncomfortable, but the discomfort was largely a miserable disgust with themselves. They tried to keep in the paltry shade and swatted horseflies. The horseflies droned around them as noisily as diving pursuit planes and attacked with the determined tactics of a flying fighter. Death Valley horseflies are more than an inch long and their exhaust beat is louder and their armament more effective than a wasp's. They love the hot summer months and are in constant flight from their landing fields close to the springs in the pit of the valley. They are very fond of belated travelers who come to the springs for water in the summer. The horseflies made the Death Valley Party of 1908 very unhappy.

Sidney Norman, active and curious, as becomes a newspaperman, left the boredom and grousings of the camp to wander out in the heat and silence of the valley. Idly watching where he put his feet—for Mr. Norman loves animals and did not want to step on any sidewinders—he rediscovered the tracks of the unfaithful mules which had forsaken the expedition. Idly, he followed the mule tracks. Other mule tracks converged upon those he was following. The mules had called to one another and rounded themselves up. Here, they had stood close together in conference. Sidney Norman, perplexedly, saw the record in the sand. The conference apparently had resulted in a unanimous decision, for the bunched tracks of the mules ran off from the point of conference in the general direction of Wingate Pass. The newspaper scout followed the confused trail of the mules. He did not go far before he came upon the plain tracks of a shod horse paralleling the mule spoor. No shod horse had been a member of Scotty's expedition. There was something queer going on at Eagle Borax Works!

### *The Ghost of Death Valley*

Meyers and King and Norman reviewed the events of their trip into the valley toward the mine of mystery, and they analyzed the record the mules had written in the sand. In chorus they made fevered comment. Someone had herded those mules and driven them off. Someone on a horse. They waited ten days. Nothing happened but sun and heat, no tobacco and horseflies.

Furnace Creek Ranch, the nearest habitation, was twenty-five miles away to the north, and those twenty-five miles were strung out lengthwise along the bitter valley. Fifty million tons of salt lay in sharp hummocks and shattered blocks along the road. It was a long, leg-melting walk to Furnace Creek Ranch. Rol King was sick. The heat of ten smoking June days had been too much for Rol. Al Meyers and Sidney Norman did not think Jackie Scott equal to the hike. Anyway, someone would have to stay with Rol King.

Al Meyers said, "Norman and I'll go up to the ranch. We'll send a rig back to pick you up."

Sunup caught them on the trail. The sun roared up from behind the Funeral Mountains and soared in a hissing arc above Death Valley like an enormous hot rivet flung into burning metallic flight. Meyers and Norman walked to Furnace Creek Ranch in the searing June sunshine. Weary and footsore, they told their troubles to Ed Munsey, who at once dispatched several Indians south into the valley with horses and wagons. Meyers and Norman rested, soaked their burning feet and heads, tended their blisters, and swore volcanically.

Three days later, at Furnace Creek Ranch, the Scott expedition to the mystery mine of Death Valley was again intact. Even Scotty reappeared. The mules were all in Barstow. The mules had conspired and returned to the delights of the desert metropolis. They were smart, citified mules. Now there was nothing to prevent the Death Valley Party of 1908 from returning to Barstow, reforming and reoutfitting, and starting anew on its investigation of the mystery mine.

"No," said Sidney Norman.

"No," said Rol King.

"No," said Al Meyers. "We've been suckers long enough."

Meyers of the Mohawk Mine, King of the Hollenbeck Bar, and Norman of Greenwater and Furnace, hired a rig from Ed Munsey at Furnace Creek Ranch and drove up Furnace Creek Wash to Death Valley Junction on the Amargosa Desert. There they boarded a train on the Tonopah and Tidewater Railroad, and returned to Los Angeles. The Scott mystery mine was still a mystery. But at least three people no longer believed in it.

### *A Desert Man of Mystery*

Desert men who know Walter Scott will swear to a number of things about him. His wealth has always been currency. He never had ore in any quantity. He never worked a mine to an extent which would finance his spendthrift ways. He has a rich partner. They are puzzled because he had money before he met his partner. They admit there is something mysterious about Death Valley's man of mystery. A man in Las Vegas who was an assayer in Rhyolite recalls Scotty with sacks of very rich ore. A prospector who has known Scotty since the Nevada boom days said, "You look out for Scotty. He never travels this country without a gun." The prospector sucked in his cheeks and nodded his serious face at me. Upon such warnings the reputations of bold buckaroos are built.

Occasionally Scotty does pack a gun. I was in a little Nevada town. The hotel proprietor and I were standing in the barroom. We were just talking. It was an old barroom, and of course it has not operated since 1918. One of Scotty's men came into the old barroom looking for Scotty's gun. Scotty had stopped at the hotel a few nights before and had missed his gun when he arrived home. He thought perhaps he left the gun in Fred's hotel.

Fred said, "Scotty had No. 8. Go up and see if his gun's up there."

Scotty's man found the gun in No. 8. It is that kind of a hotel.

The little town in which Scotty mislaid his gun is an interesting Nevada town. It has a population of several hundred, and five or six of the residents like Scotty and are genuinely glad to see him in their lively little town. The town is lively now and then. In a recent summer two men were shot there. One of the casualties was a bootlegger who saw a deputy sheriff coming down the street and started to run. The deputy shouted and the running man went faster, and the deputy shot at him and killed him. The indignant town voiced its displeasure at that killing. The deputy was very contrite. He was sorry he shot so hastily.

"I'm sorry," said the deputy. "But what did he run for? How was I to know he was a bootlegger?"

The little town is that kind of a town. Considering Scotty's popularity in that town, Scotty might be justified in staying away, or in packing two guns and being careful not to mislay either of them.

### *On the Trail of Scotty*

One of Death Valley's oldest residents revealed an unsuspected naïveté as he propounded his solution of the mystery of Walter Scott. I sat on a water-torn hillside with the old fellow. His face was desert leather seamed by sun and wind. His mouth was irresolute and his chin was frail behind a scrub of short white wires. But his thin shoulders were square and unbent by their burden of unrecorded years of hope. The hope still burned dimly under the water curtain covering his steady, pale eyes. The old prospector chewed and drooled a little as he talked.

"Naw," he said. "Scotty's a bluff. He's broke. He hasn't got a dime. This mine is all wind. He hasn't got any mine. He never had one."

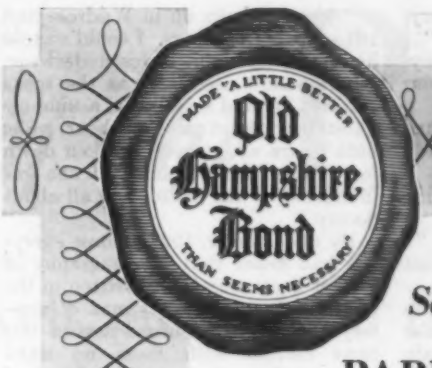
Less than forty miles away in an air line from where we sat, Death Valley Scotty was building a castle. A man could live a lifetime on the freighting charges alone. You could see a million dollars in the castle.

"Yeah!" sneered my lean companion. "I know. More of Scotty's wind. Johnson from Chicago is building that place. Scotty's just the caretaker. I tell you Scotty is a loud bluff. He's broke. I know. I'm not going to try to follow that crazy man any more."

"You've trailed Scotty?" I asked. It didn't seem to make sense.

"Um-m," said the old man with less assurance in his voice. Something of the enormity of the weakness he had admitted made his eyes uncertain, and he was ashamed. "Here's what Scotty does," he explained sheepishly: "He starts out down the valley or across the hills. You're following him and you got to keep him in sight. He can see you as well as you can see him. Packing on foot through this country with a mule or a burro, you got to make the water holes. You know it. Scotty knows it. There's only so many water holes. Everybody knows where they are. Scotty takes out and misses water holes all day. But every evening when dark ain't far off Scotty makes for water. He knows you're following him. He gets his water and starts out again. It's getting dark by now. You can go in to water if you want to; you'll lose Scotty in the dark if you do. And if you let the water go and follow Scotty, you'll be dry next day and your animules won't be able to keep up. Miss too many water holes and you and your animules both burns up. Scotty won't stay camped at a water hole like a white man should. Scotty's crazy. I know."

"Like a fox," I said.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"Think so? Well, if you know everything, what you bothering me for?"

"Mister," I said, "I don't know anything. I thought maybe you knew where Scotty's mine was."

"Mine! Mine, hell! He never had any mine. I told you he never had any mine."

"And that's why you were following him around?"

"Naw!" said the old fellow. "I wasn't looking for his mine. I just wondered where he was going."

When Death Valley was opened to tourist travel in 1927 and automobiles began to trickle through the mountain passes, the valley had been quiet for almost twenty years. The mining towns on the rim of the valley which had given life to Death Valley's desolation for a few short years died when San Francisco money was withdrawn from support of the mines during the panic of 1907. By 1927, the mines of the Death Valley region which had given such golden early promise were buried in decay. Rhyolite, gay town of happy memory, was a skeleton; Panamint, Greenwater, Furnace, Schwaub, Skidoo, Harrisburg, and Ballarat were spots on a map. Even proved unexhausted mines were in a state of suspended animation. Metals were down in price. The borax mine at Ryan had just shut down and all borax activity was now centered around Kramer on the Mohave Desert. Miners, even prospectors, were scarce in Death Valley. The valley was filled with a great silence when word went forth that Death Valley still held great wealth—a wealth of beauty in the savage symphony of its colors, in the barbaric majesty of its great volcanic ranges. Death Valley called the tourist and the tourist came. He drove in with his wife to spend a week-end at the Death Valley resorts, or he entered by train and motor to see the valley from a roofless sight-seeing car. Death Valley's solitude was permanently destroyed as travelers explored the mysterious regions so long the exclusive preserve of Death Valley Scotty and his faithful blue mule.

### *In Scotty's Socks*

Far north in Death Valley, close to the Last Chance country, Tin Mountain of the Panamint Range faces the Grapevine Mountains, and the spreading alluvial fans of the ranges pour their tremendous waste of sand, clay, gravel and bowlders down into the northern arm of Death Valley. Grapevine Canyon cuts east and west through the Grapevine Mountains and yawns across the débris of the valley at the northern Panamints. In Grapevine Canyon, at an elevation of three thousand feet, and entirely hidden from the bottom of the valley, stands the castle of Death Valley Scotty. The valley below Scotty's place was surveyed in 1899 by Josiah Edward Spurr, who named it Lost Valley. In 1927 the tourists found Lost Valley. They were interested in Scotty. Whole batteries of travelers laid down a barrage of questions about Scotty—Scotty's mine, Scotty's money, Scotty's history, Scotty's castle.

John Thorndike said, "People sure want to know about Scotty. I was crossing Panamint Valley in my car and I met some tourists. Their automobile was broken down and I stopped on the road beside them. A woman in the car says, 'Do you know Death Valley Scotty?'

"I said, 'I guess I do, ma'am; I'm wearing a pair of his socks.'

"Scotty'd been up in Wildrose and left some of his things. I could've told her I had on a suit of his underwear, but it wasn't necessary, as the socks satisfied her and she started asking me questions. Kept me an hour. She didn't care about being broken down forty miles from no place; all she was interested in was finding out all about Scotty."

By midsummer, 1928, almost everyone had heard that the biography of Walter Scott was being written in the castle of Death Valley's man of mystery. The repeated broadcasts of this news carried with them no small amount of inspiration. The Lives of Death Valley Scotty have been appearing ever since. In another place I have indicated that Scotty is a hospitable man. No writer ever called upon Walter Scott for a story and left without one. Nor is there need to pledge Scotty not to give the story to other triflers. Every Scotty story is an exclusive one. He never tells the same one twice.

### *The Romances of Walter Scott*

My desert friends read a number of the Lives of Walter Scott and took me to task, mildly berating me because of my criminal failure to help Scotty tell his story to the world.

"But Scotty seems to be doing pretty well," I said. "He's having a grand time. He doesn't need any help."

"Aw," protested one miner, "you ought to have got some real dope on Scotty and his mystery long ago."

"How?" I asked.

"Well, I can tell you some things, an' other fellows can tell you some things."

"And no two of you will agree, and in that way we'll solve the mystery. And where does Scotty come in on this? It's his story."

My stalwart friend shook his head dubiously.

"I don't know about Scotty, now," he said. "That's what you get for waitin' so long. Scotty is kinda tired of all this notoriety."

I yelped with astonishment: "Scotty is what?"

"He's sick an' tired of this publicity. He's tired of newspapermen an' writers an' photographers. He won't let a camera on his place. An' if you go see him, don't ask him about his mine. He's tired being asked about his mine. Just be polite an' listen, an' he might give you a lot of dope. Scotty's a fine big man. If he likes you he's fine. He's a fine man to have for a friend. I mean it. I've known him twenty years an' we always got along fine. You tell him I sent you. An' when you're talkin' to him just remember you can't believe a word he says. But he's a fine fellar, an' he'll take good care of you. You'll like him."

"All right, Bill," I said. "I'll go see Scotty."

The road to Scotty's leaves the new Nevada highway north of Beatty and crosses the Amargosa Desert to Bonnie Clare. Between Springdale, which is just north of Beatty, and Bonnie Clare there is nothing but big, open country. In the twenty miles between Bonnie Clare and Scotty's there is also nothing, and the country is bigger and more upstanding. The Kennedys live in the house at Bonnie Clare and water the tree which grows there. When the Rattlesnake Mine in Gold Mountain was producing, Bonnie Clare boasted a mill and a railroad station on the Bullfrog-Goldfield Railroad. But now the mine is dead, the mill gone and the tracks torn up. The Bonnie Clare station stands marooned on the desert far from any rails. The road to Scotty's leaves Bonnie Clare just south of the house and the tree. It is a meandering desert road hammered down by heavily laden trucks in their constant passage to and from Scotty's place. The surface of the road is usually smooth because the trucks frequently trail a drag behind them to preserve the roadbed. The road twists southwest across a desert valley to a giant dry lake upon which there is no speed limit. My partner and I were scooting across the smooth clay of the *playa* in our car, when another car coming from Scotty's roared down upon us, heading toward Bonnie Clare. The driver was large and hurried; he waved to us but did not stop.

We left the lake. The peaks of Gold Mountain to the north and the jagged summit of the Grapevine Mountains to the south and west climbed up to new and higher horizons very close upon us. We bounced across the washes draining to the *playa* we had left behind us and crossed the channeled backbone of a low divide to drop down Grapevine Canyon on a natural gravel road.

### *Into the Valley of Death*

The canyon stream bed is a high-gear grade which writhes down through the twisting gorge like a wild grapevine. The walls of the narrow canyon are sheer formations of tilted and broken strata standing in a maze of acute vertical angles. Part way down the canyon where rushing water has gouged a deep recess in a softer wall, a light spring wagon stood beside the road. Close to the wagon on the ground, a prospector was sprawled upon his piled blankets. He had an unhealed haircut and was reading and resting while his burros fed upon the slopes of a steep gulch which broke into the canyon wall. He looked up from his cowboy magazine and lifted an arm in languid salute as we rolled past.

Four miles above Scotty's we crossed from Nevada into California. A smell of water came up the canyon. Soon green vegetation and a high fence appeared together alongside the road. This is the upper reach of Scotty's place. The springs which supply the Scott and Johnson Ranch are inside the fence, hidden in a tangle of grapevines and willows. The fence keeps the springs clean. Farther down, the canyon becomes broader and an Indian village in tawdry disarray occupies a broad shelf on the south side of the canyon. It is a modern Indian village, with huts and wikiups of ragged canvas, corrugated iron and filthy burlap. Squalling brats rolled in the dirt, and their unwashed cousins whooped down the canyon slopes in shrill pursuit of the old automobile tires which served them as hoops. The high fence and the road ran side by side down the canyon from the Indian camp. The canyon widened to a broad wash set in a deep pocket in the Grapevine Mountains. Scotty's ranch and castle are spread around the bottom of the pocket. Beyond the lower end of the ranch, there is a broad, high notch in the Grapevine Mountains which the distant Panamint Range fills with dim blues and browns and reds. Death Valley is three miles away between the high broad notch in the Grapevines and the dull Panamints. The hills stand all around.

### *A Two-Million-Dollar Castle*

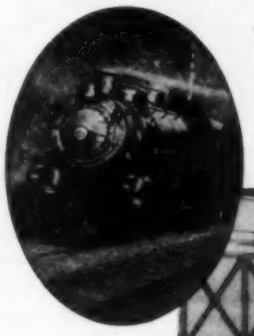
Scotty's establishment is known as the Death Valley Ranch, the Bonnie Clare Ranch, Johnson's Ranch, the Old Staininger Ranch, or simply Scotty's Place; Scotty calls it other names, but the official name burned in the redwood beams over the main entrances is Death Valley Ranch.

The concrete buildings of the Death Valley Ranch carry their red tile roofs about a quadrangle including some twenty-five acres under the bluffs of the Grapevine Mountains. Three towers rise from the massed buildings. One of the towers stands solitary on a low hill. This is the clock tower. The main ranch building is in two separate wings, one behind the other, and their second stories are joined by a bridge which spans the wide, tiled patio between the wings. Each wing supports a tower. The other ranch buildings sweep up the wash from the two-storied buildings with the towers. Back against the hills on the east are the cookhouse and the guest house. They face across the quadrangle toward the superintendent's quarters, bunk houses for the workmen, great storerooms, garages, carpenter and machine shops, chicken runs and pigpens. Old fig trees and scattered native trees shade the center of the quadrangle. Dogs lie in the shade and yawn at the spreading buildings and the activity about them. Far up the wash from the main buildings the quadrangle is closed by the concrete stables. The stables are large enough to shelter a troop under their roofs of tile.

The atmosphere of the architecture of Death Valley Ranch is at first glance Spanish. Later it reveals a Moorish influence. Close exploration reveals touches of Holland, the Mediterranean and American Frontier. Within the structures of reënforced concrete, mechanical, hydraulic and electrical equipment in the desert fifty-five miles from the railroad and the nearest town functions efficiently. The Death Valley Ranch is not garish, nor is it wild or bizarre. It is stimulating and very comfortable. A fortune went into the walls of Death Valley Ranch, and another fortune went into the details which ornament the walls and furnish the luxurious spaces between them. Art has spent two millions and still attained simplicity.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Lee. The second and last will appear in next week's issue.

# GOOD-BYE, *Soot in the Butter!*



## Farewell, cinders on the tablecloth!

***Now on 3 great railroads you'll find the first signs of a revolutionary step forward in travel comfort—Manufactured Weather***

AN amazing new travel age is just getting under way. And you can thank the railroads for it.

They have stolen a march on the automobile, the bus, and the plane. They have been far-sighted enough to offer the most comfortable kind of land travel ever known.

*Railroad trains are now taking their own weather with them!*

It is the same kind of comfortable weather that millions of people have already discovered in leading department stores, office buildings, and theatres. For, in this new era of completely comfortable travel weather, it is Manufactured Weather that goes a-traveling.

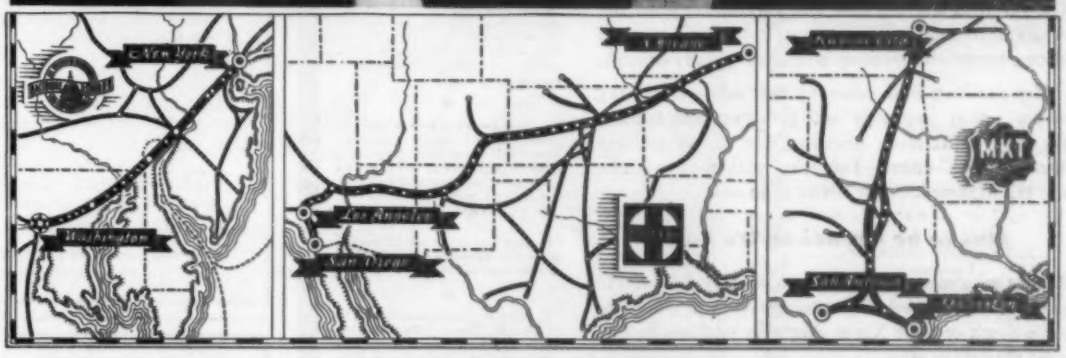
Manufactured Weather cuts a cool lane of comfort through the Great Southwest. As you dine on the Santa Fe flyer, *The Chief*, the thermometer outside may soar to torrid heights. But never inside! In *Diner 1418* you enjoy the cool, refreshing seventies. Sand, soot, cinders, dust—are wiped out. Even cigar smoke vanishes as if by magic. You inhale long draughts of clean, bracing air. Outdoor weather—hot or cold—doesn't count.

Manufactured Weather spreads another trail of comfort down the humid Atlantic seaboard. There, travelers on the Martha Washington diner of the B & O's fast *Columbian* never know of heavy, muggy heat outside. They're free from cinders and grime.

Next summer, Manufactured Weather will bring comfort to travelers on another great railroad. If you travel in the Central Southwest, you will find it making every day a pleasant day to travel on three diners of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas. In the winter, you will enjoy clean, pleasant air and adequate ventilation on all these cars without opening windows or ventilators.

How far will Manufactured Weather go toward making *all* railroad travel supremely comfortable? No one can say just now. But this much seems certain: Its use on diners of three great railroads today is not merely an experiment. It is the start of a far-reaching change in railroad travel.

Records of thousands of installations of Manufactured Weather in department stores, theatres, office buildings, hotels and industrial plants tell the same story. New customers—more business—new savings when the weather is always comfortable or when delicate manufacturing processes go on in constantly ideal weather.




CLEAN ALL THE TIME, *cool in summer, agreeably warm in winter is the diner that offers you the luxury of Manufactured Weather.*

THE NEXT TIME YOU TRAVEL *on the B & O, the Santa Fe, or the "Katy," ask for a reservation on the train that has Manufactured Weather in its diner.*

Railroads can expect the same increases in customers and revenues. As these grow, Manufactured Weather will unquestionably go into more diners, sleepers, compartment cars, club cars and day coaches, until whole trains will carry their own weather with them.

If you wish to know what controlled conditions of temperature, humidity, air purity and air motion can do for your business or industry, let us know about it.

Out of the Carrier engineers' background of more than a quarter of a century in developing new applications of Manufactured Weather, from the experience of thousands of successful installations and hundreds of thousands of dollars spent in research, we offer a fund of extremely valuable data to you and your business.

Don't let the Manufactured Weather installations costing hundreds of thousands of dollars make you think that any business is too small for us to consider. We have also installed Manufactured Weather in barber shops and small stores for a few thousand dollars. These systems provide the same advantages produced by great systems for entire department stores or factories.

We suggest that you write our Newark office for immediate information.

**Carrier Engineering Corporation**

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

OFFICES: New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Washington, Detroit, Dallas, Los Angeles . . . Export Division, 305 Fifth Avenue, New York

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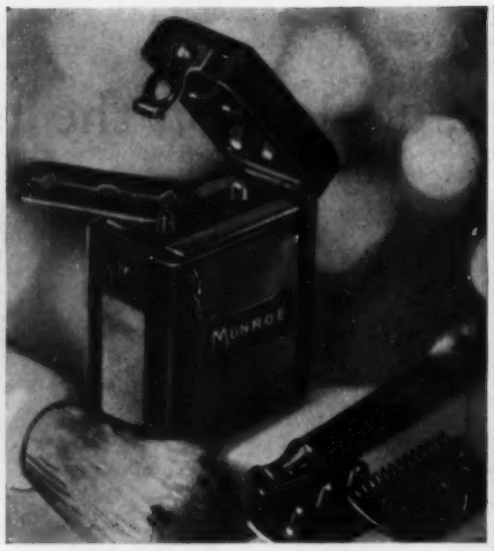
XUM

# King of 1930 Gifts for Men!




**In this handsome wonder-box blades now sharpen themselves!**

TAKE any good double-edge blade for the type of razor in the picture. Between shaves, just *keep* it in the uncanny new *Monroe Magnetic Sharpener*. That's all—*no* time, *no* work! . . . But an almost endless succession of *such silken smooth shaves as men have never known*—plus the saving of many dollars each year in blade expense!

In handsome brown bakelite, with fetching new brown and gold gift-box, there just isn't a more fascinating, novel, and useful Xmas gift for practically every man on your shopping list. For many times the *Monroe's* $2.50 cost could never purchase its *scientifically better shaves*.

***Enter Magnet—Exit Strop***

Every razor edge is split, in grinding, into invisible microscopic teeth. (See micrograph below.) In the *Monroe*, a powerful *magnet* draws these teeth into *glass-smooth alignment* against its polished poles. The result is shaving ease and coolness beyond the achievement of even a master-barber's soaped leather strop—for no strop is microscopically smooth.

Here, at last, is an economy that *advances shaving comfort*—that improves and preserves *the maker's fine edge*. No more grinding out of second-rate "home-made" edges. You start with a new blade, and the *Monroe* keeps it better than new.

***Has to be Great—or We Lose***

Read the unusual money-back coupon below. It protects you in ordering enough Monroe's *now* to solve much of your Xmas shopping problem in this most attractive way.

Try your local dealer first—for, new as it is, the *Monroe* is already sold and guaranteed by hundreds of the better department, cutlery, drug, and men's stores. But *clip the coupon now*, for this special advertisement will not appear again . . . Price $2.50. *Guaranteed 5 years.*

**What users say**

**Each phrase below from a different *voluntary* letter of appreciation. Names and addresses on request.**

"In three months, I have used only two razor blades, and never before was I able to get such satisfaction in shaving with a safety razor even when I used new blades."

"I have used one blade since May 7." (This was dated Sept. 10.) "I shave every morning and that blade, like Johnny Walker, is still going."

"The Monroe Sharpener has unfailingly given me a smoother shave than I had hitherto dreamed was possible."

"Each morning, I open up the wonder-box and say to myself, 'Here's where you fall down.' But, to my absolute amazement, the d——n blade improves with each treatment."

"A sensitive skin and a stubbly beard have made me buy innumerable razors and sharpening devices, but never have I had such sheer shaving comfort as I enjoy since using the Monroe."

"It wasn't so much the 52 shaves from one blade, as the *kind* of shaves that amazed me."

"Shaving is quicker and better in every way. There is that delightful sensation of smoothness without smarting which results only from a perfect blade."

"As the owner of a very stiff beard with tender skin, I have searched for years for a razor blade, or sharpener for blades, that would allow me to enjoy a clean, painless shave. You have given me the above results through my Monroe."

"Here's my feeling about it: 'Makes you want to shave twice a day.' "

*Part of a blade-edge greatly magnified*

*1—After a shave.*

*2—When new (if perfect) —or after "Monroe-ing"*

***Special Xmas Offer***

Dept. P, MONROE SPECIALTY CO.,
119 W. 23rd St., New York.

PRICE $2.50 each

Enclosed find $.....for.....Monroe sharpeners. It is understood *I have until Dec. 24, 1930*, to try one or have it tried. If not absolutely satisfied, I am to remail entire shipment on or before said date, and receive *immediate refund of entire purchase price, plus return postage.*

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....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# Earn $25.00 Extra!

IN ONLY one week's spare time, you, like many of our successful representatives, may easily earn up to $25.00 or more, securing new and renewal subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

**HERE'S WHY:**

1. Work in own locality.
2. Only spare time required.
3. No experience needed.
4. Work is easy, profitable.

**HERE'S HOW:**

1. Clip this coupon.
2. Fill in name and address.
3. Slip coupon in an envelope.
4. Mail the envelope to us.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
240 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

How do your subscription representatives earn up to $25 extra in one week's spare time?

*Name*.....*Age*.....
(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

*Street*.....

*City*.....*State*.....

*Chicago gave a*

# Thanksgiving Banquet...*in September!*

## *...and the world suddenly realized that a new era in food-and-good-living was here*

ON SEPTEMBER 23rd, 1913, Chicago newspapers headlined a brand new wonder-of-the-age . . . a Thanksgiving feast two months before Fall Harvest Week!

In the Sherman House Casino, one thousand delegates to the International Congress of Refrigeration seated themselves to an unprecedented banquet. Oregon sent June-caught caviar. Tennessee supplied January-killed turkeys, Kansas December pullets. Troy, Pennsylvania, churned the butter, while the cranberries came from Wisconsin's crop of the year before!

It was the first public function where a whole continent contributed an entirely out-of-season menu...and served it in height-of-season perfection. A menu of refrigerated foods.

Before 1900, your typical American breakfast was prunes or applesauce, oatmeal, fried hominy and ham. Your fresh food was limited to what a local farmer could raise in season and haul to market. The rest was dried, salted or pickled.

Today, you unconcernedly decide between Florida oranges, California grapefruit, or Argentine melon. You enjoy April eggs in January. California sends you lettuce across the Arizona desert. Texas grows most of your spinach and Michigan your celery. Each state can feast on Vermont turkey and Kansas beef every day in the year.

Originally, the North celebrated Thanksgiving day in November because that was its season of plenty. Today, 200,000 refrigerator cars carry each section's season of plenty to every section. Height-of-season flavor literally "keeps" for you in gigantic refrigerated storehouses, in refrigerated retail shops. Even South America's summer is sent in refrigerated ships to freshen our North American winter.

Thus, in a very direct way, Refrigeration explains this new era in food-and-good-living. It explains how such millions can subsist in New York, Chicago and other populous centers...how they can enjoy all year round the health-giving vitamins in fresh food, the variety of the whole world's harvests.

York engineers pioneered refrigeration 50 years ago. They assisted in its development on railroads, in ships, in food storehouses, shops, and in 202 industrial applications.

Marvelous as these world-changing accomplishments of refrigeration have been . . . they are but a hint of what the future of refrigeration holds.

YORK ICE MACHINERY CORPORATION, YORK, PENNSYLVANIA

INDUSTRIAL REFRIGERATION DIVISION
*Refrigeration specifically applied to every industrial need.*

ICE PLANT DIVISION
*Ice making machinery and ice plant equipment . . . a complete service to the ice industry.*

AIR CONDITIONING DIVISION
*Complete air conditioning systems for maintaining proper atmospheric conditions for comfort and industrial purposes.*

ICE CREAM AND MILK PLANT DIVISION
*Refrigerating machinery and specialized equipment for ice cream making, dairies and milk products.*

COMMERCIAL UNIT DIVISION
*Self-contained refrigerating units for meat markets, groceries, delicatessens, florists, restaurants, hotels, hospitals.*

MARINE DIVISION
*Equipment and engineering for all marine refrigerating requirements.*

ACCESSORY AND SUPPLY DIVISION
*Refrigerating lubricants, supplies, fittings, accessories.*

EXPORT DIVISION
*Adapts to varying needs of export markets, products and services of the other divisions. General Export Office, New York. Cable: Shipleuma, N. Y.*

SERVICE AND MAINTENANCE DIVISION
*Engineering service obtainable from 71 direct factory branches in the U. S. A. and 20 foreign cities.*

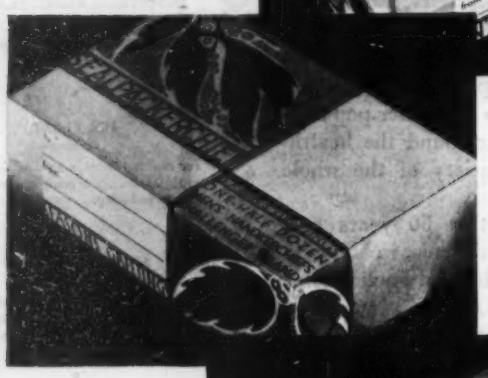
YORK
REFRIGERATION

*For*

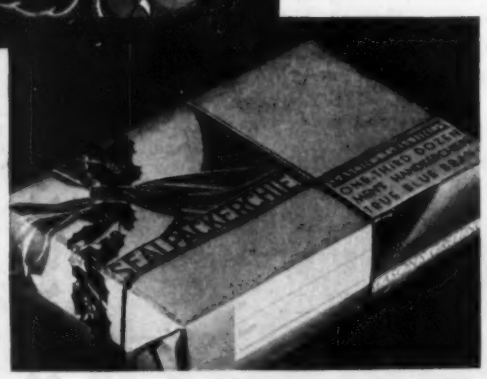
# CHRISTMAS

*Give him the Gift he'd pick* himself

One-half dozen men's handkerchiefs, 25¢ quality $1.50



One-half dozen men's handkerchiefs, 3 for 50¢ quality $1.00



One-third dozen men's handkerchiefs, 2 for 25¢ quality 50¢

*Handkerchiefs—the usual SEALPACKERCHIEF high quality in a colorful holiday package*

IT'S the inexpensive Christmas gifts that present the difficult problems. You want your gift to be usable—to reflect good taste—to be attractive, cheery—to stand out as distinctive and unique.

No need to rack your brain this year. With SEALPACKERCHIEF, packed in a special holiday outer wrap, resplendent with Christmas silver, red and green, you can check off fully a dozen or two dozen names on your Christmas list.

SEALPACKERCHIEF handkerchiefs are made of the finest quality materials, generously sized, evenly hemstitched, made under sanitary conditions in a daylight factory. On sale everywhere.

SEALPACKERCHIEF

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

*You can teach a parrot to say "Just as good", but he won't know what he's talking about . . .*

The International Handkerchief Mfg. Co., New York City.

**Not all package handkerchiefs are SEALPACKERCHIEF. The genuine has the name on the package.**



## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

***(More Than 2,850,000 Net Paid Circulation Weekly)***



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Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

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# NEXT WEEK

## THE SECRETARY TO THE PRESIDENT

***By Everett Sanders***

The first of three articles by the man who was Secretary to President Coolidge during the years 1925–29.

## A PERFECTLY BEAUTIFUL TIME

***By Lucian Cary***

Mr. Henry C. Codrington, Jr., who has just donated twenty-five million to a foundation for the study of family life, discovers that his charity might well have begun at home with a study of his young daughter, Jane. All who read this story will have with Jane "a perfectly beautiful time."

## THE RULING DYNASTY OF WISFOLLETTE

***By Louis H. Cook***

An intensely interesting review of the influence of two generations of the La Follette family on the politics of Wisconsin.

## FIVE SONNETS—*By Edna St. Vincent Millay*

OTHER STORIES AND ARTICLES by William Hazlett Upson, Leonard H. Nason, Ben Ames Williams, Courtney Ryley Cooper, Marie Kimball, Thomas McMorrow, Clarence Budington Kelland, Margaret Culkin Banning, Bourke Lee and James R. Crowell.